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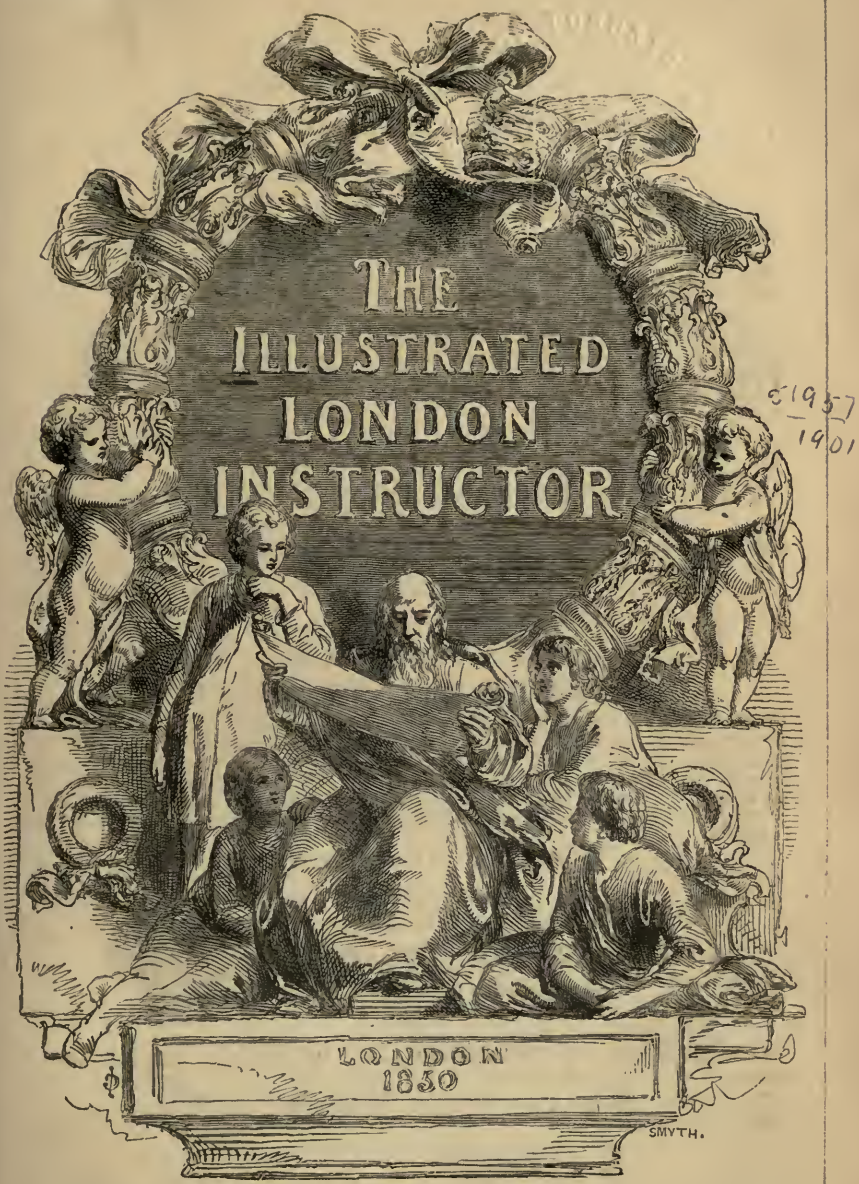
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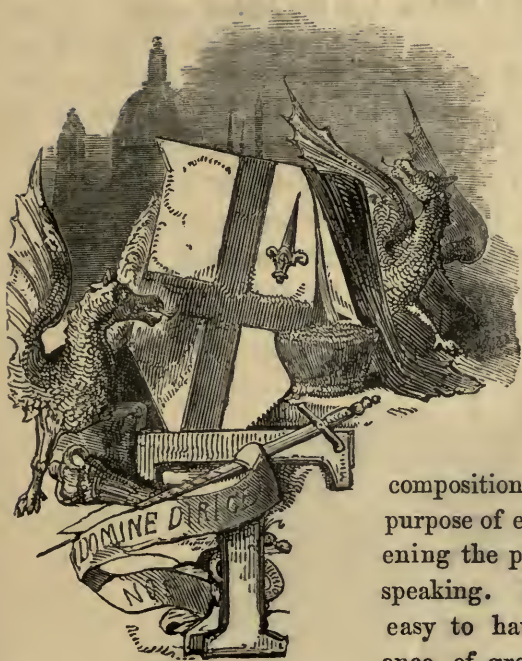
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## PREFACE.

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THE design of the following Work has been to present the young Student of the graceful, admirable, and in our time most necessary art of Elocution, with selections from the best ancient and modern authors in every branch of English

composition, most fitted for the purpose of eliciting and strengthening the powers of reading and speaking. It would have been easy to have given an appearance of greater novelty to the

Volume, by selecting the extracts entirely from modern writers, into whose works the previous compilers of treatises on Elocution had never dipped for examples of style; but it was thought better, to make the subject a more complete epitome of English literature, to intermingle a fair proportion of well-known passages from the elder authors. The master-pieces of English literature are never old; and it is hoped that while a sufficiency of these has been culled to test the powers and to cultivate the taste of the young orator, a character of novelty has been given by the selections from the works of living writers. The book, with due study of the preliminary essay—aided by the oral

example of a competent teacher—without which all books professing to give instruction in elocution are of comparatively small value—will, it is presumed, afford adequate materials for the cultivation of the too-much-neglected but most delightful accomplishment of public reading. This accomplishment, whilst it qualifies its possessor to achieve distinction on the platform, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the senate, has the higher use of being an eminently intellectual pleasure in the domestic circle. Every one confesses the charm of a good song well sung : a good book well read is almost equally delightful. To aid the student in the acquisition of this art, is the design of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON INSTRUCTOR—a design not the less completely fulfilled, because the efforts of the designer and the engraver have been called in aid of it. In the latter respect, the Volume is confidently presented as the best and cheapest ever offered to the public.

*September, 1850.*





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PRELIMINARY ESSAY  
ON THE ARTS OF ELOCUTION AND COMPOSITION.



HE arts of Speaking, Reading, and Writing with ease, elegance, and impressiveness are closely allied. In each of them a knowledge of the rules and principles of Grammar and Rhetoric is essential. To speak ungrammatically, and without the use of those rhetorical pauses, accents, and emphases which are employed naturally and instinctively, by all who speak earnestly and for the purpose of moving or convincing their auditory, is to be both vulgar and unimpressive. In the same manner, to read aloud to an auditory our own words, or the words of another, in a drawling, monotonous, and unnatural tone, such as we would not employ if speaking, for the purposes of amusing, affecting or persuading those who listen

to us, is to fail in the very purposes for which we read. To good writing many of the same principles apply, with this addition—that not only correct grammar and impressive rhetoric are essential, but logic also; and with this exception—that the good writer has no need of elocution in his own person; it is sufficient for his purpose if he excite it in others.

The term “eloquent” is equally applied to reading, speaking, and writing. An eloquent speaker exercises a certain power and mastery over the passions and the reason of those whom he addresses. He feels those passions himself, and is himself swayed by that reason, or he would not be eloquent. An eloquent reader exercises a similar power—not so great in degree, because he gives utterance to



sentiments which may not be his own, and is thus a mere interpreter of another's thoughts; or an actor, representing as he best can, the particular character or emotion of the author whose words he is repeating. But, like the eloquent speaker, he must feel the passion and acknowledge the reason of what he utters, or his reading will not be eloquent or impressive. The eloquent writer exercises a power far greater than either of these. The accent, the intonation, the emphasis, the gesture—all that combine to give effect to oral eloquence—are pre-supposed in his writings. They exist in his page, as the music exists in the harp, and only await the touch of the artist, who has the power to interpret and draw them forth. The eloquent writer appeals to the understanding and to the passions, not by the ear but by the eye and the mind; and has in this manner a wider empire. Although these three arts differ to a certain extent, there can be no question that the same education which fits a man for excellence in one will qualify him for excellence in all; and that a really good reader may, if he please, become a really good speaker and writer, and that a really good writer only requires confidence and the practice of the tongue to become a good speaker and reader.

The Arts of ORATORY or ELOCUTION, and of English Composition, in their various subdivisions of Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Delivery, and Style, have been treated by many able authors, more especially and successfully by Walker, Blair, Sheridan, Campbell, and Whately. To go fully into these subjects, and their various divisions and subdivisions, would occupy a large volume. We must therefore confine ourselves, in these few preliminary pages, to a general statement of the fundamental principle of both arts, and pre-suppose in the minds of our readers a sufficient knowledge of grammar—the basis of all good speaking and writing—and also an acquaintance, more or less intimate, with the governing principles of logic and rhetoric.

## CHAPTER I.—ELOCUTION.



ing, therefore, is to *feel* what your author says. To understand and appreciate his meaning, to read slowly, and articulate clearly and correctly, is to conquer nine-tenths of the difficulties in the way.

“All other graces  
Follow in their proper places.”

Dr. Blair, in his Lectures, has the following excellent remarks in elucidation and amplification of this fundamental rule. We recommend them to the earnest attention of the student. Much has been written on this subject since the time of

E shall commence with ELOCUTION.—In the delivery of their own feelings, opinions, and wishes, in their ordinary intercourse with one another—all men are elocutionists. In earnest conversation we all feel what we say; and, consequently, even the rudest and most uneducated of men accentuate their syllables, emphasize their words, or elevate and lower the tones of their voices, so as to produce a certain degree of eloquence. It is when people begin to read aloud the sentiments and opinions of others, that they depart from this natural eloquence, and sink into a listless, monotonous drawl, without grace, modulation, emphasis, or energy. The first {requisite for good read-

Dr. Blair, but nothing has been written better. Let it be borne in mind that all he says upon oratory or public speaking, is equally applicable to reading ; and that the nearer the tones of the voice and the general manner in reading approach to those we employ in speaking, the more agreeable to those who listen.

## ON PRONUNCIATION AND DELIVERY.

[BY DR. BLAIR.]

“How much stress was laid upon pronunciation or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators, Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quintilian ; when being asked what was the first point in oratory ? he answered, delivery ; and being asked, what was the second, and afterwards, what was the third, he still answered—delivery. There is no wonder that he should have rated this so high, and that for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of ; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience, but this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public speaking, persuasion ; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those whose only aim it is to please.

“Whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak ; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now, the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do ; nay, the impression they make on others is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions, than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words—that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all ; whereas words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas, and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of pronunciation and delivery ; and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connexion between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us that he believes or feels the sentiments themselves. His delivery may be such as to give the lie to all he asserts. When Marcus Callidus accused one of an attempt to poison him, but enforced his accusation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earnestness of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accused person, improved this into an argument of the falsity of the charge. In Shakspeare’s ‘Richard II.,’ the *Duchess of York* thus impeaches the sincerity of her husband :—

‘Pleads he in earnest ? Look upon his face—  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest :  
His words come from his mouth ; ours, from our breast ;  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;  
We pray with heart and soul.’

“The great objects which every public speaker will naturally have in his eye in forming his delivery, are, first, to speak so as to be fully and easily understood by all who hear him ; and next, to speak with grace and force, so as to please and to move his audience. Let us consider what is most important with respect to each of these.

“In order to be fully and easily understood, the four chief requisites are, a due degree of loudness of voice ; distinctness ; slowness ; and propriety of pronunciation.

"The first attention of every public speaker, doubtless, must be, to make himself be heard by all those to whom he speaks. He must endeavour to fill with his voice the space occupied by the assembly. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is so in a good measure; but, however, may receive considerable assistance from art. Much depends for this purpose on the proper pitch and management of the voice. Every man has three pitches in his voice: the high, the middle, and the low one. The high, is that which he uses in calling aloud to some one at a distance. The low, is when he approaches to a whisper. The middle, is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in public discourse. For it is a great mistake, to imagine that one must take the highest pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard by a great assembly. This is confounding two things which are different—loudness, or strength of sound, with the key or note on which we speak. A speaker may render his voice louder, without altering the key; and we shall always be able to give most body, most persevering force of sound to that pitch of voice to which in conversation we are accustomed. Whereas, by setting out on our highest pitch, or key, we certainly allow ourselves less compass, and are likely to strain our voice before we have done. We shall fatigue ourselves and speak with pain; and whenever a man speaks with pain to himself, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Give the voice, therefore, full strength and swell of sound; but always pitch it on your ordinary speaking key. Make it a constant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than you can afford without pain to yourselves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as you keep within these bounds, the other organs of speech will be at liberty to discharge their several offices with ease, and you will always have your voice under command. But whenever you transgress these bounds, you give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is a useful rule too, in order to be well heard, to fix our eye on some of the most distant persons in the assembly, and to consider ourselves as speaking to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with such a degree of strength, as to make ourselves be heard by one to whom we address ourselves, provided he be within the reach of our voice. As this is the case in common conversation, it will hold also in public speaking. But remember, that in public as well as in conversation, it is possible to offend by speaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indistinct masses; besides its giving the speaker the disagreeable appearance of one who endeavours to compel assent by mere vehemence and force of sound.

"In the next place to being well heard and clearly understood, Distinctness of Articulation contributes more, perhaps, than mere loudness of sound. The quantity of sound necessary to fill even a large space, is smaller than is commonly imagined; and, with distinct articulation, a man of a weak voice will make it reach further than the strongest voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every public speaker ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters its due proportion, and make every syllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces, be heard distinctly, without slurring, whispering, or suppressing any of the proper sounds.

"In the third place, in order to articulate distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the Speed of Pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation and all meaning. I need scarcely observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious that a lifeless, drawing pronunciation, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every discourse insipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of speaking too fast is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is the first thing to be studied by all who begin to speak in public, and cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to their discourse. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests which it allows it more easily to make; and it enables the speaker to swell all his sounds, both with more force and more music. It assists him, also, in preserving a due command of himself; whereas a rapid and hurried manner is apt to excite that flutter of spirits, which is the greatest enemy to all right execution in the way of oratory.

"After these fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to distinct articulation, and to a proper degree of slowness of speech, what a public



speaker must, in the fourth place, study, is, Propriety of Pronunciation; or the giving to every word which he utters that sound which the most polite usage of the language appropriates to it, in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requisite, both for speaking intelligibly and for speaking with grace or beauty. Instructions concerning this article can be given by the living voice only. But there is one observation which it may not be improper here to make. In the English language, every word which consists of more syllables than one, has one accented syllable. The accent rests sometimes on the vowel, sometimes on the consonant. Seldom, or never, is there more than one accented syllable in any English word, however long; and the genius of the language requires the voice to mark that syllable by a stronger percussive, and to pass more slightly over the rest. Now, after we have learned the proper seats of these accents, it is an important rule to give every word just the same accent in public speaking as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they speak in public and with solemnity, they pronounce the syllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them and protract them; they multiply accents on the same word; from a mistaken notion that it gives gravity and force to their discourse, and adds to the pomp of public declamation: whereas this is one of the greatest faults that can be committed in pronunciation; it makes what is called a theatrical or mouthing manner, and gives an artificial affected air to speech, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableness and its impression.

"I proceed to treat next of those higher parts of delivery, by studying which a speaker has something farther in view than merely to render himself intelligible, and seeks to give grace and force to what he utters. These may be comprised under four heads, Emphasis, Pauses, Tones, and Gestures. Let me only premise in general to what I am to say concerning them, that attention to these articles of delivery is by no means to be confined, as some might be apt to imagine, to the more elaborate and pathetic parts of a discourse; there is, perhaps, as great attention requisite, and as much skill displayed, in adapting emphases, pauses, tones, and gestures properly, to calm and plain speaking; and the effect of a just and graceful delivery will, in every part of a subject, be found of high importance for commanding attention and enforcing what is spoken.

### EMPHASIS.

"First, let us consider Emphasis.—By this is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish the accented syllable of some word, on which we design to lay particular stress, and to show how it affects the rest of the sentence. Sometimes the emphatic word must be distinguished by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a stronger accent. On the right management of the emphasis depends the whole life and spirit of every discourse. If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous.

"In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule, and indeed the only rule possible to be given is, that the speaker study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of those sentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the greatest trials of a true and just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others. There is as great a difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain prose, read by one who places the several emphases every where with taste and judgment, and by one who neglects or mistakes them, as there is between the same tune played by the most masterly hand or by the most bungling performer.

### PAUSES.

"Next to emphasis, the Pauses, in speaking, demand attention. These are of two kinds—first, emphatical pauses, and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made after something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we want to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, before such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis, and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution just now given, of not repeating them too frequently: for, as they

excite uncommon attention, and, of course, raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

"But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the speaker to draw his breath; and the proper and graceful adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles in delivery.

"When we are reading or reciting verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own; and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear nor to offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we so seldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauses that belong to the music of verse; one is the pause at the end of the line, and the other the *cæsural* pause in the middle of it. With regard to the pause at the end of the line, which marks that strain or verse to be finished, rhyme renders this always sensible, and in some measure compels us to observe it in our pronunciation. In blank verse, where there is a greater liberty permitted of running the lines into one another, sometimes without any suspension in the sense, it has been made a question, whether, in reading such verse with propriety, any regard at all should be paid to the close of a line? On the stage, where the appearance of speaking in verse should always be avoided, there can, I think, be no doubt that the close of such lines as make no pause in the sense, should not be rendered perceptible to the ear. But on other occasions this were improper; for what is the use of melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if in reading his lines we suppress his numbers, and degrade them by our pronunciation into mere prose? We ought, therefore, certainly to read blank verse so as to make every line sensible to the ear. At the same time, in doing so, every appearance of sing-song and tone must be carefully guarded against. The close of the line, where it makes no pause in the meaning, ought to be marked, not by such a tone as is used in finishing a sentence, but, without either letting the voice fall or elevating it, it should be marked only by such a slight suspension of sound as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

"The other kind of musical pause is that which falls somewhere about the middle of the verse, and divides it into two hemistichs; a pause, not so great as that which belongs to the close of the line, but still sensible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the *cæsural* pause, in the French heroic verse falls uniformly in the middle of the line. In the English, it may fall after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllables in the line, and no other. Where the verse is so constructed that this *cæsural* pause coincides with the slightest pause or division in the sense, the line can be read easily, as in the first two verses of Mr. Pope's '*Messiah*'—

‘Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.’

But if it should happen that words, which have such a strict and intimate connexion as not to bear even a momentary separation, are divided from one another by this *cæsural* pause, we then feel a sort of struggle between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines gracefully. The rule of proper pronunciation in such cases is, to regard only the pause which the sense forms, and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the *cæsural* pause may make the line sound somewhat unharmoniously, but the effect would be much worse if the sense were sacrificed to the sound. For instance, in the following line of Milton:—

‘What in me is dark,  
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.’

The sense clearly dictates the pause after ‘illumine,’ at the end of the third syllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, ‘illumine’ should be connected with what follows, and the pause not made till the 4th or 6th syllable. So in the following line of Mr. Pope’s ‘*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*’:—

‘I sit, with sad civility I read.’

The ear plainly points out the *cæsural* pause as falling after ‘sad,’ the fourth



syllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pause there, so as to separate 'sad' and 'civility.' The sense admits of no other pause than after the second syllable 'sit,' which, therefore, must be the only pause made in the reading.

### TONES.

"I proceed to treat next of Tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphasis and pauses, consisting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of sound which we employ in public speaking. How much of the propriety, the force and grace of discourse, must depend on these will appear from this single consideration; that to almost every sentiment we utter, more especially to every motion, nature hath adapted some peculiar tone of voice; insomuch, that he who should tell another that he was very angry, or much grieved, in a tone which did not suit such emotions, instead of being believed, would be laughed at. Sympathy is one of the most powerful principles by which persuasive discourse works its effect. The speaker endeavours to transfuse into his hearers his own sentiments and emotions, which he can never be successful in doing, unless he utter them in such a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them. The proper expression of tones, therefore, deserves to be attentively studied by every one who would be a successful orator.

"The greatest and most material instruction which can be given for this purpose is, to form the tones of public speaking upon the tones of sensible and animated conversation. We may observe that every man, when he is much in earnest in common discourse, when he is engaged in speaking on some subject which interests him nearly, has an eloquent or persuasive tone and manner. What is the reason of our being often so frigid and unpersuasive in public discourse, but our departing from the natural tone of speaking, and delivering ourselves in an affected, artificial manner? Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine, that as soon as one mounts a pulpit, or rises in a public assembly, he is instantly to lay aside the voice with which he expresses himself in private; to assume a new studied tone and a cadence altogether foreign to his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery; this has given rise to cant and tedious monotony in the different kinds of modern public speaking, especially in the pulpit. Men departed from nature, and sought to give a beauty or force, as they imagined, to their discourse, by substituting certain studied musical tones, in the room of the genuine expressions of sentiment which the voice carries in natural discourse. Let every public speaker guard against this error. Whether he speak in a private room or in a great assembly, let him remember that he still speaks. Follow nature; consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of your heart. Imagine a subject of debate started in conversation among grave and wise men, and yourself bearing a share in it. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflexions of voice you would on such an occasion express yourself, when you were most in earnest and sought most to be listened to. Carry these with you to the bar, to the pulpit, or to any public assembly; let these be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing there, and you will take the surest method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and persuasive.

### GESTURE.

"It now remains to treat of Gesture, or what is called Action in public discourse. Some nations animate their words, in common conversation, with many more motions of the body than others do. The French and Italians are, in this respect, much more sprightly than we. But there is no nation, hardly any person so phlegmatic, as not to accompany their words with some actions and gesticulations on all occasions when they are much in earnest. It is, therefore, unnatural in a public speaker, it is inconsistent with that earnestness and seriousness which he ought to show in all affairs of moment, to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance, and to let the words drop from his mouth without any expression of meaning or warmth in his gesture.

"The fundamental rule as to propriety of action, is undoubtedly the same with what I gave as to propriety of tone. Attend to the looks and gestures in which earnestness, indignation, compassion, or any other emotion, discovers itself to most advantage in the common intercourse of men, and let these be your model. Some of these looks and gestures are common to all men; and there are also certain peculiarities of manner which distinguish every individual. A public speaker must

take that manner which is most natural to himself. For it is here just as in tones. It is not the business of a speaker to form to himself a certain set of motions and gestures which he thinks most becoming and agreeable, and to practise these in public, without their having any correspondence to the manner which is natural to him in private. His gestures and motions ought all to carry that kind of expression which nature has dictated to him; and, unless this be the case, it is impossible, by means of any study, to avoid their appearing stiff and forced.

"However, although nature must be the groundwork, I admit that there is room in this matter for some study and art. For many persons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make; and this ungracefulness might, in part at least, be reformed by application and care. With regard to particular rules concerning action and gesticulation, Quintilian has delivered a great many in the last chapter of the 11th book of his 'Institutions;' and all the modern writers on this subject have done little else but translate them. I am not of opinion that such rules, delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of much use, unless persons saw them exemplified before their eyes.

"The following hints only I shall adventure to throw out, in case they may be of any service. When speaking in public, one should study to preserve as much dignity as possible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect posture is generally to be chosen; standing firm, so as to have the fullest and freest command of all his motions; any inclination which is used should be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it should correspond with the nature of the discourse, and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always the best. The eyes should never be fixed close on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made by the hands, consists the chief part of gesture in speaking. The ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone; but I am not sensible that these are always offensive, though it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands corresponding together. But whether one gesticulates with one or with both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions should be free and easy. Narrow and straitened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reason, motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the shoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements, too, with the hand, that is, in the straight line up and down, which Shakspeare, in 'Hamlet,' calls 'sawing the air with the hand,' are seldom good. Oblique motions are, in general, the most graceful. Too sudden and nimble motions should be likewise avoided. Earnestness can be fully expressed without them. Shakspeare's directions on this head are full of good sense: 'Use all gently,' says he; 'and in the very torrent and tempest of passion, acquire a temperance that may give it smoothness.'

## THE ARTIFICIAL SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION.

An attempt has been made by some writers upon the art of Elocution to direct the student to the proper use of accent and emphasis by means of italics and of other marks. This is called the artificial system. Dr. Whately, in his admirable treatise on Rhetoric, condemns it as worse than useless; and in this opinion he is supported by all who have most deeply studied the question.

"Probably," he says, "not a single instance could be found of any one who has attained, by the study of any system of instruction that has appeared, a really good delivery; but there are many, probably nearly as many as have fully tried the experiment, who have by this means been totally spoiled; who have fallen irrecoverably into an affected style of spouting, worse in all respects than their original mode of delivery. Many, accordingly, have not unreasonably conceived a disgust for the subject altogether, considering it hopeless that elocution could be taught by any rules, and acquiescing in the conclusion that it is to be regarded as entirely a gift of nature, or an accidental acquirement of practice. It is to counteract the prejudice which may result from these feelings, that we profess in the outset a dissent from the principles generally adopted, and lay claim to some degree of originality in our own. Novelty affords, at least, an opening for hope; and the only opening when former attempts have met with total failure.

"The requisites of elocution correspond in a great measure with those of style. Correct enunciation, in opposition both to indistinct utterance and to vulgar dia-



lectic pronunciation, may be considered as answering to purity and grammatical propriety. These qualities of style and of elocution, being equally required in common conversation, do not properly fall within the province of rhetoric. The three qualities, again, which have been treated of under the head of Style, viz. perspicuity, energy, and elegance, may be regarded as equally requisites of elocution; which, in order to be perfect, must convey the meaning clearly, forcibly, and agreeably. . . .

"With a view to perspicuity, then, the first requisite in all delivery, that quality which makes the meaning fully understood by the hearers, the great point is that the reader should appear to understand what he reads. If the composition be in itself intelligible to the persons addressed, he will make them fully understand, by so delivering it. But, to this end, it is not enough that he should himself actually understand it; it is possible, notwithstanding, to read it as if he did not. And, in like manner, with a view as to the quality which has been here called energy, it is not sufficient that he should himself feel and be impressed with the force of what he utters; he may, notwithstanding, deliver it as if he were unimpressed.

"The remedy that has been commonly proposed for these defects, is to point out, in such a work, for instance, as the Liturgy, which words ought to be marked as emphatic, in what places the voice is to be suspended, raised, lowered, &c. One of the best writers on the subject, Sheridan, in his lectures on the Art of Reading, adopts a peculiar set of marks for denoting the different pauses, emphases, &c., and applies these, with accompanying explanatory observations, to the greater part of the Liturgy, and to an Essay subjoined; recommending that the habit should be formed of regulating the voice by his marks; and that, afterwards, readers should 'write out such parts as they want to deliver properly, without any of the usual stops; and, after having considered them well, mark the pauses and emphases by the new signs which have been annexed to them, according to the best of their judgment.'

"To the adoption of any such artificial scheme there are three weighty objections: first, that the proposed system must necessarily be imperfect; secondly, that, if it were perfect, it would be a circuitous path to the object in view; and thirdly, that, even if both these objections were removed, the object would not be effectually obtained.

"First, such a system must necessarily be imperfect, because, though the emphatic word in each sentence may easily be pointed out in writing, no variety of marks that could be invented—not even musical notation—would suffice to indicate the different tones in which the different emphatic words should be pronounced; though on this depends frequently the whole force, and even sense of the expression. Take as an instance the words of *Macbeth* in the witches' cave, when he is addressed by one of the spirits which they raise, 'Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!' on which he exclaims, 'Had I three ears, I'd hear thee:' no one would dispute that the stress is to be laid on the word 'three;' and thus much might be indicated to the reader's eye; but if he had nothing else to trust to, he might chance to deliver the passage in such a manner as to be utterly absurd; for it is possible to pronounce the emphatic word 'three' in such a tone as to indicate that 'since he has but two ears, he cannot hear.' It would be nearly as hopeless a task to attempt adequately to convey, by any written marks, precise directions as to the rate, the degree of rapidity or slowness with which each sentence and clause should be delivered. Longer and shorter pauses may indeed be easily denoted; and marks may be used similar to those in music, to indicate, generally, quick, slow, or moderate time: but it is evident that the variations which actually take place are infinitely far beyond what any marks could suggest; and that much of the force of what is said depends on the degree of rapidity with which it is uttered—chiefly on the relative rapidity in one part in comparison of another; for instance, in such a sentence as the following in one of the Psalms, which one may usually hear read at one uniform rate; 'all men that see it shall say, this hath God done; for they shall perceive that it is his work;' the four words, 'this hath God done,' though monosyllables, ought to occupy very little less time in utterance than all the rest of the verse put together.

"Secondly. But were it even possible to bring to the highest perfection the proposed system of marks, it would still be a circuitous road to the desired end. Suppose it could be completely indicated to the eye in what tone each word and sentence should be pronounced, according to the several occasions, the

learner might ask, 'But why should this tone suit the awful, this the pathetic, this the narrative style? Why is this mode of delivery adopted for a command, this for an exhortation, this for a supplication?' The only answer that could be given is, that these tones and emphases are a part of the language; that nature, or custom which is a second nature, suggests, spontaneously, these different modes of giving expression to the different thoughts, feelings, and designs, which are present to the mind of any one who, without study, is speaking in earnest his own sentiments. Then, if this be the case, why not leave nature to do her own work? Impress but the mind fully with the sentiments to be uttered, withdraw the attention from the sound and fix it on the sense, and nature or habit will spontaneously suggest the proper delivery. That this will be the case is not only true, but is the very supposition on which the artificial system proceeds; for it professes to teach the mode of delivery naturally adapted to each occasion. It is surely, therefore, a circuitous path that is proposed, when the learner is directed, first, to consider how each passage ought to be read; what mode of delivering each part of it would spontaneously occur to him, if he were attending exclusively to the matter of it; then to observe all the modulations of voice which take place in such a delivery; then to note these down by established marks in writing; and, lastly, to pronounce according to these marks. This seems like recommending, for the purpose of raising the hand to the mouth, that he should first observe, when performing that action, without thought of anything else, what muscles are contracted, in what degree and in what order; then that he should note down these observations; and, lastly, that he should, in conformity with these notes, contract each muscle in due degree and in proper order, to the end that he may be enabled, after all, to lift his hand to his mouth—which, by supposition, he had already done. Such instruction is like that bestowed by Molière's pedantic tutor upon his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who was taught, to his infinite surprise and delight, what configurations of the mouth he employed in pronouncing the several letters of the alphabet, which he had been accustomed to utter all his life, without knowing how.

"Thirdly and lastly, waiving both the above objections, if a person could learn thus to read and speak, as it were by rote, with the same fluency and accuracy as are attainable in the case of singing, still the desired object of a perfectly natural as well as correct elocution, would never be in this way attained. The reader's attention being fixed on his own voice, the inevitable consequence would be, that he would betray, more or less, his studied and artificial delivery, and would, in the same degree, manifest an offensive affectation.

"The practical rule, then, to be adopted in conformity with the principles we have maintained, is, not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to withdraw the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the sense, trusting to nature to suggest spontaneously the proper emphases and tones. He who not only understands fully what he is reading, but is earnestly occupying his mind with the matter of it, will be likely to read as if he had understood it, and thus to make others understand it; and in like manner, he who not only feels it, but is exclusively absorbed with that feeling, will be likely to read as if he felt it, and to communicate the impression to his hearers. But this cannot be the case if he is occupied with the thought of what their opinion will be of his reading, and how his voice ought to be regulated; if, in short, he is thinking of himself, and, of course, in the same degree abstracting his attention from that which ought to occupy it exclusively."

### ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

We fully concur in the truth of the observations of Dr. Whately, in the foregoing extract, more especially as they apply to the practice of adults, or of those who are already to some extent proficient in the art of speaking with propriety. It is possible, and indeed likely, that the young student might derive some advantage, at the outset of his career, from a judicious use of marks for the direction of accent, intonation, and emphasis, but we doubt whether the oral example of a good teacher would not answer the purpose much better. In mere accentuation there is not much fear that the pupil will go wrong, because the accent is not arbitrary, but fixed, and has no connexion with the meaning. The accent *must* be on a certain syllable in every word; but emphasis and intonation *must*, as Dr. Blair has remarked, be left to the good sense and feeling of the reader. Their import-



ance, not simply to the grace and charm of the delivery, but to the sense of the matter delivered, cannot be too clearly impressed upon the mind of the beginner: for instance, the following sentence, composed of six words, may have six different meanings, varying with the emphasis in each:—

*Did you say an old hat?*

implies a doubt as to what was said.

*Did you say an old hat?*

is a demand to know whether somebody else might not have said that the hat was old.

*Did you say an old hat?*

draws a distinction between saying, and some other mode of conveying the meaning—such as *writing* it.

*Did you say an old hat?*

points to the possibility of *the* old hat,—not any old hat, but the one particular old hat.

*Did you say an old hat?*

is expressive of a doubt as to the age of the hat, and a wish to know whether it might not have been a new one.

*Did you say an old hat?*

This last emphasis suggests that a mistake may have been made as to the real character of the article, which in the questioner's idea may have been a cap or a bonnet, and not a hat.

It would be easy to multiply similar examples to show the importance of emphasis, but the foregoing will suffice. The best guide is the reader's own intelligence. He who is careless and indifferent, and pays no attention to the meaning of the words he reads (a common case with the young), will, very probably, not emphasize at all: this is the worst possible fault—the mis-placing of the emphasis is venial in comparison; for although it may lead to a ludicrous perversion of the sense, it is better even than the sense should be perverted than that the reader should indulge in the drawing monotony of complete indifference. If he once becomes convinced of the importance of emphasis, there is little fear of his making any considerable error; his understanding will guide him better than any of the marks which elocutionists and typographers can employ. It must, therefore, be the task of the teacher to instil this into the minds of the young, by his oral example: a few exercises will, with proper management, convince the most obtuse of the paramount importance of due and careful attention to this point.

### INFLECTIONS.

With regard to the Inflections of the voice, upon which so much has been said and written, there are in reality but two—the rising and the falling. Some writers add a third, which may be called the compound, or circumflex inflection, in which the voice both rises and falls on the same word—as in the expression of disdain, reproach, or extreme surprise. The following exercises on the rising and falling inflections will be found useful. We shall give, hereafter, a few examples of the compound or circumflex. In counting, the numbers must be pronounced slowly, with a pause between each, and with the rising inflection, until the last number denoting the completion of the sentence, which requires the falling inflection. The number immediately before the last should have the inflection somewhat more strong and decided than those preceding, and with a pause slightly longer. The questions require the rising, and the answers the falling inflection:—

TABLE OF INFLECTIONS.—One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight  
—Nine—Ten—Eleven—Twelve.

One.  
 One, two.  
 One, two, three.  
 One, two, three, four.  
 One, two, three, four, five.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

Did you say one?	I said two.
Did you say two?	I said three.
Did you say three?	I said four.
Did you say four?	I said five.
Did you say five?	I said six.
Did you say six?	I said seven.
Did you say seven?	I said eight.
Did you say eight?	I said nine.
Did you say nine?	I said ten.

In the same manner as these enumeratives are pronounced, the pupil should express the following sentences:—

“They, through faith, subdued kingdoms—wrought righteousness—obtained  
 promises—stopped the mouths of lions—quenched the violence of fire—escaped  
 the edge of the sword—out of weakness, were made strong—waxed valiant in  
 fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.”

“I am persuaded that neither life—nor death—nor angels—nor principalities—

nor powers—nor things present—nor things to come—nor height—nor depth—nor  
 any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

"The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness,  
 faith, meekness, temperance."

"And now abideth faith—hope—charity; these three: but the greatest of these  
 —is—charity."

"Beauty, strength, youth, and old age, *lie undistinguished* in the same promiscuous heap of matter."

"True gentleness teaches us to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with those who rejoice; to weep with those who weep; to please every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men."

The following simple rules with regard to the inflections in the various forms of interrogation should be carefully studied.

*First.*—When the interrogation commences with an adverb or a pronoun, the sentence must terminate with the falling inflection, as in the annexed examples:—

"What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?  
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast!"

"What am I? and from whence? I nothing know  
 But that I am: and since I am, conclude  
 Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,  
 Nought still had been. Eternal there must be,  
 But what eternal? Why not human race,  
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?"

"Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?"

"Oh, why hath man the will and power  
 To make his fellow mourn?"

"Poor autumn-leaf, down floating  
 Upon the blustering gale,  
 Torn from thy bough,

Where goest now,  
Wither'd, and shrunk, and pale?"

---

"What can be worse,  
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end?"

---

"Why should we see with dead men's eyes—  
Looking at Was from morn to night,  
When the beauteous now, the divine To Be,  
Woo with their charms our living sight?  
Why should we hear but echoes dull,  
When the world of sound, so beautiful,  
Will give us music of our own?  
Why in the darkness should we grope,  
When the sun in heaven's resplendent cope  
Shines as bright as ever it shone?"

---

"Or, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December's snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?"

---

*Rule Second.*—Interrogatories commencing with a verb, terminate with the rising inflection:—

"Can such things be—  
And overcome us, like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?"

---

"Know ye not, then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
Know ye not me?"

---

"Rememberest thou  
Thy making, while thy Maker gave thee being?"

---

"Would it not employ a *beau* prettily enough, if, instead of eternally playing with his snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one?"

---

"Would a merciful Providence have given us talents, without designing that we should exert them?"

---

There is an exception to this rule, which is, that when a series of questions is long and terminates a paragraph, the reader may, if he find it a convenience, or an ease to his voice, conclude with the falling inflection.

---

"Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy *love*. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that



Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting "I dare not," wait upon "I would,"  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?"

*Rule Third.*—When two or more questions in succession, the first beginning with a verb, are separated by the disjunctive particle *or*, the last question requires the falling, and the preceding ones the rising inflection:—

"Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?  
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

"Do the perfections of the Almighty lie dormant, or are they not rather in continual exercise?"

### THE COMPOUND INFLECTION.

The compound or circumflex inflection, as already stated, unites the rising and falling inflection on the same word or syllable, and is chiefly used in the emphatic assertion of scorn, derision, reproach, or surprise, as:—

"Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended."

"Hamlet. Mother, *you* have *my* father much offended."

"If you said *so*, then I said *so*."

"Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as *thou*."

"What! *you*—you insignificant prevaricator?"

"To ask *him* for a favour? I would scorn it."

We might extend much further the rules of professed elocutionists, but we are of opinion that these few judiciously explained, and orally exemplified by the teacher, will be sufficient to impress the mind of any pupil of ordinary intelligence with the importance both of emphasis and inflection, and to guide his first attempts in the right direction. The great things to be striven for, as we have already said, and as cannot be too often repeated, are comprehension of the author, and a sympathy with the various sentiments, emotions, and passions he desires to pourtray. Without this, all the rules of elocution will be in vain. In conclusion, we would say with Dr. Blair, merely extending his meaning from oratory or public speaking to private reading, that "nothing is more necessary for those who would excel in elocution or oratory, than to cultivate habits of the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever these become dead or callous, they may be assured that they will read and speak with less power and less success. The sentiments and dispositions particularly requisite for them to cultivate are the love of justice and order, and indignation at insolence and oppression; the love of honesty and truth, and detestation of fraud, meanness, and corruption; magnanimity of spirit; the love of liberty, of their country, and the public; zeal for all great and noble designs, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and sceptical turn of mind is extremely adverse to elocution, whether of reading or of speech; and no less so is that cavilling disposition which takes pleasure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired. Such a disposition bespeaks one not very likely to excel in anything, but least of all in oratory. A true orator should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should at the same time possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can easily relent; that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and can make their case his own."

## CHAPTER II.—ON STYLE, AND THE RULES AND PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION.



"It is not easy," says Dr. Blair, in his admirable lectures upon Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, "to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition we can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions by means of language. It is different from mere language or words. The words which an author employs may be proper and faultless; and his style may, nevertheless, have great faults: it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult

to separate the style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as style is nothing else than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence different countries have been noted for peculiarities of style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a style accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristic differences are commonly remarked in the style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself: so difficult is it to separate these two things from one another.

"All the qualities of a good style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of language, is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use writing and discourse."

Common sense has been called the foundation of all good composition. But supposing the man who aspires to write well to be in possession of this requisite, the next essential is *perspicuity*. It will generally be found that he who thinks clearly will express himself perspicuously both in speech and in writing. He, therefore, who desires to please the fancy, to convince the reason, or to touch the hearts of his fellows, either by oratory or by literature, must cultivate in himself the art of thinking. This art, or gift, is by no means a common one. Most people seem to consider that it is not their business to think. They take their thoughts from others, with the same unconcern as they breathe the common air. With due training, however, any person of ordinary capacity may acquire the habit of thinking for himself, and of expressing himself with clearness. The style of a writer who has not acquired the habit of conveying his own meaning to others, as thoroughly as he feels it himself (for it must be supposed that every one who writes has a meaning), may occasionally please the ear, or still more rarely may excite the

imagination, but it will not convince the understanding or stir the emotions of any reader of taste, unless, perchance, it should stir him into disgust, or lull him into weariness.

To attain perspicuity, a writer must possess, in addition to good sense and the habit of thinking correctly, a perfect mastery of language. He must not only use a good word to express his meaning, but the best word. He must know the nice shades of difference in words and phrases, and must never be at such a loss for a word, supposing it exists in the language, as to resort to a circumlocution, to say weakly what he might by a simpler process have said forcibly. It is, as Fenton well remarks, "the greatest commendation we can give an author, and the best argument that he is master of the language he writes in, and the subject he writes upon, to confess that we understand him, and see into the scope and tendency of his thoughts as we read him. All obscurity of expression and darkness of sense arise from the confusion of the writer's thoughts and his want of proper words. If a man has not a clear perception of the matters he undertakes to treat of, be his style never so plain as to the words he uses, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon his subject be ever so just and distinct, unless he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of easy writing in plain obvious expressions, the words will perplex the sense and cloud the clearness of his thoughts." "But perspicuity," greatly as it is to be praised, and earnestly as it is to be cultivated, is, as Dr. Whately observes, "a relative quality, and consequently cannot properly be predicated of any work without a tacit reference to the class of readers for whom it is designed." For instance, it might be perspicuous, when writing to a Latin scholar, to call cattle "the bovine race;" but for ordinary readers it would be far more perspicuous to call cattle cattle, and oxen oxen. The use of the latinity would, to the educated man, look like affectation and pedantry, and, consequently, a defect in style; while to the uneducated man it would fail to convey a meaning.

The next great essentials of a good style are *purity*, *brevity*, and *precision*. "Purity and propriety of language," says Dr. Blair, "are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity is the use of such words and constructions as belong to the idiom of the language which we speak, in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other languages, or that are obsolete or newly coined, and used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the language as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them according to that usage, in opposition to vulgarisms or low expressions, and to words and phrases which would be less significant of the ideas that we mean to convey." Mr. Harris, another celebrated and able writer upon the subject, gives the following examples, which may serve to illustrate Dr. Blair's meaning. The three sentences which he selects have the same signification: the first is an offence against purity of style; the second is an offence against propriety; while the third combines both purity and propriety. For instance, a man may say, "Don't let a lucky hit slip; if you do, perhaps you mayn't get another." The sentiment is expressed clearly, but the diction is vulgar. Take it another way—"Opportune moments are few and fleeting; seize them with avidity, or your progression will be impeded." Here the diction, though not vulgar, is unusual, pedantic, and affected. But what says Shakspeare?—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows."

Here the diction is elegant; the words, though common, being taken under a



metaphor, are so far estranged by this metaphorical use, that they acquire through the change a competent dignity."

As regards *brevity*, it should be a fundamental rule with all who aspire to forcible writing, never to use a greater number of words than will fully and elegantly express their meaning. At the same time, abrupt and ungraceful brevity is to be avoided. "It is not enough," says Fenton, "to write plainly; we must also write agreeably, so as to engage the attention and work upon the affections, as well as inform the understanding of our hearers. A composition has been called perfect when the matter rises out of the subject; when the thoughts are agreeable to the matter, and the expression suitable to the thoughts; when there is no inconsistency from the beginning to the end; when the whole is perspicuous in the beautiful order of its parts, and formed in due symmetry and proportion."

Young writers, if they have conquered the first difficulties, and possess not only a sufficient mastery, but a wealth of words, and can express themselves with fluency as well as perspicuity, are apt to overload their style with ornament.

"In every sprightly genius," says the author last quoted, "the expression will ever be lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful should run out into unnecessary branches; but when it is matured by age and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the superfluous shoots of fancy, thereby giving both strength and beauty to his work.

"Perhaps this piece of discipline is to young writers the greatest self-denial in the world; to confine the fancy, to stifle the birth, much more to throw away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial that none but the most delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praise, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to lavish; the chippings and filings of these jewels, could they be preserved, are of more value than the whole mass of ordinary authors; and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to spare."

But, however disagreeable this discipline may be, the young writer will find his advantage in it. Tawdry ornaments of style, and all mere verbiage that add nothing to the meaning or the grace of a composition, are as offensive to the man of a correct taste as the placing of ribbons round the neck, or a silk petticoat upon the limbs of an ancient statue, would be to any man who loved and understood the art of sculpture.

"Excuse this long and rambling letter," said a great master of style when corresponding with his friend; "it was written in a hurry. I had not time to be short." "Take time to be short," may be considered one of the fundamental maxims of the good writer. He who improves his taste and his style by constant and judicious self-discipline, will speedily learn to lop off all redundancies, and to indulge in no words, however sonorous, that add nothing to the real sense or dignity of the composition. A redundant style, overloaded with epithets, is like the barbarous images of the gods of the Burmese and Hindoos. When these nations wish to express the wisdom of their divinities, they form an image with two heads; when they wish to represent strength, they give it four hands; and when they wish to pourtray fleetness, they give it legs innumerable. They thus fabricate monsters instead of divinities; and in wishing to transcend nature, not only fall infinitely short of her simplicity, but commit outrages against her purity.

"The use and importance of precision," remarks Dr. Blair, "may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It can never view clearly and distinctly above one object at a time. If it must look at two or three together—especially at objects amongst which there is resemblance or connexion—it finds itself confused and embarrassed. It cannot clearly perceive in what they agree and in what they differ. If, when you would inform me of your meaning, you also tell me more than conveys it; if you join foreign circumstances to the principal object; if, by unnecessarily varying the expression, you shift the point of view, and make me see sometimes the object itself, and sometimes another thing that is connected or unconnected with it, you thereby oblige me to look on several objects at once, and I lose sight of the principal."

"A diligent study of the most celebrated authors of ancient and modern times, in our own and in foreign languages, is absolutely requisite for the cultivation of a correct taste in literature. When a person is only beginning his acquaintance with works of genius, the sentiment which attends them is obscure and confused. He cannot point out the several excellences or blemishes of a performance which he peruses; he is at a loss on what to rest his judgment: all that

can be expected is, that he should tell, in general, whether he be pleased or not. But, allow him more experience in works of this kind, and his taste becomes by degrees more exact and enlightened. He begins to perceive not only the character of the whole, but the beauties and defects of each part, and is able to describe the peculiar qualities which he praises or blames. The mist is dissipated which seemed formerly to hang over the object, and he can, at length, pronounce firmly and without hesitation concerning it. A person of delicate taste, both feels strongly and sees accurately. He sees distinctions and differences where others see none; the most latent beauty does not escape him; and he is sensible of the smallest blemish."

But while the taste is to be cultivated by daily communion with the best writers, it is not to be imagined, as some have done, that rules are unnecessary, and that mere reading is sufficient to improve the style of a writer. It is true, on the one side, that the strictest attention to rules may not make an agreeable or forcible writer, and that the compositions of those who write by rule may have

"Neither ebb nor flow,  
Correctly cold and regularly low;"

and that, shunning faults, they may

"One quiet tenour keep,  
And leave the reader no resource but sleep."

It is also true, that

"Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;  
From vulgar bonds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;"

but, generally speaking, rules are essential to those who have no genius, and never do any harm to those who have.

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;  
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

"There never was a time," says Mr. Harris, "when rules did not exist; they always made a part of that immutable truth, the natural object of every penetrating genius; and if, even at an early Greek period, systems of rules were not established, Homer, Sophocles, and other great and sublime authors, were a rule to themselves. They may be said, indeed, to have excelled, not by art, but by nature; yet by a nature which gave birth to the perfection of art. I have never known, during a life of many years, and some small attention paid to letters and literary men, that genius in any art had been ever cramped by rules. On the contrary, I have seen great geniuses miserably err by transgressing them, and, like vigorous travellers, who lose their way, only wander the wider on account of their own strength."

We borrow from Dr. Blair's Lectures, the following description of the various styles, each of which has its beauties, and each of which may be cultivated according to the bent of a writer's genius or character:—

## ON THE GENERAL CHARACTERS OF STYLE.

"That different subjects require to be treated of in different sorts of Style, is a position so obvious, that I shall not stay to illustrate it. Every one sees that treatises of philosophy, for instance, ought not to be composed in the same style with orations. Every one sees, also, that different parts of the same composition require a variation in the style and manner. In a sermon, for instance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits more ornament, and requires more warmth than the didactic part. But what I mean at present to remark is, that amidst this variety, we still expect to find, in the compositions of any one man, some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of style impressed on all his writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark his particular genius and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in style, as they ought to do, from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of



each historian; the magnificent fullness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The 'Lettres Persanes' and 'L'Esprit des Loix' are the works of the same author. They required very different composition surely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet still we see the same hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compositions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reason, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulse of original genius. As the most celebrated painters are known by their hand, so the best and most original writers are known and distinguished throughout all their works, by their style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almost without exception.

### ON THE AUSTERE, THE FLORID, AND THE MIDDLE STYLE.

"The ancient critics attended to these general characters of style which we are now to consider. Dionysius of Halicarnassus divides them into three kinds, and calls them the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the austere, he means a style distinguished for strength and firmness, with a neglect of smoothness and ornament; for examples of which, he gives Pindar and Æschylus among the poets, and Thucydides among the prose writers. By the florid, he means, as the name indicates, a style ornamented, flowing, and sweet—resting more upon numbers and grace than strength; he instances Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Isocrates. The middle kind is the just mean between these, and comprehends the beauties of both: in which class he places Homer and Sophocles among the poets; in prose, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Plato, and (what seems strange) Aristotle. This must be a very wide class indeed, which comprehends Plato and Aristotle under one article as to style. Cicero and Quintilian make also a three-fold division of style, though with respect to different qualities of it, in which they are followed by most of the modern writers on rhetoric; the *Simplex*, *Tenus* or *subtle*, the *grave* or *Vehemens*, and the *Medium* or *temperatum genus dicendi*. But these divisions and the illustrations they give of them are so loose and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of style. I shall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to say on this subject.

### ON THE CONCISE STYLE.

"One of the first and most obvious distinctions of the different kinds of style, is what arises from an author's spreading out his thoughts more or less. This distinction forms what are called the Diffuse and the Concise styles. A concise writer compresses his thought into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add something material to the sense. Ornament he does not reject: he may be lively and figured, but his ornament is intended for the sake of force, rather than grace. He never gives you the same thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the most striking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express.

### ON THE DIFFUSE STYLE.

"A diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression, and what he wants in strength he proposes to supply by copiousness. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into some length, and having room for ornament of every kind they admit it freely.

"Each of these manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciseness becomes abrupt and obscure; it is apt also to lead into a style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuseness becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of these two manners a writer may lean, ac-

cording as his genius prompts him ; and under the general character of a concise or of a more open and diffuse style, may possess much beauty in his composition.

"For illustrations of these general characters I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not so much from detached passages, such as I was wont formerly to quote for instances, as from the current of an author's style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two most remarkable examples that I know of conciseness carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in some cases farther, are Tacitus the historian, and the President Montesquieu in '*L'Esprit des Loix*.' Aristotle, too, holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever so frugal of his words as Aristotle ; but this frugality of expression frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. Addison, also, and Sir William Temple, come in some degree under this class.

### ON THE NERVOUS AND THE FEEBLE STYLE.

"The Nervous and the Feeble are generally held to be characters of styles, of the same import with the Concise and Diffuse. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuse writers have, for the most part, some degree of feebleness ; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a concise expression. This, however, does not always hold ; and there are instances of writers who, in the midst of a full and ample style, have maintained a great degree of strength. Livy is an example ; and, in the English language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant ; but withal, for force and expressiveness, uncommonly distinguished. On every subject he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness ; but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and insignificant expressions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object strongly, he will express it with energy : but, if he has only an indistinct view of his subject ; if his ideas be loose and wavering ; if his genius be such, or, at the time of his writing, so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us ; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found ; his expressions will be vague and general ; his arrangement indistinct and feeble ; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning ; his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive ; every phrase and every figure which he uses tends to render the picture which he would set before us more lively and complete.

### ON HARSHNESS OF STYLE.

"As every good quality in style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the nervous style as well as others. Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of our earliest classics in the English language, such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of '*Ecclesiastical Polity*' with the following sentence :—'Though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in dream, there shall be for men's information extant this much concerning the present state of the church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavours which would have upheld the same.' Such a sentence now sounds harsh in our ears. Yet some advantages certainly attended this sort of style, and whether we have gained or lost upon the whole by departing from it may bear a question. By the freedom of arrangement



which it permitted, it rendered the language susceptible of more strength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But, however this be, such a style is now obsolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the censure of harshness and affectation. The present form which the language has assumed, has, in some measure, sacrificed the study of strength to that of perspicuity and ease. Our arrangement of words has become less forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural; and this is now understood to be the genius of our language.

### ON THE DRY STYLE.

"The Dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with being understood, it has not the least aim to please either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and solidity of matter is requisite, and entire perspicuity of language. Aristotle is the complete example of a dry style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered so rigidly to the strictness of a didactic manner throughout all his writings, and conveyed so much instruction without the least approach to ornament. With the most profound genius and extensive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addresses himself solely to the understanding, without making any use of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deserves not to be imitated. For although the goodness of the matter may compensate the dryness or harshness of the style, yet is that dryness a considerable defect, as it fatigues attention and conveys sentiments with disadvantage to the reader or hearer.

### ON THE PLAIN STYLE.

"A plain style rises one degree above a dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and rests almost entirely upon his sense. But if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, musical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he studies, however, to avoid disgusting us like a dry and a harsh writer. Besides perspicuity, he pursues propriety, purity, and precision in his language; which forms one degree, and no inconsiderable one, of beauty. Liveliness, too, and force, may be consistent with a very plain style; and, therefore, such an author, if his sentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and seems not to know what it is; the latter seeks not after it. He gives us his meaning in good language, distinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himself no trouble about, either because he thinks it unnecessary to his subject, or because his genius does not lead him to delight in it, or because it leads him to despise it.

"This last was the case with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of those that have employed the plain style. Few writers have discovered more capacity. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or ludicrous, in a masterly manner. He knew, almost beyond any man, the purity, the extent, the precision of the English language; and, therefore, to such as wish to attain a pure and correct style, he is one of the most useful models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his language. His haughty and morose genius made him despise any embellishment of this kind as beneath his dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a plain downright positive manner, like one who is sure he is in the right, and is very indifferent whether you be pleased or not. His sentences are commonly negligently arranged, distinctly enough as to the sense, but without any regard to smoothness of sound, often without much regard to compactness or elegance. If a metaphor or any other figure chanced to render his satire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchsafe to adopt it when it came in his way; but, if it tended only to embellish and illustrate, he would rather throw it aside. Hence, in his serious pieces, his style often borders upon the dry and unpleasing; in his humorous ones, the plainness of his manner sets off his wit to the highest advantage. There is no froth or affectation in it; it seems native and unstudied; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of such a genius as Dean Swift, the plain style was most admirably fitted. Among our philosophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this class; perspicuous and pure, but almost without any ornament whatever. In works which admit or require ever so much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we must remember, that when this is the character which a



writer affects throughout his whole composition, great weight of matter and great force of sentiment are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention and prevent him from becoming tired of the author.

### ON THE NEAT STYLE.

"What is called a Neat style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament, but that ornament not of the highest or most sparkling kind. A writer of this character shews that he does not despise the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention; but his attention is shewn in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them, rather than in any high efforts of imagination or eloquence. His sentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of superfluous words; of a moderate length, rather inclining to brevity than a swelling structure; closing with propriety; without any tails or adjections dragging after the proper close. His cadence is varied, but not of the studied musical kind. His figures, if he uses any, are short and correct, rather than bold and glowing. Such a style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius—by industry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our composition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unsuitable to any subject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the driest subject, may be written with neatness; and a sermon, or a philosophical treatise, in a neat style, will be read with pleasure.

### ON AN ELEGANT STYLE.

"An Elegant style is a character expressing a higher degree of ornament, than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term usually applied to style, when possessing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its excesses or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will easily be understood, that complete elegance implies great perspicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies, farther, the grace and beauty of imagination spread over style, as far as the subject admits it; and all the illustration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleases the fancy and the ear, while he informs the understanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expression, but not overcharged with any of its misplaced finery. In this class, therefore, we place only the first-rate writers in the language, such as Addison, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of style, but whom we now class together, under the denomination of elegant, as, in the scale of ornament, possessing nearly the same place.

### ON THE FLORID STYLE.

"When the ornaments applied to style are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the subject, when they return upon us too fast, and strike us either with a dazzling lustre or a false brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style—a term commonly used to signify the excess of ornament. 'In youth,' says Quintilian, 'I wish to see luxuriancy of fancy appear. Much of it will be diminished by years; much will be corrected by ripening judgment; some of it, by the mere practice of composition, will be worn away. Let there be only sufficient matter at first, that can bear some pruning and lopping off. At this time of life, let genius be bold and inventive, and pride itself in its efforts, though these should not as yet be correct. Luxuriancy can easily be cured, but for barrenness there is no remedy.' In a young composer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promising symptom, in young people, that their style should incline to the florid and luxuriant. But, although the florid style may be allowed to youth, in their first essays, it must not receive the same indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, should chasten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all such ornaments as are redundant, unsuitable to the subject, or not conducive to illustrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinsel splendour of language which some writers perpetually affect. It were well if this could be ascribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We should then have something to amuse us, at least, if we found little to instruct us. But the worst is, that

with those frothy writers, it is a luxurianey of words, not of fancy. We see a laboured attempt to rise to a splendour of composition, of which they have formed to themselves some loose idea; but, having no strength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to supply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by commonplace figures, and everything that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has escaped these writers, that sobriety in ornament is one great secret for rendering it pleasing; and that, without a foundation of good sense and solid thought, the most florid style is but a childish imposition on the public. The public, however, are but too apt to be so imposed on; at least, the mob of readers, who are very ready to be caught, at first, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

"I cannot help thinking that it reflects more honour on the religious turn and good dispositions of the present age, than on the public taste, that Mr. Hervey's 'Meditations' have had so great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always displayed in them, and the lively fancy which on some occasions appears, justly merited applause; but the perpetual glitter of expression, the swoln imagery, and strained description which abound in them, are ornaments of a false kind. I would, therefore, advise students of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety rather than his style; and, in all compositions of a serious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope says, 'from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart.' Admonitions of this kind I have already had occasion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this course of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers against the affected and frivolous use of ornament; and, instead of that slight and superficial taste in writing, which I apprehend to be at present too fashionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taste for more solid thought and more manly simplicity in style."

### ORNAMENT.

Having already briefly enumerated the rules for the attainment of those great objects of a good style, simplicity and perspicuity, it remains to glance at the legitimate ornaments of style. In the first place, in prose writing, as in poetry, there should be a certain rhythm and balance of the sentences. No sentence should be spun out to an unreasonable length, or a length that would render it uncomfortable to read it, without stopping to take breath at places where the sense does not require a pause. Neither should sentences be involved with parentheses, which are always the marks of confusion of mind in him who makes too free a use of them. Melody and harmony of sentences and of words are two of the greatest charms of good writing, and are the characteristics of all the best prose. A judicious use of alliterations is often of the highest effect in aiding the natural music of speech. Such phrases as a "languid luxury," a "raging river," "a balmy breath," and thousands of similar alliterations which occur in the pages of our best authors, appeal to the ear like the music of a song, though, doubtless, less forcibly. When Byron says—

"From crag to crag leap'd the live thunder,"

we feel a pleasure, which when traced to its source is found to be due to the words "leap'd" and "live."

"For him the Spring  
Distils her dews, and from the silken germ  
Its lucid leaves unfolds,"

is a passage from another poet, that is equally pleasing, and for the same reason—the beautiful alliterations.

"Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life,"

is another alliteration, in which the labials glide after one another in a highly beautiful and effective manner, conveying what the writer intended—a sense of pleasure and of music. Of an equally forcible kind is the alliteration in the passage wherein the writer, speaking of a troop of phantoms, says—

"I saw them—heard them—felt their breath—  
Musty and raw, and damp as death."

But this is an artifice that must not be too often resorted to. It soon satiates in unskilful hands. "Apt alliteration's artful aid" is wearisome when employed by



those who do not know when to forbear, and becomes as offensive as the juvenile exercise of

“Peter Piper pick’d a peck of pepper.”

Some authors have, by their success in the endeavour to make the sound an echo to the sense, contributed largely to the delight of their readers. There is a well-known passage in Milton—

“On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors; and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder;”

which has justly been cited as the very perfection of this allowable artifice; if, indeed, we may call that artifice which seems so natural, and which, in all probability, was the spontaneous growth of the thought.

“With many a weary sigh and heavy groan,  
Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone,”

is another example of the same merit, combining an alliteration of the very highest beauty; expressing by the frequent aspirates the panting of a man engaged in the arduous task which is represented. Pope has given several examples of this kind of excellence in his “*Essay on Criticism*.” The couplet—

“While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,”

offers two specimens of the faults he cautions his readers to avoid; and the well-known lines—

“A needless Alexandrian ends the song,  
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along,”

are equally happy. We need not multiply similar instances.

### METAPHORS.

Metaphors and similitudes are the most frequent ornaments amongst all good writers. The best speaking and writing would be tame indeed, were they abolished.

“There is not,” says Harris, “perhaps any figure of speech so pleasing as the metaphor. It is at times the language of every individual, but, above all, is peculiar to the man of genius. His sagacity discerns not only common analogies, but those others more remote, which escape the vulgar, and which, though they seldom invent, they seldom fail to recognise, when they hear them from persons more ingenious than themselves. It has been ingeniously observed, that the metaphor took its rise from the poverty of language. Men, not finding upon every occasion words ready made for their ideas, were compelled to have recourse to words analogous, and transfer them from their original meaning to the meaning then required. But though the metaphor began in poverty, it did not end there. When the analogy was just (and this often happened), there was something peculiarly pleasing in what was both new and yet familiar; so that the metaphor was then cultivated, not of necessity but for ornament. It is thus that clothes were first assumed to defend us against the cold, but came afterwards to be worn for distinction and decoration. It must be observed there is a force in the words *new* and *familiar*. What is new, but not familiar, is often unintelligible; what is familiar, but not new, is no better than commonplace. It is in the union of the two that the obscure and the vulgar are happily removed; and it is in this union that we view the character of a just metaphor. A metaphor has been defined to be the transferring of a word from its usual meaning to an analogous meaning, and then the employing it agreeably to such transfer.

“The beauty of metaphors displays itself in their casiness and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not rise out of the course of thought, but are constrained and pressed into the service, instead of making the discourse more lively and cheerful, they make it sullen, dull, and gloomy. A writer must form his judgment upon the best models and the most celebrated pens, where he will find the metaphor in all its grace and strength, shedding a lustre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be used but when it gives greater force to the sentence, an illustration to the thought, and insinuates a silent argument in the

allusion. The use of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleasing manner, but to give it a stronger impression, and enforce it on the mind."

The difference between metaphors and tropes and similitudes requires to be studied. "In every language," says Dr. Blair, "there are a multitude of words, which, though they are figurative in their first application to certain objects, yet by long use wholly lose that figurative power, and come to be considered as simple and literal expressions. Such are the terms which are transferred from sensible qualities to the operations or qualities of the mind: as, a *piercing* judgment; a *clear* head; a *hard* heart." Such expressions are *tropes*. "There is nothing with which the fancy is more delighted than with comparisons or resemblances of objects, and all tropes are founded upon some relation or analogy between one thing and another. When, for instance, in place of 'youth,' we say 'the morning of life,' the fancy is immediately entertained with all the resembling circumstances which presently occur between these two objects. By a well-chosen figure even conviction is assisted, and the impression of a truth upon the mind is made more lively and forcible than it would otherwise be. As in the following illustration of Dr. Gorey's:—'When we dip too deep in pleasure, we always stir a sediment that renders it impure and noxious:' or in this, 'A heart boiling with violent passions will always send up infatuating fumes to the head.'"

The difference between a simile and a metaphor may be defined in a few words. Simile says one thing is *like* another; metaphor says one thing *is* another. In the examples given by Dr. Blair, when we say of a minister "that he upholds the state like a pillar which supports the weight of the whole edifice," we employ a similitude. When we say of that minister that "He is the pillar of the state," we make use of a metaphor.

"Metaphors ought not, in an elegant and polite style, to be derived from meanings too sublime; for then the diction would be turgid and bombast. Such was the language of that poet who, describing the footmen's flambeaux at the end of an opera, sung or said—

'Now blazed a thousand flaming suns, and bade  
Grim night retire.'

Nor ought a metaphor to be far-fetched, for then it becomes an enigma. It was thus a gentleman once puzzled his country friend, in telling him, by way of compliment, that he was become a perfect centaur. His honest friend knew nothing of centaurs, but, being fond of riding, was hardly ever off his horse.

"Another extreme remains, the reverse of the too sublime, and that is the transferring from subjects too contemptible. Such was the case of that poet quoted by Horace, who, to describe winter, wrote—

'Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuat Alpes.'  
(Hor. lib. ii. sat. 5.)

'O'er the cold Alps Jove spits his hoary snow.'

Nor was that modern poet more fortunate whom Dryden quotes, and who, trying his genius upon the same subject, supposed winter—

'To periwig with snow the baldpate woods.'

With the same class of wits we may arrange that pleasant fellow, who, speaking of an old lady whom he had affronted, gave us in one short sentence no less than three choice metaphors. 'I perceive (said he) her back is up—I must curry favour, or the fat will be in the fire.'

"Nor can we omit, that the same word, when transferred to different subjects, produces metaphors very different, as to propriety or impropriety. It is with propriety that we transfer the word 'to embrace,' from human beings to things purely ideal. The metaphor appears just, when we say to embrace a proposition; to embrace an offer; to embrace an opportunity. Its application, perhaps, was not quite so elegant, when the old steward wrote to his lord, upon the subject of his farm, that 'if he met any oxen, he would not fail to embrace them.'

"If, then, we are to avoid the turgid, the enigmatic, and the base or ridiculous, no other metaphors are left, but such as may be described by negatives; such as are neither turgid, nor enigmatic, nor base and ridiculous.

"Such is the character of many metaphors already alleged; among others that of Shakspeare's, where tides are transferred to speedy and determined conduct. Nor does his *Wolsey* with less propriety moralize upon his fall, in the following beautiful metaphor, taken from vegetable nature:—



'This is the state of man—to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost,  
And nips his root.'

"In such metaphors (besides their intrinsic elegance) we may say the reader is flattered; I mean flattered by being left to discover something for himself.

"There is one observation which will at the same time shew both the extent of this figure, and how natural it is to all men. There are metaphors so obvious, and, of course, so naturalized, that, ceasing to be metaphors, they become, as it were, the proper words. It is after this manner we say a sharp fellow; the foot of a mountain; the eye of a needle; the bed of a river," &c.

There is an instance of a metaphor in Shakspeare, which has been spoiled by an error of the press, in the earliest edition of the play in which it occurs. He says—

"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other side."

The critic might ask, "On the other side of what—of himself?" but the correction of the misprint renders the faulty metaphor a beautiful one. It should be—

"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps its *sell*,  
And falls on the other side."

Sell—derived from the French, *sells*—means a saddle. Ambition, in vaulting upon the horse's back, overleaps the *sell* or saddle, and falls on the other side.

The late Lord Castlereagh may be cited as a speaker who was fond of metaphors, but who had not the ability or the care to make them perfect. "The question *hinges* upon this *feature*," was a phrase he more than once employed. His meaning was obvious, but the metaphor was confused. With similar inaccuracy, but with a more ludicrous result, he used other figures of speech. "The right honourable gentleman came down to the House like a crocodile, with his hands in his breeches pockets!" It has been said that the proper test of the beauty and cohesiveness, or congruity of a metaphor, is to see whether it can be represented by the art of the painter. It will be found that all the most striking and pleasing metaphors are of this kind. A few additional examples of the incongruous metaphor may be useful to show the young writer the faults he should avoid; for instance, the metaphor in Shakspeare, where he makes *Hamlet* doubt whether he shall or shall not

"Take arms against a sea of troubles,"

is faulty. How can a person take arms against a sea? The passage in Addison's "Letters from Italy," which Dr. Johnson has so justly ridiculed, is another example of a similar confusion:—

"I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,  
That longs to launch into a nobler strain."

The muse figured by a horse may, as Dr. Blair says, be *bridled*, but when we speak of *launch*, we make it a ship; and by no force of imagination can it be supposed both a horse and a ship at the same time. Pope, in his epistle of "Eloise to Abelard," says:—

"All then is full, possessing and possess'd,  
No craving void left aching in the breast."

A void may be said metaphorically, and with perfect propriety, to crave to be filled; but the metaphor is confused and all its harmony destroyed, when a void is said to *ache*.

Young, in his "Night Thoughts," speaking of old age, says that it should

"Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon."

This is beautiful; but when he adds in the same sentence

"And put good works on board, and wait the wind  
That shortly bears us into worlds unknown,"

he spoils his metaphor, and forgets that he has represented old age upon the shore, and not in a ship.

The following lines from a modern poet present a succession of metaphors and

similitudes, each highly appropriate and exquisitely beautiful: they occur in Tennyson's poem of "Godiva:"—

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt—  
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath'  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
Half dipp'd in cloud. Anon she shook her head  
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
Unclad herself in haste: adown the stair  
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar until she reached  
The gateway—there she found her palfrey, trapt  
In purple, blazon'd with armorial gold.  
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:  
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout  
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's foot-fall shot  
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls  
Were full of chinks and holes; and over head  
Fantastic gables, crowding stared: but she  
Not less through all bore up; till, last, she saw  
The white-flower'd elder thicket from the field  
Gleam through the gothic archways in the wall."

Metaphors, when too long continued, and heaped up with too many minute accessories, become tedious and disgusting, as in the following passage of Cowley, wherein he speaks of the obduracy of his mistress:—

"Woe to her stubborn heart! If once mine come  
Into the self-same room,  
'Twill tear and blow up all within  
Like a grenade shot in a magazine.  
Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts  
Of both our broken hearts;  
Shall out of both one new one make—  
From hers the alloy—from mine the metal take:  
For of her heart he from the flames will find  
But little left behind;  
Mine only will remain entire,  
No dross was there to perish in the fire."

When a metaphor, not otherwise tedious or too minute, is long continued, it becomes an *allegory*. This last form of composition is a greater favourite with rude than with highly-civilised nations; but, even amongst the latter, a judicious and not too frequent use of it may be made highly agreeable and effective by a writer of taste and ability.

### CLIMAX.

It now only remains for us to say a few words upon those great beauties of style, the Climax and Anti-Climax, and upon the errors to be avoided by the inexperienced writer, who wishes to avoid that very opposite of the climax, and fatal flaw in composition, the *Bathos*. Climax may be simply defined as a gradual rising or elevation of the sense or vigour of a passage, until it reaches a point beyond which it can be carried no further. Anti-Climax is the reverse of this process, and is equally effective. Bathos partakes of the character of the anti-climax; but it weakens instead of strengthening the effect intended. We shall give a few examples of each.

The following are admirable specimens of the Climax:—

"Since concord was lost, friendship was lost; fidelity was lost; liberty was lost—  
—all was lost."

“What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! How transcendent in faculties ! In form and moving how express and admirable ! In action how like an angel ! In apprehension how like a God !”

---

“I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
 (Howe’er you came to know it), answer me.  
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
 Against the churches ; though the yeasty waves  
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down ;  
 Though castles topple on their warders’ heads ;  
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasures  
 Of nature’s genius tumble altogether,  
 Even till destruction sicken—answer me  
 To what I ask you.”

---

“Think you a little din can daunt my ears ?  
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puff’d up with winds,  
 Rage like an angry bear ?  
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
 And Heaven’s artillery thunder in the sky ?  
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
 Loud ’larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang—  
 And do you tell me of a woman’s *tongue* !”

---

“Zounds ! show me what thou’lt do ?  
 Would’st weep ? would’st fight ? would’st fast ? would’st tear thyself ?  
 Would’st drink up Esil ? eat a crocodile ?  
 I’ll do’t. Dost thou come here to whine ?  
 To outface me with leaping in her grave,  
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.  
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
 Millions of acres on us, till our grave,  
 Singing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, an’ thou’lt mouth,  
 I’ll rant as well as thou.”

---

“It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because *that is to excel many others* ; it is pleasant to grow better, because *that is to excel ourselves* ; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because *that is victory* ; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because *that is empire*.”

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“His display of this day has reflected the highest honour on *himself*, lustre upon *letters*, renown upon *Parliament*, glory upon the country.”

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“See what a grace was seated on this brow !  
 Hyperion’s curls ; the front of Jove himself :  
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;  
 A station like the herald Mercury,  
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
 A combination and a form, indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man !”

---

“Had it pleased Heaven  
 To try me with affliction : had He rain’d  
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head ;  
 Steep’d me in poverty to the very lips ;  
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,



I should have found in some part of my soul  
 A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make me  
 A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn  
 To point his slow unmoving finger at !  
 Yet I could bear that too—well—very well ;  
 But there where I have garner'd up my heart,  
 Where either I must live or bear no life ;  
 The fountain from the which my current runs,  
 Or else dries up, to be discarded thence !"

"As tress and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Antony, the seed of this most calamitous war. You mourn, O Romans, that three of your armies have been slaughtered—they were slaughtered by Antony : you lament the loss of your most illustrious citizens—they were torn from you by Antony : the authority of this order is deeply wounded—it is wounded by Antony ; in short, all the calamities we have ever since beheld (and what calamities have we not beheld ?) have been entirely owing to Antony. As Helen was of Troy, so the bane, the misery, the destruction of this state is—Antony."

The following are instances of an injudicious use of the Climax and of the Bathos :—

"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet—  
 King—Father—Royal Dane !"

Here the addition of the words "Royal Dane" destroys the effect of an otherwise perfect climax. In having been called "King," the apparition has been already called "Royal Dane ;" but the climax from Hamlet to King, and from King to father, is highly beautiful. Pope has a very flagrant example. Speaking of Lord Mansfield, he says—

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words—  
 So known, so honour'd in the House of Lords."

A passage which was parodied at the time in the following couplet in allusion to Lord Mansfield's chambers in the Temple :—

"Persuasion tips his tongue, whene'er he talks—  
 And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

A still more unlucky specimen of the Bathos has been preserved for our amusement in the notorious couplet—

"The great Dalhousie—the great god of war—  
 And cousin german to the Earl of Mar."

Of the Anti-Climax, or descent from great things to small, for the purpose of adding force to the picture, the following is the most beautiful and affecting specimen in our language :—

"What must the King do now? must he submit?  
 The King shall do it: must he be deposed?  
 The King shall be contented: must he lose  
 The name of King?—let it go!  
 I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;  
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;  
 My gay apparel, for an almsman's gown;  
 My figured goblets, for a dish of wood;  
 My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff;  
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;  
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave—  
 A little, little grave—an obscure grave."

In concluding the subject of style, we can but reiterate the observations with which we commenced. Let the young writer learn to think clearly, and express himself simply, elegantly, and forcibly; let him study the best authors—exercise a strict self-discipline—reject all vulgarisms, all affectation, all pedantry; and let him respect the simplicity and majesty of Nature, and he will gradually achieve one of the highest triumphs of the human intellect—that of writing well.



## MORAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

## I.—ON THE FORMATION OF LANGUAGE.



ARRY your thoughts back to the first dawn of language among men. Reflect upon the feeble beginnings from which it must have risen, and upon the many and great obstacles which it must have encountered in its progress, and you will find reason for the highest astonishment on viewing the height which it has now attained. We admire several of the inventions of art; we plume ourselves on some discoveries which have been made in latter ages, serving to advance knowledge and to render life comfortable; we speak of them as the boast of human reason: but, certainly, no invention is entitled to any such de-

gree of admiration as that of language, which, too, must have been the product of the first and rudest ages, if, indeed, it can be considered as a human invention.

Think of the circumstances of mankind, when language began to be formed. They were a wandering, scattered race; no society among them, except families, and the family society, too, very imperfect; as their method of living, by hunting or pasturage, must have separated them frequently from one another. In this situation, when so much divided, and their intercourse so rare, how could any one set of sounds or words be generally agreed on as the signs of their ideas? Supposing that a few, whom chance or necessity threw together, agreed, by some means, upon certain signs, yet by what authority could these be propagated among other tribes or families, so as to spread and grow up into a language? One would think that, in order to any language fixing and extending itself, men must have been previously gathered together in considerable numbers—society must have been already far advanced; and yet, on the other hand, there seems to have

been an absolute necessity for speech, previous to the formation of society. For, by what bond could any multitude of men be kept together, or be made to join in the prosecution of any common interest, until, by the intervention of speech, they could communicate their wants and intentions to each other? So that either how society could form itself previously to language, or how words could rise into a language previously to society formed, seem to be two points attended with equal difficulty. And when we consider, farther, that curious analogy which prevails in the construction of almost all languages, and that deep and subtle logic on which they are founded, difficulties increase so much upon us on all hands, that there seems to be no small reason for referring the first origin of all language to Divine teaching or inspiration.

But, supposing language to have a Divine original, we cannot, however, suppose that a perfect system of it was all at once given to man. It is much more natural to think that God taught our first parents only such language as suited their present occasions; leaving them, as he did in other things, to enlarge and improve it, as their future necessities should require. Consequently, those first rudiments of speech must have been poor and narrow; and we are at full liberty to enquire in what manner and by what steps language advanced to the state in which we now find it.

If we should suppose a period before any words were invented or known, it is clear that men could have no other method of communicating to others what they felt, than by the cries of passion, accompanied with such motions and gestures as were further expressive of passion. For these are the only signs which nature teaches all men, and which are understood by all. One who saw another going into some place where he himself had been frightened or exposed to danger, and who sought to warn his neighbour of the danger, could contrive no other way of doing so than by uttering those cries and making those gestures which are the signs of fear; just as two men, at this day, would endeavour to make themselves be understood to each other, who should be thrown on a desolate island, ignorant of each other's language. Those exclamations, therefore, which by grammarians are called interjections, uttered in a strong and passionate manner, were beyond doubt the first elements or beginnings of speech.

When more enlarged communications became necessary, and names began to be assigned to objects; in what manner can we suppose men to have proceeded in this assignation of names or invention of words? Undoubtedly, by imitating as much as they could the nature of the object which they named, by the sound of the name which they gave to it. As a painter who would represent grass must employ a green colour; so, in the beginnings of language, one giving a name to anything harsh or boisterous would, of course, employ a harsh or boisterous sound. He could not do otherwise if he meant to excite in the hearer the idea of that thing which he sought to name. To suppose words invented, or names given to things in a manner purely arbitrary, without any ground or reason, is to suppose an effect without a cause. There must always have been some motive which led to the assignation of one name rather than another; and we can conceive no motive which would more generally operate upon men in their first effort towards language, than a desire to paint by speech the objects which they named, in a manner more or less complete, according as the vocal organs had it in their power to effect this imitation.

Whatever objects were to be named, in which sound, noise, or motion



was concerned, the imitation by words was abundantly obvious. Nothing was more natural than to imitate by the sound of the voice the quality of the sound or noise which any external object made, and to form its name accordingly. Thus, in all languages, we find a multitude of words that are evidently constructed upon this principle. A certain bird is termed the cuckoo, from the sound which it emits. When one sort of wind is said to whistle and another to roar; when a serpent is said to hiss, a fly to buzz, and falling timber to crash; when a stream is said to flow, and hail to rattle; the analogy between the word and the thing signified is plainly discernible.

In the names of objects which address the sight only, where neither noise nor motion is concerned, and still more in the terms appropriated to moral ideas, this analogy appears to fail. Many learned men, however, have been of opinion that though in such cases it becomes more obscure, yet it is not altogether lost; but that throughout the radical words of all languages there may be traced some degree of correspondence with the object signified. With regard to moral and intellectual ideas, they remark that in every language the terms significant of them are derived from the names of sensible objects, to which they are conceived to be analogous; and with regard to sensible objects pertaining merely to sight, they remark that their most distinguishing qualities have certain radical sounds appropriated to the expression of them in a great variety of languages. Stability, for instance, fluidity, hollowness, smoothness, gentleness, violence, &c., they imagine to be painted by the sound of certain letters or syllables which have some relation to those different states of visible objects, on account of an obscure resemblance which the organs of voice are capable of assuming to such external qualities. By this natural mechanism, they imagine all languages to have been at first constructed, and the roots of their capital words formed.

BLAIR.

## II.—DIFFIDENCE OF ONE'S ABILITIES, AN INDICATION OF GOOD SENSE.



CONSIDER that it is a sure indication of good sense, to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their

leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full-blown, and display themselves, without any reserve, to the view.

We are some of us very fond of knowledge, and apt to value ourselves upon any proficiency in the sciences: one science, however, there is, worth



more than all the rest, and that is the science of living well ; which shall remain when, "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." As to new notions and new doctrines, of which this age is very fruitful, the time will come when we shall have no pleasure in them; nay, the time shall come when they shall be exploded, and would have been forgotten, if they had not been preserved in those excellent books which contain a confutation of them—like insects preserved for ages in amber, which, otherwise, would soon have returned to the common mass of things. But a firm belief of Christianity, and a practice suitable to it, will support and invigorate the mind to the last, and most of all at last, at that important hour which must decide our hopes and apprehensions; and the wisdom, which, like our Saviour, cometh from above, will through his merits bring us thither. And, indeed, all our other studies and pursuits, however different, ought to be subservient to, and centre in this grand point, the pursuit of eternal happiness, by being good in ourselves and useful to the world.

SEED.

### III.—THE MONK OF ST. FRANCIS.



POOR monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single sous; and, accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look. I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy; but from his eyes and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating; free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth. It looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes—one might put it into the hands of any one to design—for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare, form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a

bend forwards in the figure ; but it was the attitude of entreaty, and, as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still ; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right), when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of the convent, and the poverty of his order, and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it. A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address ; 'tis very true, and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "great claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic. I felt the full force of the appeal. I acknowledge it, said I, a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters ; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. The captive who lies down, counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it ; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow. But, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first right ; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his head, as much as to say, no doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply : a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him ; he showed none, but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. Pshaw ! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times : but it would not do ; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him, and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language. I considered his grey hairs ; his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus ? I would have given twenty livres for an advocate. I have behaved very ill, said I within myself ; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

STERNE.

D 2

## IV.—CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.



O an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy till you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted

to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle, undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

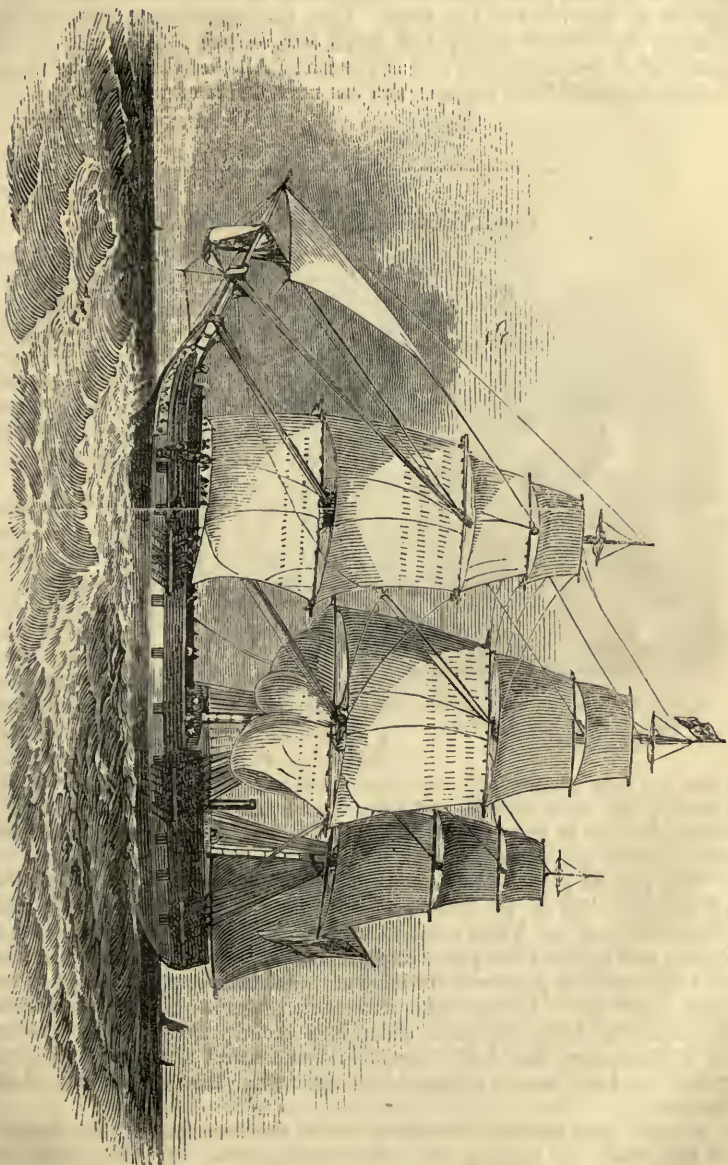
Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffusing the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day desried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their



struggle has long been over ; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest ; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence,

AMERICAN SCREW-PROPELLED PACKET-SHIP CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.



oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them ; and no one can tell the story of their end !

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers offered up at the deserted fireside at home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas, not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish! All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

## V.—LABOUR AND EXERCISE.



**B**ODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs

only from ordinary labour as it arises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description

does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union

between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity



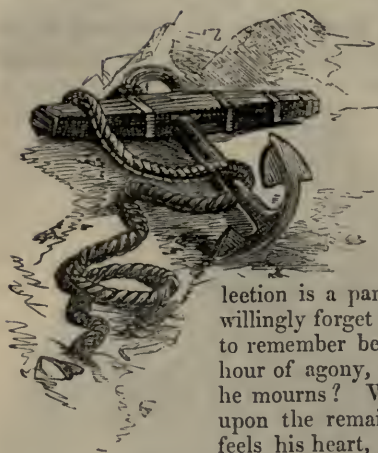
HARROWING.

to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as to produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as have been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brow. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use. Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they were born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

ADDISON.



## VI.—SORROW FOR THE DEAD.



THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, who would accept of consolation that must

be bought by forgetfulness? No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But, the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities! The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past



THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

endearment unregarded—of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.



If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul! Then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave. Console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.



WASHINGTON IRVING.



## VII.—ON THE LOVE OF LIFE.



GE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which in the vigour of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature! and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already

seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue, and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live while she lessens our enjoyments, and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but, happily, the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it: "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages—not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it so long.

GOLDSMITH.



ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to spend the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious and altogether different from anything I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence that is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time



to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, eormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh: "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it. *Spectator.*

## IX.—THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.



THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was, therefore, necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the savage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above



animal instinct. There are human beings whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do, which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer, which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that



THE HOUR-GLASS.

things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom; and after an absence of twenty years, wonder at our return to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.



From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work."

DR. JOHNSON.

## X.—THE BAD EFFECTS OF INDOLENCE.



O other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation; he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it; he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch or at the gallows; if he embark in trade, he will be a bankrupt; and if he is a person of fortune, his

stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement, which should seem to intimate that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application; nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went

through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Christ-church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps



have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymers, of which he is now no bad emblem; and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madam Catharina distorts her body.



There is not in the world a more useless, idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge; he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He who does no good will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to take rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is a humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue, then, is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good; as Titus, when he had let a day slip undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, "I have lost a day." If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost! and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life! If we were to number our days according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

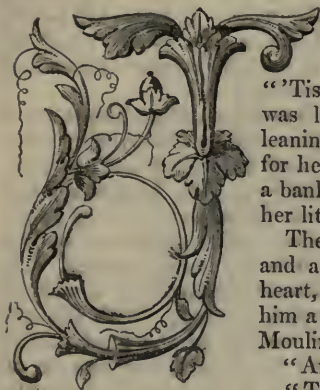
Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old, dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record that they were born one day and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their death, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind. Wherefore I could wish, that in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground, in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the



highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Æta. 80*, would be a nobler eulogium than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. THE CONNOISSEUR.

## XI.—MARIA.

### PART I.



HEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the foreglass, to hear them more distinctly. "'Tis Maria," said the postilion, observing I was listening. "Poor Maria," continued he, leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us, "is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her."

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece when I got to Moulines.

"And who is poor Maria?" said I.

"The love and pity of all the villages around us," said the postilion. "It is but three years ago that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them."

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again. They were the same notes, yet were ten-times sweeter. "It is the evening service to the Virgin," said the young man; "but who has taught her to play it, or how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for, ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation; she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day."

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting. She was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side: she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

"God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses," said the postilion, "have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her; but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin, at last, will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever."

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat, and then at me, and then at her goat again, and so on alternately.

"Well, Maria," said I, softly, "what resemblance do you find?"

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is, I asked the question; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that Rabelais ever scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor, hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips; but I was deceived, for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

STERNE.

## XII.—MARIA.

### PART II.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road, leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria, sitting under a poplar; she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side, within her hand: a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines, and La Fleur to bespeak my supper, and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist, at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle. As I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string. "Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for, as she uttered these words, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own, and then in her's, and then in mine, and then I wiped her's again; and, as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me as, I am sure, could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which Materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale, thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat, about two years before? She said she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft: she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she



should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket, to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly, in a couple of vine leaves, tied



round with a tendril. On opening it, I saw an "S" marked in one of the corners.

She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once, and returned back; that she found her way alone



across the Apennines; had travelled over all Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell; but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

"Shorn indeed, and to the quick," said I; "and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup; I would be kind to thy Sylvio; in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back; when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and, when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe: nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart."

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria, observing; as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. "And where will you dry it, Maria?" said I. "I will dry it in my bosom," said she, "it will do me good."

"And is your heart still so warm, Maria?" said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows; she looked, with wistful disorder, for some time in my face; and then, without saying anything, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin. The string I had touched ceased to vibrate; in a moment or two Maria returned to herself, let her pipe fall, and rose up.

"And where are you going, Maria?" said I. She said, "To Moulines." "Let us go," said I, "together."

Maria put her arm within mine, and, lengthening the string to let the dog follow, in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Adieu! poor, luckless maiden! Imbibe the oil and the wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds. The Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

STERNE..

### XIII.—THE MILKY WAY.

A THOUGHTFUL glance at the appearance of the skies on any cloudless night, necessarily excites the suspicion that those orbs are not, according to our earliest and common notion, strewn indiscriminately and without definite arrangement through the abysses of an envolving infinitude. I do not at present refer to minor groupings—like the Hyades or the Pleiades, or those other and manifestly special arrangements scattered over the sky, which, perhaps without much infelicity, have been thought to correspond, however dimly, with the mythic groups or figures that for so long have been known as the constellations—but to that remarkable band, studded with visible stars defying enumeration, and with more so blended together that they transmit towards the earth only a diffuse nebulous light; a band surrounding, although with noticeable irregularity, the entire vault, and which has been recognised in all ages as the Milky Way. Now, what can we make of this gorgeous cincture—what is its

strange and mysterious significance? If, indeed, we could measure the distances of all these stars, and so place them in their due positions on a plan or chart, the structure of the heavens might be represented without blemish or mistake; but, no more than the unaided eye will ever penetrate to the limits of the universe, shall it through human art be able to take cognizance of quantities so small as shall guide it to the absolute determination of such remotenesses. Abandoning, then, the hope of certainty where that is clearly not to be realized, we must treat the question as one of probabilities; and a supposition, at least highly probable, meets us on the threshold, viz. that it may be allowed us to judge of the distribution of these orbs, on the ground that the *apparent difference in their magnitudes is, in the main, the effect of varying distance*. The supposition, as must be at once confessed, is not rigorously true; for we know from undoubted facts that the stars also vary in *absolute magnitude*—some being, perhaps, far more majestic than the sun, while others do not reach one-third of his size; but that the range of this class of variations is limited, and therefore does not, on the whole, interfere with the foregoing assumption, the general appearances of the heavens readily confirm. For instance, not only does the number of the stars belonging to any magnitude increase as that magnitude grows less; but, until we reach the lower magnitudes visible to the naked eye, the number of stars of the different orders corresponds nearly with what should be found at their respective depths supposing them equally scattered there, and of an absolute average size: nor is the correspondence seriously interrupted until we penetrate near the region of the Milky Way, where all approach to uniformity of distribution gives place to special arrangements. Now, on the assumption that the *magnitudes* of the stars indicate, in the main, their *distances*, the general significance of that dazzling zone is not veiled in mystery. It unfolds its peculiar phenomena, unquestionably because *there* the starry heavens that environ us pierce farthest into the profound. In other regions of the sky, though indeed they are all most glorious, those orbs appear as not yet past reckoning, and as if the sphere within which they lie extended to no immeasurable depth. But, in the direction of the Milky Way, magnitude succeeds to magnitude; and beyond even the clearest vision of the telescope, still there lie masses of that nebulous light—the blended lustre



NEBULA.

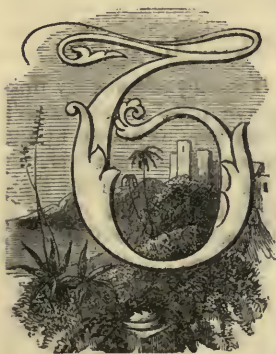
of multitudes of orbs, that stretch into profundities which have withdrawn them, seemingly for ever, from distinct intercourse with man. Is it indeed possible, in contemplation of appearances so emphatic to resist an impulse, however startling, to connect the conception of shape with one stratum of stars? Is it not distinctly intimated by these phenomena of the Milky Way, that we are in the midst of a cluster or bed of orbs, thin or

narrow at its sides, and inconceivably deep only at its ends, as if it were a flat circular zone or thin slice of a sphere? The annexed figure will enable



us to realize this unusual and next to overwhelming idea. It is the picture of a remote object, which, as we formerly saw it, seemed almost of a facsimile of our magnificent system. Now, let the imagination transport itself to a world near the centre of that galaxy—for it is a stupendous arrangement of stars at an inconceivable remoteness—and fancy the aspect of the heavens around. In the midst of a bed of stars, exactly as we are now, the sky would sparkle on every side, gloriously as ours, but in the direction of the ring alone would they stretch towards depths apparently fathomless; for though to us that whole arrangement seems only as a spot on the cærulean, its real dimensions may well be such as to baffle the longest sounding-line. The conception of shape as an attribute of our galaxy, thus leads almost irresistibly to that still more astounding conclusion as to its finitude. No more than with that cluster, whose dim outline shines towards us across the abysses, are we entitled to imagine that our heavens, with all their gorgeousness, are other than as one secluded islet amidst the boundless ocean of space; and it is surely no marvel when this thought, with its manifest concomitants, comes to be realized, that we feel as if the idea of existence in its plenitude, and of infinity in its true awfulness, was for the first time dawning upon the soul. PROFESSOR NICHOL.

#### XIV.—THE PLEASURES OF A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.



THE attention of young persons may be seduced, by well-selected works of fiction, from the present objects of the senses, and the thoughts accustomed to dwell on the past, the distant, or the future; and in the same proportion in which this effect is in any instance accomplished, "the man," as Dr. Johnson has justly remarked, "is exalted in the scale of intellectual being." The tale of fiction will probably be soon laid aside with the toys and rattles of infancy; but the habits which it has contributed to fix, and the powers which it has brought into a state of activity, will remain with the possessor, permanent and inestimable treasures to his latest hour.

Nor is it to the young alone that these observations are to be exclusively applied. Instances have frequently occurred of individuals, in whom the power of imagination has, at a more advanced period of life, been found susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men, what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures! What enchantments are added to their most ordinary perceptions! The mind awakening, as if from a trance, to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature; the intellectual eye "is purged of its film;" and things the most familiar and unnoticed disclose charms invisible before.

The same objects and events which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul: the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-



for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth :—

“The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening Paradise.”

The effects of foreign travel have been often remarked, not only in rousing the curiosity of the traveller while abroad, but in correcting, after his return, whatever habits of inattention he has contracted to the institutions and manners among which he was bred. It is in a way somewhat analogous, that our occasional excursions into the regions of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities from which the stores of imagination are borrowed. We learn insensibly to view nature with the eye of the painter and the poet, and to seize those “happy attitudes of things” which their taste at first selected; while, enriched with the accumulations of ages and with “the spoils of time,” we unconsciously combine with what we see all that we know and all that we feel; and sublime the organical beauties of the material world, by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and of the fancy. DUGALD STEWART.

## XV.—TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

THE mysterious course of the Magnetic Needle is equally affected by time and space—by the sun’s course, and by changes of place on the earth’s surface. Between the tropics, the hour of the day may be known by the direction of the needle, as well as by the oscillations of the barometer. It is affected instantly, but only transiently, by the distant northern light across the heavens. When the uniform horary motion of the needle is disturbed by a magnetic storm, the perturbation manifests itself *simultaneously*, in the strictest sense of the word, over hundreds and thousands of miles, sea and land, or propagates itself by degrees, in short intervals of time, in every direction over the earth’s surface. In the former case, the simultaneous manifestation of the storm may serve, within certain limitations, like Jupiter’s satellites, fire-signals, and well-observed falls of shooting stars, for the geographical determination of degrees of longitude. We here recognise with astonishment, that the perturbation of two small magnetic needles, even if suspended at great depths below the surface, can measure the distances apart at which they are placed, teaching us, for instance, how far Kasan is situated east of Gothenburg or of the banks of the Scine. There are also districts in the earth where the mariner, who has been enveloped for many days in mist, without seeing either the sun or stars, and deprived of all means of determining the time, may know with certainty, from the variations in the inclination of the magnetic needle, whether he is at the north or the south of the port he is desirous of entering. When the needle, by its sudden disturbance in its horary course, indicates the presence of a magnetic storm, we are still, unfortunately, ignorant whether the seat of the disturbing cause is to be sought in the

earth itself or in the upper regions of the atmosphere. If we regard the earth as a true magnet, we are obliged, according to the views entertained by Friedrich Gauss (the acute propounder of a general theory of terrestrial magnetism), to ascribe to every portion of the globe measuring one-eighth of a cubic metre (or  $3\frac{1}{8}$  of a French cubic foot) in volume, an average amount of magnetism equal to that contained in a magnetic rod of 1 lb. weight. If iron and nickel, and, probably, also cobalt (but not chrome, as has long been believed), are the only substances which become permanently magnetic, and retain polarity from a certain coercive force, the phenomena of Arago's magnetism of rotation; and of Faraday's induced currents, show on the other hand that all telluric substances may possibly be made transitorily magnetic. According to the experiments of the first-mentioned of these great physicists, water, ice, glass, and carbon affect the vibrations of the needle entirely in the same manner as mercury in the rotation experiments. Almost all substances show themselves to be, in a certain degree, magnetic when they are conductors—that is to say, when a current of electricity is passing through them.

Although the knowledge of the attracting power of native iron magnets or loadstones appears to be of very ancient date amongst the nations of the West, there is strong historical evidence in proof of the striking fact, that the knowledge of the directive power of a magnetic needle, and of its relation to terrestrial magnetism, was peculiar to the Chinese, a people living in the extremest eastern portions of Asia. More than a thousand years before our era, in the obscure age of Codrus, and about the time of the return of the Heraclidæ to the Peloponnesus, the Chinese had already magnetic carriages, on which the moveable arm of the figure of a man continually pointed to the south, as a guide by which to find the way across the boundless grass plains of Tartary; nay, even in the third century of our era, therefore at least 700 years before the use of the mariner's compass in European seas, Chinese vessels navigated the Indian Ocean under the direction of magnetic needles pointing to the south. I have shown, in another work, what advantages this means of topographical direction, and the early knowledge and application of the magnetic needle, gave the Chinese geographers over the Greeks and Romans, to whom, for instance, even the true direction of the Apennines and Pyrenees always remained unknown.

The magnetic power of our globe is manifested on the terrestrial surface in three classes of phenomena, one of which exhibits itself in the varying intensity of the force, and the two others in the varying direction of the inclination, and in the horizontal deviation from the terrestrial meridian of the spot. Their combined action may, therefore, be graphically represented by three systems of lines, the *isodynamic*, *isoclinic*, and *isogonic*, or those of equal force, equal inclination, and equal declination. The distances apart, and the relative positions of these moving, oscillating, and advancing curves, do not always remain the same. The total deviation, variation, or declination of the magnetic needle has not at all changed, or, at any rate, not in any appreciable degree, during a whole century, at any particular point on the earth's surface, as, for instance, the western part of the Antilles or Spitzbergen. In like manner, we observe that the isogonic curves, when they pass in their secular motion from the surface of the sea to a continent or an island of considerable extent, continue for a long time in the same position, and become inflected as they advance.

These gradual changes in the forms assumed by the lines in their transitory motions, and which so unequally modify the amount of eastern and western declination, in the course of time render it difficult to trace the transitions and analogies of forms in the graphic representations belonging to different centuries. Each branch of a curve has its history, but this history does not reach farther back amongst the nations of the West than the memorable epoch of the 13th of September, 1492, when the re-discoverer of the New World found a line of no variation 3 deg. west of the meridian of the island of Flores, one of the Azores. The whole of Europe,



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excepting a small part of Russia, has now a western declination, whilst at the close of the seventeenth century the needle first pointed due north in London in 1657, and in Paris in 1669—there being thus a difference of twelve years, notwithstanding the small distance between these two places. In eastern Russia, to the east of the mouth of the Volga, of Saratow, Nischini-Nowgorod, and Archangel, the easterly declination of Asia is advancing towards us. Two admirable observers—Hansteen and Adolphus Erman—have made us acquainted with the remarkable double curvature of the lines of declination in the vast region of



Northern Asia ; these being concave towards the Pole, between Obdorsk on the Oby and Turuchansk, and convex between the Lake of Baikal and the Gulf of Ochotsk. In this portion of the earth, in Northern Asia, between the mountains of Werchogansk, Jukutsk, and the Northern Korea, the isogonic lines form a remarkable closed system. This oval configuration recurs regularly, and over a great extent of the South Sea, almost as far as the meridian of Pitcairn and the group of the Marquesa Islands, between 20 deg. north and 45 deg. south latitude. One would almost be inclined to regard this singular configuration of closed, almost concentric, lines of declination, as the effect of a local character of that portion of the globe ; but if, in the course of centuries, these apparently isolated systems should also advance, we must suppose, as in the case of all great natural forces, that the phenomenon arises from some general cause.

The horary variations of the declination, which, although dependent upon true time, are apparently governed by the sun as long as it remains above the horizon, diminish in angular value with the magnetic latitude of place. Near the equator—for instance, in the island of Kawak—they scarcely amount to three or four minutes, whilst they are from thirteen to fourteen minutes in the middle of Europe. As in the whole northern hemisphere the north point of the needle moves from east to west, on an average from  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in the morning until  $1\frac{1}{2}$  at mid-day, whilst in the southern hemisphere the same north point moves from west to east, attention has recently been drawn, with much justice, to the fact that there must be a region of the earth, between the terrestrial and the magnetic equator, where no horary deviations in the declination are to be observed. This fourth curve, which might be called the *curve of no motion*, or, rather, the *line of no variation of horary declination*, has not yet been discovered.

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## XVI.—ON THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.



THE aspect of the world, even without any of the peculiar lights which science throws upon it, is fitted to give us an idea of the greatness of the power by which it is directed and governed, far exceeding any notions of power and greatness which are suggested by any other contemplation. The number of human beings who surround us—the various conditions requisite for their life, nutrition, well-being, all fulfilled ; the way in which these conditions are modified, as we pass in thought to other countries, by climate, temperament, habit ; the vast amount of the human population of the globe thus made up ; yet man himself but one among almost endless tribes of animals ; the forest, the field, the desert, the air, the ocean, all teeming with creatures whose bodily wants are as carefully provided for as his ; the sun, the clouds, the winds, all attending, as it were, on these organized beings ; a host of beneficent energies, unwearied by time and succession, pervading every corner of the earth ; this spectacle cannot but give the contemplator a lofty and magnificent conception of the Author of so vast a work, of the Ruler of so wide

and rich an empire, of the Provider for so many and varied wants, the Director and Adjuster of such complex and jarring interests.

But when we take a more exact view of this spectacle, and aid our vision by the discoveries which have been made of the structure and extent of the universe, the impression is incalculably increased.

The number and variety of animals, the exquisite skill displayed in their structure, the comprehensive and profound relations by which they are connected, far exceed any thing which we could have beforehand imagined. But the view of the universe expands also on another side. The earth, the globular body thus covered with life, is not the only globe in the universe. There are, circling about our own sun, six others, so far as we can judge, perfectly analogous in their nature; besides our moon and other bodies analogous to it. No one can resist the temptation to conjecture, that these globes, some of them much larger than our own, are not dead and barren; that they are, like ours, occupied with organization, life, intelligence. To conjecture is all that we can do; yet even by the perception of such a possibility, our view of the domain of nature is enlarged and elevated. The outermost of the planetary globes of which we have spoken is so far from the sun, that the central luminary must appear to the inhabitants of that planet, if any there are, no larger than Venus does to us; and the length of their year will be eighty-two of ours.

But astronomy carries us still onwards. It teaches us that, with the exception of the planets already mentioned, the stars which we see have no immediate relation to our system. The obvious supposition is that they are of the nature and order of our sun; the minuteness of their apparent magnitude agrees, on this supposition, with the enormous and almost inconceivable distance which, from all the measurements of astronomers, we are led to attribute to them. If, then, these are suns, they may, like our sun, have planets revolving round them; and these may, like our planet, be the seats of vegetable and animal and rational life: we may thus have in the universe worlds, no one knows how many, no one can guess how varied—but however many, however varied, they are still but so many provinces in the same empire, subject to common rules, governed by a common power.

But the stars which we see with the naked eye are but a very small portion of those which the telescope unveils to us. The most imperfect telescope will discover some that are invisible without it; the very best instrument perhaps does not show us the most remote. The number of stars which crowd some parts of the heavens is truly marvellous; Dr. Herschel calculated that a portion of the Milky Way, about ten degrees long and two and a half broad, contains 258,000. In a sky so occupied, the moon would eclipse 2000 of such stars at once.

We learn, too, from the telescope, that even in this province the variety of nature is not exhausted. Not only do the stars differ in colour and appearance, but some of them grow periodically fainter and brighter, as if they were dark on one side, and revolved on their axis. In other cases two stars appear close to each other, and in some of these cases it has been clearly established, that the two have a motion of revolution about each other; thus exhibiting an arrangement new to the astronomer, and giving rise, possibly, to new conditions of worlds. In other instances, again, the telescope shows, not luminous points, but extended masses of dilute light, like bright clouds, hence called *nebulae*. Some have supposed that such



nebulae by further condensation might become suns ; but for such opinions we have nothing but conjecture. Some stars, again, have undergone permanent changes ; or have absolutely disappeared, as the celebrated star of 1572, in the constellation Cassiopeia.



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If we take the whole range of created objects in our own system, from the sun down to the smallest animalcule, and suppose such a system, or



something in some way analogous to it, to be repeated for each of the millions of stars which the telescope reveals to us, we obtain a representation of the material universe—at least, a representation, which to many persons appears the most probable one. And if we contemplate this aggregate of systems as the work of a Creator, which in our own system we have found ourselves so irresistibly led to do, we obtain a sort of estimate of the extent through which his creative energy may be traced, by taking the widest view of the universe which our faculties have attained.

If we consider, further, the endless and admirable contrivances and adaptations which philosophers and observers have discovered in every portion of our own system—every new step of our knowledge showing us something new in this respect; and if we combine this consideration with the thought how small a portion of the universe our knowledge includes, we shall, without being able at all to discern the extent of the skill and wisdom displayed in the creation, see something of the character of the design, and of the copiousness and amplex of the means which the scheme of the world exhibits. And when we see that the tendency of all the arrangements which we can comprehend is to support the existence, to develop the faculties, to promote the well-being of these countless species of creatures, we shall have some impression of the beneficence and love of the Creator, as manifested in the physical government of his creation.

2. It is extremely difficult to devise any means of bringing before a common apprehension the scale on which the universe is constructed, the enormous proportion which the larger dimensions bear to the smaller, and the amazing number of steps from larger to smaller, or from small to larger, which the consideration of it offers. The following comparative representations may serve to give the reader to whom the subject is new, some idea of these steps.

If we suppose the earth to be represented by a globe a foot in diameter, the distance of the sun from the earth will be about two miles; the diameter of the sun, on the same supposition, will be something above one hundred feet, and consequently his bulk such as might be made up of two hemispheres, each about the size of the dome of St. Paul's. The moon will be thirty feet from us, and her diameter three inches, about that of a cricket-ball. Thus the sun would much more than occupy all the space within the moon's orbit. On the same scale, Jupiter would be above ten miles from the sun, and Uranus forty. We see then how thinly scattered through space are the heavenly bodies. The fixed stars would be at an unknown distance, but, probably, if all distances were thus diminished, no star would be nearer to such a one-foot earth than the moon now is to us.

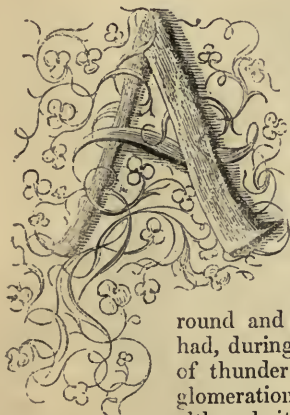
On such a terrestrial globe the highest mountains would be about 1-80th of an inch high, and consequently only just distinguishable. We may imagine, therefore, how imperceptible would be the largest animals. The whole organised covering of such an earth would be quite undiscoverable by the eye, except perhaps by colour, like the bloom on a plum.

In order to restore the earth and its inhabitants to their true dimensions, we must magnify the length, breadth, and thickness of every part of our supposed models forty millions of times; and to preserve the proportions, we must increase equally the distances of the sun and of the stars

from us. They seem thus to pass off into infinity; yet each of them, thus removed, has its system of mechanical and perhaps of organic processes going on upon its surface.

But the arrangements of organic life which we can see with the naked eye are few, compared with those which the microscope detects. We know that we may magnify objects thousands of times, and still discover fresh complexities of structure; if we suppose, therefore, that we thus magnify every member of the universe and every particle of matter of which it consists, we may imagine that we make perceptible to our senses the vast multitude of organized adaptations which lie hid on every side of us; and in this manner we approach towards an estimate of the extent through which we may trace the power and skill of the Creator, by scrutinizing his work with the utmost subtlety of our faculties.—*Bridgewater Treatises*: REV. W. WHEWELL.

## XVII.—A THUNDER-STORM AMONG THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.



N enormous thunder-cloud had lain all day over Ben Wyvis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent glen that bears the same name with the mountain: till now the afternoon was like twilight, and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow. The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells,

round and about the monarch of Scottish mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm blue sky could not

be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a strong wind from the sea.

All the cattle on the hills and in the hollows stood still or lay down in their fear—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans; and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines or wide-armed oaks in the solitude of their inaccessible birth-place, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash—the disparting of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long, loud rattle of heaven's artillery, shaking the foundations of the everlasting mountains. But all was yet silent.

The peal came at last, and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the

silence. Not a tree—not a blade of grass moved, but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice, as if of so many spirits, all joining together from every point of heaven: it died away—and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness; and in a few minutes down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all the steeps were suddenly



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sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. The element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing race—and that of fire lent it illumination, whether sweeping in floods along the great open straths, or tumbling in cataracts from cliffs overhanging the eagle's eyrie.

Great rivers were suddenly flooded, and the little mountain rivulets, a few minutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy basins the



minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherds' feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would have liked to issue from it; for while there was real danger to life and limb in the many raging torrents and in the lightning's flash, the imagination and the soul themselves were touched with awe in the long-resounding glens, and beneath the savage scowl of the angry sky. It was such a storm as becomes an era among the mountains; and it was felt that before next morning there would be a loss of lives, not only among the beasts that perish, but among human beings overtaken by the wrath of that irresistible tempest.

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## XVIII.—REPLY OF ROB ROY MACGREGOR TO

MR. OSBALDISTONE.



OU speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult; the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?

And they shall find that the name they have dared to proscribe—that the name of MacGregor is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. They shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonoured and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor-all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grovelling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon. But why do I speak of all this?—only ye may opine it frets my patience to be hunted like an otter or a seal, as a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbours; and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day at the ford of Avondow, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that good gift, as you may have heard. But one thing bides with me of what Nichol said. I'm vexed for the bairns—I'm vexed when I think of Robert and Hamish living their father's life—But let us say no more of this.

You must think hardly of us, and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked; we are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people. The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people; and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view their

bloody edicts against us—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honourable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies? Here I stand—have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood—and yet they would betray me and hang me like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill-will at me.

You are a kind-hearted and an honourable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour. But the heather that I have trod upon when living must bloom over me when I am dead: my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen—what would become of her were I to leave her, the subject of new insult and atrocity?—or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced even to give way to the tide, and remove myself and my people and my family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into MacCullummure's country; and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as MacRimmon himself could have framed it; and so piteously sad and woesome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her; it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bare him—and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again—no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by MacGregor.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## XIX.—THE FIRST STUDIES OF A YOUNG GEOLOGIST.



T was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim loose-jointed boy at the time—fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced, in his "Twa Dogs," as one of the most disagreeable of all employments, to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, —a reader of curious books when I could get them,—a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a

thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and



GEOLOGISTS AT ALUM BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one: it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots; the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down,



the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with gold, to which it owes its name—as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching down towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious “blink of rest” which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onward through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring, which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvass. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble; a line of snow ran along the opposite hills—all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him, as a subject for his pencil, a flower-piece composed of only white flowers, the one half of them in their proper colour, the other half of a deep purple, and yet all perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employment may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The

entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a band of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross, hollow, and counter ridge, of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half resemblance—it was the thing itself, and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times, when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand. The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not surely be a more conclusive proof, that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn! And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in the conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days, to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay—the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed has been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith. I soon found I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection of the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblend; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little known but highly interesting fossils of the old red sandstone in one position; we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock—basalts, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

HUGH MILLER'S *Old Red Sandstone*.

## XX.—THE FALL OF RIENZI.



THE balcony on which Rienzi had alighted, was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people; it communicated with a vast hall, used on solemn occasions for state festivals, and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter tower was the general prison of the Capitol; for then the prison and the palace were in awful neighbourhood.

The windows of the hall were yet open, and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony. The witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there; the wine, yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits that which he himself had worn when, nearly eight years ago, he had chased the barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered, and then taking in his right hand, from the wall, the great gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him: in that vast building, save the prisoners and the faithful Nina, whose presence he knew not of, the senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came—their passions excited by their numbers—women and men—children and malignant age, in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath. “Death to the traitor! Death to the tyrant! Death to him who has taxed the people!” (“*Mora il traditore che ha fatta la gabella! Mora!*”) Such was the cry of the people—such the crime of the senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol—they filled with one sudden rush the vast space, a moment before so desolate, now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi; his head was bare, and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair, grown grey before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood—neither fear, nor anger, nor menace, but deep grief and high resolve upon his features; a momentary shame—a momentary awe seized the crowd.

He pointed to the gonfalon, wrought with the republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

“I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!”

“Hear him not! hear him not! his false tongue can charm our senses,” cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi recognised Cecco del Vecchio.

“Hear him not! Down with the tyrant!” cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artizan stood Angello Villani.



"Hear him not! Death to the death-giver," cried a voice close at hand; and from the grating of the neighbouring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from earth to heaven rose the roar—"Down with the tyrant! down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the senator; still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant but determined



NICHOLAS GABRINI DE RIENZI.

thoughts—but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he should be heard; "and doubtless," says the contemporaneous biographer, "had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred."

The soldiers of the barons had already mixed themselves with the throng; more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude; darts and arrows darkened the air: and now a voice was heard shrieking, "Way for the torches!" and red in the sunlight the torches tossed and waved, and danced to and fro above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends

were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell hath fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw and wood and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm to the desolate hall. He sat down—and tears springing from no weak and woman source—but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befitted a warrior when his troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love: tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes, and relieved, but they changed his heart!

“Enough, enough!” he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away, “I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice. I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish! I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice.”

With that feeling, death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him, and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes—in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life. He divested himself of his glittering arms—his address, his dexterity, his craft returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise—of escape. He left the hall, passed through the humbler rooms, devoted to the servitors and menials, found in one of them a coarse working garb, indued himself with it, placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them, and said, with his old “fantastic rise,” “When all other friends desert me, I may well desert myself.” With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast—the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke, the wood crackled, the lead melted, with a crash fell the severed gates—the dreadful entrance was opened to all the multitude—the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time! He passed the flaming door—the smouldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. “Plenty of pillage within,” he said to the bystanders in the Roman *patois*, his face concealed by his load—“*Suso, suso a glie traditore!*” The mob rushed past him; he went on; he gained the last stair descending into the open streets; he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. “Pass not—whither goest thou?”

“Beware lest the senator escape disguised!” cried a voice behind—it was Villani’s. The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

“I am the senator!” he said in a loud voice. “Who dare touch the representative of the people?”

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed (that grim and solemn monument!) as if itself of fire.

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or re-assure the courage of the thousands who gathered gazing round him. The whole Capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna—the Orsini—the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

“Die, tyrant!” cried Cecco del Vecchio; and he plunged his dagger into the senator’s breast.

“Die, executioner of Montreal!” muttered Villani; “thus the trust is fulfilled!” and his was the second stroke. Then, as he drew back and saw the artisan, in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing off his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion, the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd, “Fool! miserable fool! thou and thou at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!”

They heeded not his words—they saw him not depart; for as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth, as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him, a voice shrill, sharp, and wild was heard above all the clamour. At the casement of the palace (the casement of her bridal chamber) Nina stood; through the flames that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone were visible! Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol—a blackened and smouldering mass.

At that hour a solitary boat was gliding swiftly along the Tiber. Rome was at a distance, but the lurid glow of the conflagration cast its reflection upon the placid and glassy stream—fair beyond all art of painter and of poet, the sunlight quivering over the autumnal herbage, and hushing into tender calm the waves of the golden river.

Adrian’s eyes were strained towards the towers of the Capitol, distinguished by the flames from the spires and domes around; senseless, and clasped to his guardian breast, Irene was happily unconscious of the horrors of the time.

“They dare not, they dare not,” said the brave Colonna, “touch a hair of that sacred head! If Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall for ever! As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem.”

Scarce had he spoken, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires. Afar off, a dull crash travelled to his ear; and the next moment the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere, making all Rome itself the funeral pyre of the last of the Roman Tribunes!

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.



## XXI.—BURIAL-PLACES NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

A DENSE and motionless crowd of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he enters them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and, exhaling a cold and clammy sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow ground, which shakes as he treads it, and loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step.

So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this chosen spot—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys; already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly reeking end; and yet, every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower-beds of graves.

As I hurried on through this awful repository, the pale far-stretching monumental ranges rose in sight, and again receded rapidly from my view in such unceasing succession, that at last I fancied some spell possessed my soul, some fascination kept locked my senses; and I therefore still increased my speed, as if only on quitting these melancholy abodes I could hope to shake off my waking delusion. Nor was it until, near the verge of the funereal forest through which I had been pacing for a full hour, a brighter light again gleamed athwart the ghost-like trees, that I stopped to look round, and to take a more leisurely survey of the ground which I had traversed.

"There," said I to myself, "lie, scarce one foot beneath the surface of a swelling soil, ready to burst at every point with its festering contents, more than half the generations whom death has continued to mow down for near four centuries in the vast capital of Islamism. There lie, side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turban, somewhat longer or deeper, somewhat rounder or squarer, personages in life far as heaven and earth asunder, in birth, in station, in gifts of nature, and in long-laboured acquirements. There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep—alike food for the worm that lives on death—the conqueror who filled the universe with his name, and the peasant scarce known in his own hamlet; Sultan Mahmoud, and Sultan Mahmoud's perhaps more deserving horse; elders bending under the weight of years, and infants of a single hour; men with intellects of angels, and men with understandings inferior to those of brutes; the beauty of Georgia and the black of Sennaar; viziers, beggars, heroes, and women. There, perhaps, mingle their insensible dust the corrupt judge and the innocent he condemned, the murdered man and his murderer, the master

and his meanest slave. There vile insects consume the hand of the artist, the brain of the philosopher, the eye which sparkled with celestial fire, and the lip from which flowed irresistible eloquence. All the soil pressed by me for the last two hours was once animated like myself; all the mould which now elings to my feet once formed limbs and features similar to my own. Like myself, all this black unseemly dust once thought, and willed, and moved! And I, creature of clay, like those



TURKISH BURIAL-GROUND.

here cast around—I, who travel through life as I do on this road, with the remains of past generations strewed along my trembling path—I, whether my journey last a few hours more or less, must still, like those here deposited, shortly rejoin the silent tenants of some cluster of tombs, be stretched out by the side of some already sleeping corpse, and, while time continues its course, have all my hopes and fears, all my faculties and prospects, laid at rest on a couch of clammy earth.—*HOPE's Anastasius.*

## XXII.—NELLY AND HER GRANDFATHER.

OFTEN, while they were yet pacing the silent streets of the town on the morning of their departure, the child trembled with a mingled sensation of hope and fear, as in some far-off figure, imperfectly seen in the clear distance, her fancy traced a likeness to honest Kit. But, although she would gladly have given him her hand, and thanked him for what he had said at their last meeting, it was always a relief to find, when they came nearer to each other, that the person who approached was not he, but a stranger; for, even if she had dreaded the effect which the sight of him might have wrought upon her fellow-traveller, she felt that to bid farewell to anybody now, and, most of all, to him who had been so faithful and so true, was more than she could bear. It was enough to leave dumb links behind, and objects that were insensible to her love and sorrow. To have parted from her only other friend upon the threshold of that wild journey, would have wrung her heart indeed.

Why is it that we can better bear to part in spirit than in body, and while we have the fortitude to act farewell, have not the nerve to say it? On the eve of long voyages, or an absence of many years, friends who are tenderly attached will separate with the usual look, the usual pressure of the hand, planning one final interview for the morrow, while each well knows that it is but a feint to save the pain of uttering that one word, and that the meeting will never be. Should possibilities be worse to bear than certainties? We do not shun our dying friends; the not having distinctly taken leave of one among them, whom we left in all kindness and affection, will often embitter the whole remainder of a life.

The town was glad with morning light; places that had shown ugly and distrustful all night long, now wore a smile; and sparkling sunbeams dancing on chamber windows, and twinkling through blind and curtain before sleepers' eyes, shed light even into dreams, and chased away the shadows of the night. Birds in hot rooms, covered up close and dark, felt it was morning, and chafed and grew restless in their little cells; bright-eyed mice crept back to their tiny homes, and nestled timidly together; the sleek house-cat, forgetful of her prey, sat winking at the rays of sunlight starting through key-hole and cranny in the door, and longed for her stealthy run and warm sleek bask outside; nobler beasts, confined in dens, stood motionless behind the bars, and gazed on fluttering boughs, and sunshine peeping through some little window, with eyes in which old forests gleamed; then trod impatiently the track their prisoned feet had worn, and stopped and gazed again. Men in their dungeons stretched their cramped, cold limbs, and cursed the stone that no bright sky could warm. The flowers that sleep by night opened their gentle eyes, and turned them to the day. The light, creation's mind, was everywhere, and all things owned its power.

The two pilgrims, often pressing each other's hands, or exchanging a smile or cheerful look, pursued their way in silence. Bright and happy as it was, there was something solemn in the long, deserted streets, from which, like bodies without souls, all habitual character and expression had departed, leaving but one dead uniform repose, that made them all alike. All was so still at that early hour, that the few pale people whom they met seemed as much unsuited to the scene, as the sickly lamp which had been



here and there left burning was powerless and faint in the full glory of the sun.

Before they had penetrated very far into the labyrinth of men's abodes which yet lay between them and the outskirts, this aspect began to melt away, and noise and bustle to usurp its place. Some straggling carts and coaches rumbling by, first broke the charm; then others came—then others yet more active—then a crowd. The wonder was, at first, to see a tradesman's shop window open, but now it was a rare thing to see one closed. Then smoke rose slowly from the chimneys, and sashes were thrown up to



CHARLES DICKENS.

let in air, and doors were opened, and servant girls looked lazily in all directions but their brooms, scattered brown clouds of dust into the eyes of shrinking passengers, or listened disconsolately to milkmen who spoke of country fairs, and told of waggons in the mews, with awnings and all things complete, and gallant swains to boot, which another hour would see upon their journey.

This quarter passed, they came upon the haunts of commerce and great traffic, where many people were resorting, and business was already rife.

The old man looked about him with startled and bewildered gaze, for these were places that he hoped to shun. He pressed his finger on his lip,

and drew the child along by narrow courts and winding ways; nor did he seem at ease until they had left it far behind, often casting a backward look towards it, murmuring that ruin and self-murder were crouching in every street, and would follow if they scented them, and that they could not fly too fast.

Again, this quarter passed, they came upon a straggling neighbourhood, where the mean houses parcelled off in rooms, and windows patched with rags and paper, told of the populous poverty that sheltered there. The shops sold goods that only poverty could buy, and sellers and buyers were pinched and griped alike. Here were poor streets where faded gentility essayed, with scanty space and shipwrecked means, to make its last feeble stand; but tax-gatherer and creditor came there as elsewhere, and the poverty that yet faintly struggled was hardly less squalid and manifest than that which had long ago submitted and given up the game.

This was a wide, wide track for the humble followers of the camp of wealth to pitch their tents round about it for many a mile—but its character was still the same. Damp rotten houses, many to let, many yet building, many half built and mouldering away—lodgings where it would be hard to tell which needed pity most, those who let or those who came to take—children, scantily fed and clothed, spread over every street, and sprawling in the dust—scolding mothers, stamping their slip-shod feet with noisy threats upon the pavement—shabby fathers hurrying with dispirited looks to the occupation which bought them “daily bread” and little more—mangling-women, cobblers, tailors, chandlers, driving their trades in parlours and kitchens and back-rooms and garrets, and sometimes all of them under the same roof—brick-fields skirting gardens paled with old staves of casks, or timber pillaged from houses burnt down, and blackened and blistered by the flames—mounds of dock-weed, nettles, coarse grass, and oyster-shells, heaped in rank confusion—small dissenting chapels to teach, with no lack of illustration, the miseries of earth, and plenty of new churches, erected with a little superfluous wealth, to show the way to heaven.

At length these streets, becoming more straggling yet, dwindled and dwindled away, until there were only small garden patches bordering the road, with many a summer-house innocent of paint and built of old timber or some fragments of a boat, green as the tough cabbage-stalks that grew about it, and grottoed at the seams with toad-stools and tight-sticking snails. To these succeeded pert cottages, two and two, with plots of ground in front laid out in angular beds, with stiff box borders and narrow paths between, where footstep never strayed to make the gravel rough. Then came the public-house, freshly painted in green and white, with tea-gardens and a bowling-green, spurning its old neighbour with the horse-trough where the waggons stopped; then, fields; and then, some houses, one by one, of goodly size with lawns, some even with a lodge where dwelt a porter and his wife. Then came a turnpike; then fields again, with trees and hay-stacks; then, a hill; and on the top of that the traveller might stop, and looking back at old St. Paul's looming through the smoke, its cross peeping above a cloud (if the day were clear) and glittering in the sun, and casting his eyes upon the Babel out of which it grew until he traced it down to the furthest outposts of the invading army of bricks and mortar whose station lay for the present nearly at his feet, might feel at last that he was clear of London.

Near such a spot as this, and in a pleasant field, the old man and his little guide (if guide she were, who knew not whither they were bound) sat down to rest. She had the precaution to furnish her basket with some slices of bread and meat, and here they made their frugal breakfast.

The freshness of the day, the singing of the birds, the beauty of the waving grass, the deep green leaves, the wild flowers, and the thousand exquisite scents and sounds that floated in the air—deep joys to most of us, but most of all to those whose life is in a crowd, or who live solitarily in great cities as in the bucket of a human well—sank into their breasts and made them very glad. The child had repeated her artless prayers once that morning, more earnestly perhaps than she had ever done in all her life; but as she felt all this, they rose to her lips again. The old man took off his hat—he had no memory for the words—but he said Amen, and that they were very good.

There had been an old copy of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” with strange plates, upon a shelf at home, over which she had pored whole evenings, wondering whether it was true in every word, and where those distant countries with the curious names might be. As she looked back upon the place they had left, one part of it came strongly on her mind.

“Dear Grandfather,” she said, “only that this place is prettier and a great deal better than the real one, if that in the book is like it, I feel as if we were both Christian, and laid down on this grass all the cares and troubles we brought with us, never to take them up again.”

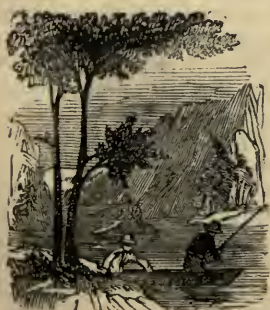
“No, never to return—never to return,” replied the old man, waving his hand towards the city. “Thou and I are free of it now, Nell. They shall never lure us back.”

“Are you tired?” said the child; “are you sure you don’t feel ill from this long walk?”

“I shall never feel ill again, now that we are once away,” was his reply. “Let us be stirring, Nell. We must be further away—a long, long way further. We are too near, to stop and be at rest; come!”

CHARLES DICKENS.

### XXIII.—THE WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.



VERY improvement in the Microscope has developed some important feature in the structure and design of the almost infinitely varied organized beings of our earth. The achromatic principle, which was at once adapted to the telescope with the most astonishing success, did not produce the same happy result on its first application to the microscope.

The recent discovery of Dr. Goring, that the penetration of this instrument was dependent upon the angle of aperture, or the number of rays of light collected by the object-lens from every point on the surface of the object, was requisite for the accomplishment of this desirable purpose. By thus applying the achromatic corrections and those for sphericity to this



instrument, it has now been perfected and elevated to a grade nowise inferior to the telescope. The fruits of this discovery are fast pouring in upon us, and promise to yield a rich and most abundant harvest. We will allude cursorily to some of those which have been reaped already; a few only will suffice to show their importance, and to claim for the microscope a high rank among optical instruments.

The fact is, that, since the modern improvements the microscope has undergone, it is being brought to the assistance, and is at the present time furthering the progress, of almost every branch of natural science. To the geologist it may be said to be a new instrument; but what has it not even now effected for him? In the study of organic life and structure, it has unfolded to him the precise characters of divers animals and plants which inhabited and clothed our earth in ages which have long passed away. Look at the discoveries of Agassiz on the fossil creatures of the deep! By a microscopic investigation of such parts of them as have withstood the destructive power of time, namely, their scaly covering, he has been able so to group and class them, that the characters and habits of the genera belonging to each distinct era are clearly demonstrated. A microscopic examination, also, of the testaceous remains of sundry entomostraceans found in slate-clay formations, now elevated much above the level of the sea, proves them to have been at some time or other imbedded in the waters. And the naturalist may even determine, by his inspection of the shell, whether the species were the inhabitants of fresh or salt water, and consequently whether the strata themselves were the indurated beds of the sea, or of some river or lake.

The most perfect animal remains which the microscope has disclosed to us, are the various locicated infusoria of the division Bacillaria. These minute creatures are so inconceivably numerous, that they cover many miles of surface with several feet of thickness, as instanced in the polishing-slate and rotten-stone of Bohemia. In Tuscany, whole mountains consist almost entirely of the silicified shells of these creatures; thus combining with each other in infinite numbers, to counterbalance, as it were, their individual minuteness, and to teach the unthinking this useful lesson, that Nature, in all her operations, is never employed in vain, and that what are apparently her most insignificant productions, fall not beneath the notice of the profoundest inquirer after truth. To the botanist, the aid of the microscope is indispensable. In the investigation of our fossil flora, what does it not exhibit to us? How beautiful and delicate is the structure of the envelope of some of the fossil fruits—those, for instance, of our London clay—when viewed under this instrument! And how important is it, that by its assistance we can determine with accuracy the natural orders, genera, and sometimes the very species, of the trees and plants of former epochs! How, beyond all question, is now demonstrated the vegetable origin of our coal? Preserved within a bituminous lump of coal, which has been deposited for thousands of years, deep in the bowels of the earth, you may discern not only the woody fibre, its arrangement, and the disposal and form of the medullary rays, but even the most delicate of the vegetable organs, such as the spiral vessels and the beautiful terminations of those vessels: these are as distinctly discoverable as in the finest preparations of a recent plant. And what can be more amusing and instructive than the examination of the silicified woods, when formed into sections no thicker than the paper of a bank-note? Thus rendered pervious to light, the organic

structure of the wood becomes plainly distinguishable. And emanating from this, what can be a more interesting subject than the inquiry into the mode in which the silicifying process has been carried on—by which the constituent elements of the inmost and minutest portions are changed, whilst their form and situation and colour remain the same? In investigating, also, that extinct genus of plants, the *Lepidodendra*, a similar idea is raised in the mind as to what must have been the particular state of the earth with respect to atmosphere and temperature at the period of their growth, and what the changes which have since taken place, in order to bring it to its present condition.

In our physiological inquiries into the animal and vegetable productions of the present time, the assistance of the microscope is essentially requisite. When Dr. Harvey made his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, and first lectured upon it in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in 1619, he was ridiculed, and lost his practice through maintaining what was then supposed to be so absurd and wild a theory. The idea was suggested to his mind by reflecting on the valves of the heart and veins, which were evidently so planned as to allow a fluid to pass but one way. All the philosophical reasoning, however, of this celebrated man could not establish what appears to us so plain a truth, until it was evidenced in the circulation of cold-blooded animals by the means of the microscope, and thus placed beyond a doubt. Discerning, as we can do, the very forms of the globules of that fluid, as they flow through the capillaries from the arteries to the veins, in obedience to the laws impressed upon them by the Almighty Creator; viewing this most sublime phenomenon, by which life itself is diffused throughout, and sustained in every part of the system—who can resist conviction of the great truth?

Nor is it a matter of less importance in a scientific point of view, or less interesting, that by the same means we can perceive the fibrous structure of the muscles and nerves, the form and arrangement of the canals by which the internal cavities of the bones are lubricated and nourished; the glandular structure of that beautiful and complete apparatus by which the secretions are carried on—all and each of these requiring but the aid of one of our improved microscopes, to render them distinctly visible. Again, how admirably developed by means of the microscope are the curious and complex structures of the eyes of insects, the crystalline lenses of those of fish, birds, &c., and many of the other parts of the visual organs. The eye, that useful and delightful portion of us, which furnishes all the endless variety of objects from which we derive so great enjoyment, resembles in its peculiar formation and arrangement an achromatic optical instrument. And if we descend to the lower classes of animals—nay, I would hardly say lower, lest some might imagine that in their small forms they do not evince as much perfection as is discoverable in beings of a higher scale, and have not all the functions which are necessary to life as full in operation as even man himself—if we enter upon an investigation of their minute structure, we can determine absolutely nothing without the microscope, and our knowledge of the very existence of many highly organized and active creatures is wholly dependent upon it.

Vegetable organography, upon which the modern botanist depends so much for his systematic arrangement, and with which the student is so greatly interested and amused, owes almost its very existence to the microscope. This observation will be found to apply in an especial manner both

to the cellular and vascular tissues of plants. The membranous cellules of cellular tissue are sometimes not more than 1-1000th of an inch in diameter; and those of the ordinary size are about 1-200th or 1-300th. How, then, is it possible that we could become acquainted with their forms and arrangement but by the aid of the microscope? And so with respect to vascular tissue: it is absolutely indispensable towards acquiring an accurate knowledge of the structure and forms of these membranous tubes, and of the spiral or annular fibre which surrounds them.

A knowledge of the fructification, if I may so express myself, of that numerous and curious class of plants, the aerogens, could not be obtained without it; nor could the existence of many of them, such as the fungi, lichens, algæ, and some of the musei, be proved. By its powers, even the ashes of vegetables may be seen to contain the decisive characteristics of organic structure; and the long-debated question of the antiquarian, as to whether the "fine linen of Egypt," in the times of the Pharaohs, were of linen or cotton fibre, seeing the latter is now indigenous to that country, is for ever set at rest.

PRICHARD'S *Microscopic Illustrations*.

#### XXIV.—THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES.



IN the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island to Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island, for the trading towns lay in different quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found, however, a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went

on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it, which was the more extraordinary, insomuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich and uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous, so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they

could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some especially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purposes, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat, wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound,



still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing, at least, upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor the front of the house was there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again, and nothing was to be heard like a sound of men, nor scarcely of anything else. There was an intense noon-day silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding-grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of the window." They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted, however, with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange hideous kind of face look out of the window. "Let us go, sir," said he to the captain; "for I tell you what, I know this place now; and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "may now follow that adventure I have often heard you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the man, "we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of—hush! Look there!" They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of the window. Its eyes were directed upon them, and stretching out of the window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks, like a fowl, and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicker than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. "They say," said he, "it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it; let us all stay." The others shook their heads and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. "There is something unnatural in that very thing," said the captain; "but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay—we will, by St. Ermo."

The captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the meantime was hastening with the others to get away. The truth is, Gualtier was in one respect more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot; but the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up courage beyond those who found their will more powerful, and in the midst of his terror he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought, however, had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively, and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs, not only abstaining from hurting him, but

crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature, and corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, "In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?"



"Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent, in a voice whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible.

"I guess who thou art," answered Gualtier; "the fearful thing in the island of Cos."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gualtier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true; that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stepped back with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck frantically on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil. I cannot kiss thee," and he shuddered with a horrible shudder as he spoke; "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner. "Thou knowest not," said she, "what I know. Diana both was, and never was; and there are many other things on earth, which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice, that nothing can change me but what I said."

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I beseech thee; but go thy way and be safe, for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish, even as some tyrants do; and is that not dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind, when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round a tree with one hand, and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?"

"My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great virgin was a worshipped goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then, and then only, thou mayst devour them?"



But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "O ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! O safe and quiet population of those leafy places, dying brief death! O sea! O earth! O heavens never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? and must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? and must form obscure essence? and human confidence in good from within, never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? O ye large-looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream, or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them; and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake ye into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!"

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster, and she stooped her head and licked them.

"By Christ!" exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into its arms to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may He have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die—for the very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering and shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful month approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of Him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene, that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony, he felt a small mouth, fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man. But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, but knew not the beautiful being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier, not only throughout the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had had a hand in the enterprise, for being born on the same soil. The captain and his crew never came again; for, alas! they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier, who lived with his lady in the same place, all her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before a month of love; and even sorrowful habit had endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock; and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of hippocras—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, "No indeed, sir;" and she looked in Gualtier's face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as she should say, "No indeed; I worship thee and thy kind heart!"

LEIGH HUNT'S *Indicator*.

## XXV.—THE HEAD-STONE.

THE coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling elods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skilfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the churchyard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads, in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate and about to leave the churchyard.

Here some acquaintances, from distant parts of the parish, who had not had opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's family. There a small knot of neighbours were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group. While a few yards farther removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave with countenances of sincere but unimpassioned grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently than would have been the case, had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them during all that time had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favour—selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts respecting temporal expectations—unaocommodating manners on both sides—taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interest, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate and truly attached, now met at market, and,

miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely, if anything could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones, and clods were falling down upon their father's coffin. And, doubtless, their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it; a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and cross-bones chiselled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loud enough to be heard by several of the bystanders, "William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favourite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this head-stone, had I not?"

During these words the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply, among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth, and here, before our own friends and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on other and better terms with you, and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something entrusted to him to say publicly before he left the churchyard, now came forward and asked the elder brother, why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then changing his countenance into serenity, said gently:—

"Behold how good a thing it is,  
And how becoming well,  
Together such as brethren are,  
In unity to dwell!"

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart in which many kind, if not warm affections



dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother," and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanly towards each other.

As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly, grasping each other's hand, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said, "I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you and Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent, nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died. As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes—I saw them there, and on his cheek, too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him. 'My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing.'"

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden; and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the churchyard, arm in arm with the minister, to the manse. On the following Sabbath they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request), of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; a larger sum than usual was on the Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

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## XXVI.—ELEPHANTS IN THE EAST.

THE number and variety of cattle necessarily attendant on an Asiatic army is astonishing: the expense of feeding these animals, as also the difficulty of procuring provender, is very great; and their distress for water, in a parched country and sultry climate, often fatal. Exclusive of the Mahratta cavalry, trained to war, where many thousand horses belonged to the camp followers, the bazaar alone required twenty thousand bullocks to convey the commodities of the shopkeepers, besides a small number of horses and asses. Some thousand camels were employed to

carry the tents and baggage; but the elephants, proud of their distinguished elevation, were appropriated to some honourable service, or, covered with caparisons of embroidered velvets and scarlet cloth, decorated with gold and silver fringe, were destined to carry the houdahs of Ragobah and his chief officers. The houdah sometimes contains two or three small apartments, under a dome, supported by gilded pillars, for the chieftain and his attendants. The elephant is extremely useful in other respects, and, notwithstanding his enormous bulk and surprising strength, is very docile and tractable.

The largest elephants are from ten to eleven feet in height—some are said to exceed it: the average is eight or nine feet. They are fifty or sixty years before they arrive at their full growth; the female goes with young eighteen months, and seldom produces more than one at a birth, which she suckles until it is five years old. Its natural life is about one hundred and twenty. The Indians are remarkably fond of these animals, especially when they have been long in their service. I have seen an elephant valued at twenty thousand rupees; the common price of a well-trained elephant is five or six thousand; and in countries where they are indigenous, the Company contract for them at five hundred rupees each, when they must be seven feet high at the shoulders. The mode of catching and training the wild elephants is now well known: their price increases with their merit, during a course of education. Some, for their extraordinary qualities, become, in a manner, invaluable, and no compensation induces a wealthy owner to part with them.

The skin of the elephant is generally a dark grey, sometimes almost black—the face frequently painted with a variety of colours; and the abundance and splendour of his trappings add much to his consequence. The Mogul princes allowed five men and a boy to take care of each elephant; the chief of them, called the Mahawut, rode upon his neck to guide him; another sat upon the rump, and assisted in battle; the rest supplied him with food and water, and performed the necessary services. Elephants bred to war, and well disciplined, will stand firm against a volley of musketry, and never give way unless severely wounded. I have seen one of these animals with upwards of thirty bullets in the fleshy parts of his body, perfectly recovered from his wounds. All are not equally docile; and when an enraged elephant retreats from battle, nothing can withstand his fury—the driver having no longer a command, friends and foes are involved in undistinguished ruin.

The elephants in the army of Antiochus were provoked to fight by shewing them the blood of grapes and mulberries. The history of the Maccabees informs us, that “to every elephant they appointed a thousand men, armed with coats of mail, and five hundred horsemen of the best; these were ready at every occasion, wherever the beast was, and whithersoever he went they went also: and upon the elephants were strong towers of wood, filled with armed men, besides the Indian that ruled them.”

Elephants in peace and war know their duty, and are more obedient to the word of command than many rational beings. It is said they can travel, on an emergency, two hundred miles in forty-eight hours, but will hold out for a month at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day, with cheerfulness and alacrity.

I performed many long journeys upon an elephant given by Ragobah to Colonel Keating. Nothing could exceed the sagacity, docility, and affection



of this noble quadruped : if I stopped to enjoy a prospect, he remained immovable until my sketch was finished ; if I wished for ripe mangos growing out of the common reach, he selected the most fruitful branch, and breaking it off with his trunk offered it to the driver for the company in the houdah, accepting of any part given to himself with a respectful salam, by raising his trunk three times above his head, in the manner of



the oriental obeisance, and as often did he express his thanks by a murmuring noise. When a bough obstructed the houdah, he twisted his trunk around it, and though of considerable magnitude broke it off with ease, and often gathered a leafy branch, either to keep off the flies or as a fan to agitate the air around him, by waving it with his trunk. He generally paid a visit to the tent-door during breakfast to procure sugar-candy or fruit, and he cheered by the encomiums and caresses he deservedly met with ; no spaniel could be more innocently playful nor fonder of those who noticed him, than this docile animal, who, on particular occasions, appeared conscious of his exaltation above the brute creation.

The "Ayeen Akerby" mentions elephants that were taught to shoot an



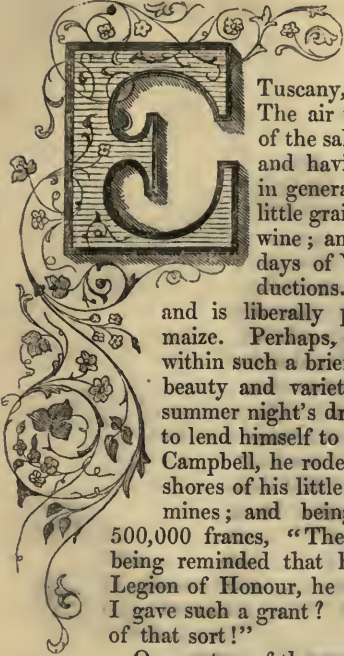
arrow out of a bow, to learn the modes which can only be understood by those skilled in music, and to move their feet in time. We are there informed that upon a signal given by his keeper, the elephant hides eatables in the corner of his mouth, and when they are alone together takes them out again and gives them to the man: that with his trunk he draws water out of his stomach which he has reserved there to sprinkle himself in hot weather; from thence also he takes grass on the second day, without its having undergone any change, doubtless to appease his hunger in case of an emergency, which does not often happen to the tame elephants. The Mogul emperors allowed their favourites one maund and twenty seers of food a day, equal to fifty English pounds: they had besides five seers of sugar, four seers of ghee, and half a maund of rice, with pepper and spices mixed with twenty quarts of milk; and in the seasons of sugar-canes each elephant had a daily allowance of two or three hundred canes, according to his size, for the space of three months.

I could mention many anecdotes of the elephant's sagacity and tractability, but will confine myself to one occurrence with Ragobah's elephants in camp, which, like those belonging to the Mogul emperors above mentioned, besides their daily provender of grass, fresh-gathered leaves and vegetables, were fed with balls, called mossaula, composed of flour, spices, sugar, and butter, ingredients generally expensive, especially in a camp where every thing was extravagantly dear. A vegetable diet, and about thirty pounds of grain, is the usual daily allowance for an elephant. The mossaula is an indulgence in service, and was accordingly allowed to the Peshwah's elephants and Arabian horses, in a country frequently laid waste and affording little provender for cattle. In our Gugerat encampments man and beast suffered many privations, and were often at a loss for food; notwithstanding this general deficiency, an ample supply of mossaula was allotted to Ragobah's favourite elephants, yet they gradually became emaciated and pined away without an apparent cause. The keepers were suspected of withholding their mossaula, as those delicate balls were composed of the most expensive and savoury parts of the pilaus, curries, and other dishes too costly for persons in their situation: the fraud being proved, the keepers were punished; and the master of the elephants (who, like the master of the horse in European courts, is generally a man of high rank) appointed inspectors to see them fed, which for a time had the desired effect; the elephants regained their strength, and appeared in good condition. Some months afterwards they fell off again: the inspectors were astonished, as they daily saw them fed, examined the mossaula, found its ingredients excellent, and the quantity not diminished. The cause, once more discovered, confirms Abul Fazel's account, and evinces the influence the keepers had attained over these extraordinary animals: they taught them to receive the balls with their trunk, and convey them to their mouth in the inspectors' presence, but to abstain from eating them. These docile creatures actually practised this self-denial; they received the food they were so fond of from their hands, put it into their mouths with their trunk, but never chewed it: the balls remained untouched until the inspectors withdrew, when they took them out, and presented them to the keepers with their trunks, accepting only of such a share as they thought proper for them.

Elephants are a common present of honour among the Indian princes and generals.

FORBES'S *Oriental Memoirs*.

## XXVII.—NAPOLEON'S MODE OF LIFE AND OCCUPATION IN ELBA.



ELBA, to the limits of which the mighty empire of Napoleon was now contracted, is an island opposite to the coast of Tuscany, about sixty miles in circumference. The air is healthy, except in the neighbourhood of the salt-marshes. The country is mountainous, and having all the florid vegetation of Italy, is, in general, of a romantic character. It produces little grain, but exports a considerable quantity of wine; and its iron ore has been famous since the days of Virgil. There are also other mineral productions. The island boasts two good harbours, and is liberally productive of vines, olives, fruits, and maize. Perhaps, if an empire could be supposed to exist within such a brief space, Elba possesses so much, both of beauty and variety, as might constitute the scene of a summer night's dream of sovereignty. Bonaparte seemed to lend himself to the illusion, as, accompanied by Sir Neil Campbell, he rode in his usual exploring mood around the shores of his little state. He did not fail to visit the iron-mines; and being informed the annual produce was 500,000 francs, "These, then," he said, "are mine." But being reminded that he had conferred that revenue on the Legion of Honour, he exclaimed, "Where was my head when I gave such a grant? But I have made many foolish decrees of that sort!"

One or two of the poorer class of inhabitants knelt, and even prostrated themselves when they met him. He seemed disgusted, and imputed this humiliating degree of abasement to the wretchedness of their education under the auspices of the monks. On these excursions he showed the same apprehension of assassination which had marked his journey to Frejus. Two couriers, well armed, rode before him and examined every suspicious spot. But, as he climbed a mountain above Fer-ajo, and saw the ocean approach its feet in almost every direction, the expression broke from him, accompanied with a good-humoured smile, "It must be confessed my isle is very little."

He professed, however, to be perfectly resigned to his fate; often spoke of himself as a man politically dead, and claimed credit for what he said upon public affairs as having no remaining interest in them. He professed his intentions were to devote himself exclusively to science and literature; at other times, he said he would live in his little island like a justice of peace in a county.

But the character of Bonaparte was singularly opposed to a state of seclusion. His propensities continued to be exactly of the same description at Elba which had so long terrified and disquieted Europe. To change the external face of what was around him—to imagine extensive alterations without accurately considering the means by which they were to be accom-

plished—to work within his petty province such alterations as his limits permitted—to resume, in short, upon a small scale, those changes which he had attempted upon that which was most magnificent—to apply to Elba the system of policy which he had exercised so long in Europe, was the only mode in which he seems to have found amusement and exercise for the impatient energies of a temper, accustomed from his early youth to



NAPOLÉON AT ELBA.

work upon others, but apt to become lethargic, sullen, and discontented, when it was compelled, for want of other exercise, to recoil upon itself.

During the first two or three weeks of his residence in the island of Elba, Napoleon had already planned improvements, or alterations and innovations at least, which, had they been carried into execution with the means which he possessed, would have perhaps taken his lifetime to execute. It



was no wonder, indeed, accustomed as he had been to speak the word and to be obeyed, and to consider the improvements which he meditated as those which became the head of a great empire, that he should not have been able to recollect that his present operations respected a petty islet, where magnificence was to be limited, not only by utility, but by the want of funds.

In the course of two or three days' travelling, with the same rapidity which characterised his movements in his frequent progresses through France, and showing the same impatience of rest or delay, Napoleon had visited every spot in his little island, mines, woods, salt-marshes, harbours, fortifications, and whatever was worthy of an instant's consideration, and had meditated improvements and innovations respecting every one of them. Till he had done this he was impatient of rest, and having done so he lacked occupation.

One of his first, and, perhaps, most characteristic proposals, was to aggrandize and extend his Lilliputian dominions by the occupation of an uninhabited island, called Rianosa, which had been left desolate on account of the frequent descents of the corsairs. He sent thirty of his guards, with ten of the independent company belonging to the island, upon this expedition (what a contrast to those which he had formerly directed!), sketched out a plan of a fortification, and remarked with complacency, "Europe will say that I have already made a conquest."

In an incredibly short time Napoleon had also planned several roads—had contrived means to convey water from the mountains to Porto Ferrajo—designed two palaces, one for the country, the other in the city—a separate mansion for his sister Pauline—stables for one hundred and fifty horses—a lazaretto—buildings for the accommodation of the tunny fishery—and salt-works on a new construction at Porto Longone. The Emperor of Elba proposed also purchasing various domains, and had the price estimated, for the inclination of the proprietor was not reckoned essential to the transaction. He ended by establishing four places of residence in the different quarters of the island; and as his amusement consisted in constant change and alteration, he travelled from one to another with the restlessness of a bird in a cage, which springs from perch to perch, since it is prevented from winging the air, its natural element. It seemed as if the magnitude of the object was not so much the subject of his consideration, provided it afforded immediate scope for employing his constant and stimulated desire of activity. He was like the thorough-bred gamester, who, deprived of the means of depositing large stakes, will rather play at small game than leave the table.

Napoleon placed his court also upon an ambitious scale, having more reference to what he had so long been, than to what he had actually been reduced to; while, at the same time, the furniture and internal accommodation of the Imperial palace were meaner by far than those of an English gentleman of ordinary rank. The interior of his household, though reduced to thirty-five persons, still held the titles, and affected the rank proper to an imperial court, of which the petty sovereign made a political use. He displayed a national flag, having a red bend dexter in a white field, the bend bearing three bees. To dignify his capital, having discovered that the ancient name of Porto Ferrajo was Comopoli (i. e. the city of Como), he commanded it to be called Cosmopoli, or the city of all nations.

His body-guard, of about seven hundred infantry and eighty cavalry, seemed to occupy as much of Napoleon's attention as the grand army did formerly. They were constantly exercised, especially in throwing shot and shells; and in a short time he was observed to be anxious about obtaining recruits for them. This was no difficult matter where all the world had so lately been in arms, and engaged in a profession which many, doubtless, for whom a peaceful life had few charms, laid aside with regret and longed to resume.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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## XXVIII.—SCENES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

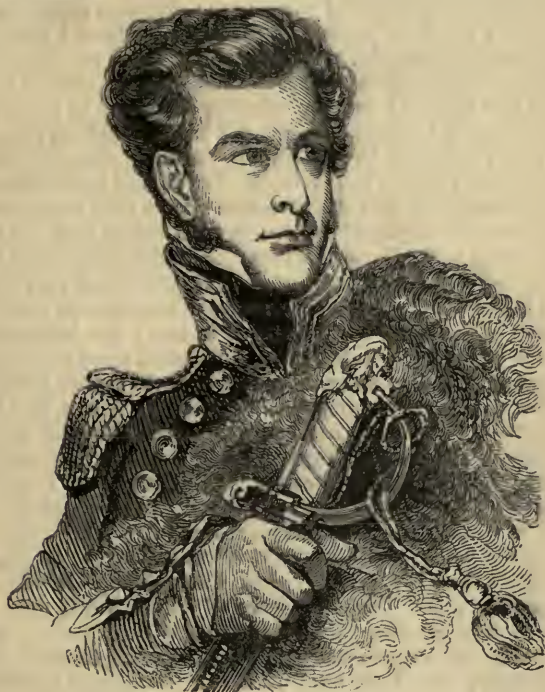
SEPTEMBER 12.—To those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term “ice,” exciting but the recollection of what they only know at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no idea of what it is the fate of an arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is stone—a floating rock in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide, meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out in the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.

It is not a little, too, to know and to feel our utter helplessness in these cases. There is not a moment in which it can be conjectured what will happen in the next: there is not one which may not be the last; and yet that next moment may bring rescue and safety. It is a strange, as it is an anxious position; and, if fearful, often giving not time for fear, so unexpected is every event, and so quick the transitions. If the noise, and the motion, and the hurry in every thing around, are distracting,—if the attention is troubled to fix on any thing amid such confusion,—still must it be alive, that it may seize on the single moment of help or escape which may occur. Yet with all this, and it is the hardest task of all, there is nothing to be acted, no effort to be made: and though the very sight of the movement around inclines the seaman to be himself busy, while we can scarcely repress the instinct that directs us to help ourselves in cases of danger, he must be patient, as if he were unconcerned or careless; waiting as he best can for the fate, be it what it may, which he cannot influence or avoid.

But I must not here forget the debts we owed to our ship on this and other occasions before and afterwards. Her light draught of water was of the greatest advantage, and still more the admirable manner in which she had been strengthened. It is plain that either of the ships employed on the former expeditions must have been here lost, from their mere draught of water, since they would have struck on the rocks over which we were hurried by the ice; while, however fortified, they would have been crushed like a nutshell, in consequence of their shape.

September 15.—The sky had worn a very settled aspect on the preceding evening; and the wind, rising, increased to a storm during the night. Also

having veered round to the northward, it brought around us a great quantity of heavy ice; so that, at daylight, we found ourselves completely locked in, to our no small vexation, which was much augmented by seeing clear water within a quarter of a mile. Every exertion was made to warp out, or to extricate ourselves in some manner: but a whole forenoon of hard labour gained us scarcely more than four times the length of our ship. At length the ice accumulated to such a degree, that we were obliged to abandon the attempt:



SIR JAMES CLARK ROSS.

In the meantime the storm increased, with squalls of snow, so as to render our situation both critical and uncomfortable, since we could not regain the harbour which we had so prematurely left. Thus exposed to the storm, the pressure of the ice was also to be feared, as the icebergs were accumulating on the shores of the cape, which they were too deep to pass. At length the one to which we were moored went afloat, giving us much trouble; while the largest one near us split in six pieces, with a noise like thunder, falling over and throwing up the water all around. One of these fragments gave our ship a violent shock; and another, rising up beneath the *Krusenstern*, lifted her out of the water on the ice; and then launched her off again. Fortunately, no damage was sustained.

*October 2.*—Though the morning was cloudy, it was not an unfavourable day for an inland excursion. We landed on the north side of the harbour, as the ice was not such as to enable us to cross it to the southern one, which was, to us, the important point. After passing a valley containing a frozen

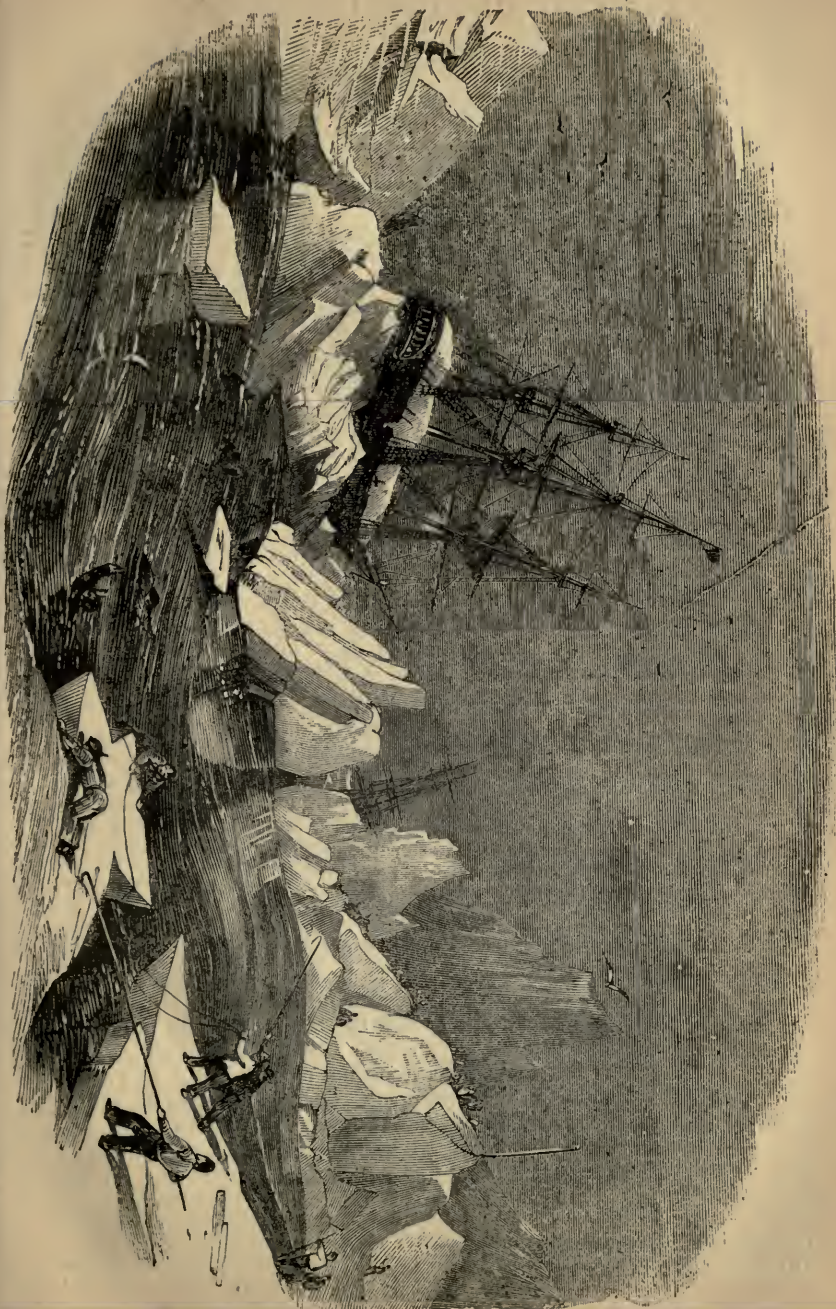


lake, I ascended a high hill, and thence discovered that a creek, which had caused us to make a circuit, was an inlet running about six miles within the land, in a north-west direction. Here I also saw the head of the great inlet which we had observed on the 13th, surrounded by land appearing considerably higher than that to the south-west, which consisted of a succession of uniform low hills. Beyond this land I could see no water. To the south-east, there was a perfect view of the islands that we had passed on the 30th of September, together with some land to the eastward and southward, which was probably the American continent; though this point could not then be determined, any more than I could ascertain whether it was a continuation of that on which I was now standing.

At present, it was more important to know what the state of the ice was, and what it was likely to be; but what we saw gave us no hope of any further progress. We were at a stand. We had indeed long suspected that the event which could not be very distant was impending, nor could we, in reason, be surprised that it had arrived. Yet we had been busy and active up to the present point, and our perpetual efforts had, as is usual in life, prevented us from thinking of the future, from seeing that the evil which could not for ever be protracted was drawing nearer every hour, that it was coming every minute, that it was come: thus nourishing that blind hope, which even in the face of inevitable danger or of certain ruin, even on the bed of death itself, is the result of effort and resistance; that hope which ceases only with the exertions by which it was supported, when the helpless ship falls asunder on the rock, and the sun fades before the eyes of the dying man.

It was now that we were compelled to think, for it was now that there was nothing more to be performed; as it was now also that the long and dreary months, the long-coming year I might almost say, of our inevitable detention among this immovable ice rose full in our view. The prison door was shut upon us for the first time; while feeling that if we were helpless as hopeless captives, that not even Nature could now relieve or aid us, for many a long and weary month to come, it was impossible to repel the intrusion of those thoughts which, if they follow disappointment, press on us more heavily, under that subsidence of feeling which follows on the first check to that exertion by which hope was supported. Should we have done better, been further advanced, have passed through these difficulties, and more, should we have passed all, and found ourselves where we wished, forming a junction with the discoveries to the westward, had the engine not disappointed us, had we been here, as we ought to have been, a month or six weeks sooner? was it the badness of our vessel, or complication of defects not to have been foreseen, which had prevented us from completing the outline of America, from ascertaining the "north-west passage" in a single season? This was the thought that tormented us; and not unnaturally, when we recollected all that we had endured, all our delays and disappointments. But, like that self-tormenting under which mankind make themselves so often fruitlessly miserable, these thoughts were purposeless, and worse; so that we hastened to discard them as they arose: aware, on reflection, that we could not see into the distant and the future; that we could not speculate on the nature of the land before us; could not be sure what the ice had been before our arrival; and could, therefore, as little know whether there was a passage westward to be found in this direction, as whether we should have been one foot further advanced had every thing we desired conformed to our wishes.

We saw here many tracks of hares, and shot some which were, even at





this early period, quite white; this needful change taking place, as should now be well known to naturalists, long before the ground has become permanently covered with snow, and long before the weather has become truly cold, proving that it is, at least, not the effect of temperature, as it is assuredly a prospective arrangement for meeting the cold of winter. The track of a bear was also found; and in the interior we could see, even through the snow, that the plains were covered with vegetation, while the protruding rocks consisted of red granite, accompanied by fragments of limestone near the shores, indicating a continuity of the same geological structure that we had traced ever since entering this strait. There were many Esquimaux traps, with a great number of those cairns or stones, resembling men when at a distance, which these people erect for the purpose of frightening the deer within their reach. In this space, amounting to five miles, which we had traversed, there were two large lakes.

*October 8.*—There could, in fact, no longer be the least doubt that we were at our winter's home, if we could indeed have reasonably doubted this some days before. But, as I have already said, it was a time to come sooner or later; and if we had, within this last week, found reasons enough to feel neither surprise nor disappointment, so, as I had concluded at our first entanglement in this place, were we far from being sure that we had any thing to regret. We could not, indeed, expect to lead an active life now; we did not even know that we should find any thing useful to do; but it was our business to contrive employment, and to make ourselves as easy and as happy as we could under circumstances which we had ample reason to expect. We were, I believe, all pretty well provided with patience, and there was no reason to want hope; it was for after years to draw somewhat deeply on the former, and to prove of the latter, that more perhaps depends on a fortunate constitution than on ought else.

Our conviction was indeed absolute, for there was now not an atom of clear water to be seen anywhere; and, except the occasional dark point of a protruding rock, nothing but one dazzling and monotonous, dull and wearisome extent of snow was visible all round the horizon in the direction of the land. It was indeed a dull prospect. Amid all its brilliancy, this land, the land of ice and snow, has ever been, and ever will be, a dull, dreary, heart-sinking, monotonous waste, under the influence of which the very mind is paralysed, ceasing to care or think, as it ceases to feel what might—did it occur but once or last but one day—stimulate us by its novelty; for it is but the view of uniformity and silence and death. Even a poetical imagination would be troubled to extract matter of description from that which offers no variety; where nothing moves and nothing changes, but all is for ever the same, cheerless, cold, and still.

*November 24.*—An overcast sky caused the thermometer to rise a few degrees, but the change was only temporary. There was enough of work for the day in cutting out the various iron-work of the engine, as well as the whale-boat, which was in the same predicament. A cairn on the island, intended as a guide to the ship for those who might lose their way, was completed; and a thermometer, constructed purposely for us, was fixed on it. There was a brilliant aurora to the south-west, extending its red radiance as far as the zenith. The wind vacillated on the following day, and there was a still more brilliant one in the evening (November 25), increasing in splendour till midnight, and persisting till the following morning. It constituted a bright arch, the extremities of which seemed to rest on two



opposed hills, while its colour was that of the full moon, and itself seemed not less luminous; though the dark and somewhat blue sky by which it was backed was a chief cause, I have no doubt, of the splendour of its effect.

We can conjecture what the appearance of Saturn's ring must be to the inhabitants of that planet; but here the conjecture was perhaps verified—so exactly was the form and light of this arch what we must conceive of that splendid planetary appendage when seen crossing the Saturnian heavens. It varied, however, at length, so much as to affect this fancied resemblance, yet with an increase of brilliancy and interest. While the mass or density of the luminous matter was such as to obscure the constellation Taurus, it proceeded to send forth rays in groups, forming such angular points as are represented in the stars of jewellery, and illuminating the objects on land by their coruseations. Two bright nebulae, of the same matter, afterwards appeared beneath the arch, sending forth similar rays, and forming a still stronger contrast with the dark sky near the horizon. About one o'clock it began to break up into fragments and nebulae, the coruseations becoming more frequent and irregular, until it suddenly vanished at four.—Ross's *Second Voyage in Search of the North-West Passage*.



WORKING AN ICE-SAW.

## HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

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### I.—CHARACTER OF MR. PITT, AFTERWARDS EARL OF CHATHAM.



WILLIAM PITT owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in this kingdom singly to his own abilities; in him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

The army was his original destination, and a cornetcy of horse his first and only commission in it. Thus, unassisted by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into business, and (if I may use that expression) to do the honours of his parts; but their own strength was fully sufficient.

His constitution refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbade him the idle dissipations of youth, for so early as the age of sixteen he was the martyr of

an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cause of its splendour.

His private life was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities and crowned by great success, makes what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life; and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn for poetry, but he seldom indulged and seldom avowed it.

He came young into Parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors: His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrank under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs.



DEATH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, A.D. 1778.

In that assembly, where the public good is so much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unsuspected champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities,



obtruded him upon King George II., to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made Secretary of State: in this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such ability, that while he served the King more effectually in his most unwarrantable electoral views than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public, whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

Upon the whole he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum pension for three lives, on his voluntary resignation of the seals in the first year of King George III., must make on his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature.

CHESTERFIELD.

## II.—ANOTHER CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

THE Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty, and one of his Sovereigns thought Royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing he destroyed party; without corrupting he made a venal age unanimous. France sank beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt

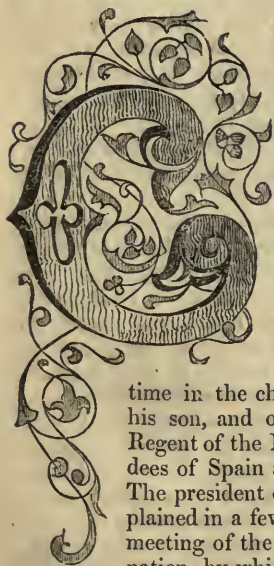
through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories ; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents ; his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom ; not like the torrent of Demosthenes or the splendid conflagration of Tully ; it resembled sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation ; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion ; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

ANONYMOUS.

### III.—THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.



CHARLES resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction ; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his Queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy ; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the 25th of October, 1555, Charles seated himself for the last

time in the chair of state ; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the Queen of Hungary, Regent of the Netherlands ; with a splendid retinue of the grantees of Spain and princes of the empire standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in a few words his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries ; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience; and from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: that, instead of a Sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection; and to demonstrate, that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and, if the time shall ever come when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects and to their new Sovereign, he sank into the chair exhausted and ready to faint



with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears ; some, from admiration of his magnanimity ; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people ; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow at losing a Sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing for himself but an annual pension of 100,000 crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estremadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery for his accommodation ; but he gave strict orders that the style of building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms : four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls ; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground ; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur and his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

ROBERTSON.

#### IV.—THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

It has been said of Mr. Canning, that he was ambitious ; he was. But his ambition was

“ That glorious fault of angels and of gods,”

which is a “ glorious ” virtue in men. It was the ambition of the Athenian to make his country the first of nations—and be himself the first of his country. If the disingenuous warfare of party debate ever cast upon him imputations of truckling compromise, they were shaken off from his character “ like dew-drops from the lion’s mane.” The retrospect of his life, his many sacrifices of office to his pride of talent and delicacy of honour, prove his ambition of high place most disinterested and independent. Without the advantages of noble birth, parliamentary interest, or private

opulence, he yet disdained a conformity with unworthy passions, or a compromise with the domination of great parliamentary proprietors.

Thus endowed as a statesman, Mr. Canning was the most consummate orator of his country and age. He had cultivated eloquence as a liberal art, with the zeal of a student, and became one of its classic masters. Some may have exceeded him in particular qualities or powers; but he possessed an assemblage of endowments and acquirements which left all rivalry at a distance. He combined the free movement, spirit, and reality of British parliamentary debate, with the elaborate perfection of the forum and the agora—and the necessary accomplishments and graces of ancient and modern literature. Chatham can be estimated only by tradition and his effects—in the absence of all genuine remains. He must have possessed fervour, fancy, a superior reason, and great popular effect; but he exercised an art which he had himself created, and in which he had no rival of the first rank. His theatrical delivery, and the mimic lightning of his eye, astonished and frightened country gentlemen and noble Lords, to whom eloquence was a novelty, and talent alarming. His dramatic appeal to the “frowning ancestry” in the tapestry, and his pantomimic exhibition of his crutch, would fall powerless, or worse, on a modern opposition. Fox, with the impetuous ardour of liberty, humanity, and his temperament; with the muscular vigour of his dialectics, simple and unadorned, would be the first orator in the assembly of a free people. Pitt, with his high-sounding amplifications, lofty sarcasms, and imposing manner, was supreme in dictating to a drilled majority or subservient council, and imposing his authority upon the common order of minds. Burke has bequeathed the eloquence of his meditations, and the oracles of his philosophy, to sages and to posterity. But give Canning “audience meet”—the select representatives of a civilised, free people—men capable of feeling deliberative eloquence, as a cultivated, liberal art; and he brought into the field an assemblage of qualities beyond all single rivalry. Fire and imagination, like Chatham, with a severer judgment and less artificial delivery; vigorous dialectics, like Fox, with more of wit than fancy; dignity of manner, and measured declamation, like Pitt, with a livelier and lighter tone of pleasantry and sarcasm; much of the philosophy of Burke, with less prolixity and a more scrupulous taste: these are among the qualities which determine Mr. Canning’s place in the first order of orators.

He had studied, with a quick and congenial feeling, those severe and eternal models—the remains of ancient eloquence. His elegance of expression was fastidious, without weakening its force; his wit was not so elaborately brilliant, as Sheridan’s; but it was more prompt, redundant, and disposable, and, if it may be so said, more logical; whilst his ridicule—inimitably poignant—was ever governed by high breeding and good taste. Mr. Canning’s reading was extensive and various; his fancy flitted over history, fiction, and external nature, with quickness and felicity, for illustration, citation, or metaphor. He had the tact to discern, and the dexterity to expose what was weak or ridiculous on the adverse side; the art to push an opponent’s simile, or analogy, *ad absurdum*; or to discover grandeur in what was meant for reproach, as in his retort—“that Proteus, with the versatility of his shapes, was, in every shape, the god;” and, in fine, to lay bare, by rigorous syllogism, a fallacy in the envelope of a sophism, or loose phrase. Who has ever reached him in those clever moments, and happy inspirations, which stamp the talent of debate?

Person and delivery are considerable parts of the orator. Mr. Canning's height was of the heroic standard; his form united elegance and strength; his dress was modern, without pomp or foppery; his motions and pace firm and elastic, with a characteristic disregard of all studied grace. His countenance was moulded in the happiest English style—comely, elegant, and simple: the profile, gracefully rather than strongly defined; the face expressive, and mantling, as he spoke, with the changes of sentiment and emotion; the eye large and full, and, if not charged with the lightning's flash, yet beaming with intelligence; the voice strong, flexible, and slightly muffled, so as to impart a softer melody, without affecting his clearness. His port, as he spoke, was sometimes negligent, often admirable—evinced a proud consciousness of the superiority of his cause or the power of his eloquence. His action, in one respect, was objectionable; he wielded his arms alternately and vehemently, without variety or grace, and spoke occasionally with his arms crossed.

Had Mr. Canning devoted himself to literature, that of his country must have been adorned by him. In prose, his early compositions, and some unavowed pieces, in the maturity of his talent, are worthy of his fame; his state papers remain models in their kind. His pieces in verse indicate a resemblance to the genius of Pope. He would have excelled, like that illustrious poet, in polished diction, keen satire, and strong traits of ridicule and character. He would have equalled Pope in elegiac pathos, and surpassed him in lyric spirit.

THIERRY.

#### V.—LORENZO DE' MEDICI.



LORENZO DE' MEDICI was about sixteen years of age when Cosmo died, and had at that time given striking indications of extraordinary talents. From his earliest years he had exhibited proofs of a retentive and vigorous mind, which was cultivated, not only by all the attention which his father's infirmities would permit him to bestow, but by a frequent intercourse with his venerable grandfather. He owed, also, great obligations in this respect to his mother, Lucretia, who was one of the most accomplished women of the age, and distinguished not only as a patroness of learning, but by her own writings.

Of these some specimens yet remain, which are the more entitled to approbation, as they were produced when poetry was at its lowest ebb in Italy. The disposition of Lorenzo, which afterwards gave him a peculiar claim to the title of Magnificent, was apparent in his childhood. Having received as a present a horse from Sicily, he sent the donor in return a gift of much greater value; and, on being reproved for his profuseness, he remarked that there was nothing more glorious than to overcome others in acts of generosity. Of his proficiency in classical learning, and



the different branches of that philosophy which was then in repute, he has left indisputable proofs. Born to restore the lustre of his native tongue, he had rendered himself conspicuous by his poetical talents before he arrived at manhood. To these accomplishments he united a considerable share of strong natural penetration and good sense, which enabled him, amidst the many difficulties that he was involved in, to act with a promptitude and decision which surprised those who were witnesses of his conduct ; whilst the endowments which entitled him to admiration and respect, were accompanied by others that conciliated, in an eminent degree, the esteem and affection of his fellow-citizens.

Tall in his stature, robust in his form, Lorenzo had in his person more the appearance of strength than of elegance. From his birth he laboured under some peculiar disadvantages ; his sight was weak, his voice harsh and unpleasing, and he was totally deprived of the sense of smell. With all these defects his countenance was dignified, and strongly indicated the magnanimity of his character ; and the effects of his eloquence were conspicuous on many important occasions. In his youth he was much addicted to active and laborious exercises, to hawking, horsemanship, and country sports. Though not born to support a military character, he gave sufficient proofs of his courage, not only in public tournaments, which were then not unfrequent in Italy, but also on more trying occasions. Such was the versatility of his talents, that it is difficult to discover any department of business or of amusement, of art or of science, to which they were not at some time applied ; and in whatever he undertook, he arrived at a proficiency which would seem to have required the labour of a life much longer than that which he was permitted to enjoy.

In superintending the subsequent progress of Lorenzo, several other persons eminent for their learning concurred. In the year 1457, Christofore Laudino was appointed by the magistracy of Florence to the office of public professor of poetry and rhetoric in that city, and was soon afterwards entrusted by Piers de' Medici with the instruction of his two sons. Between Laudino and his pupil Lorenzo a reciprocal attachment took place ; and such was the opinion that the master entertained of the judgment of his scholar, that he is said frequently to have submitted his learned and various works to his perusal and correction. In the Greek language, in ethics, and in the principles of the Aristotelian philosophy, Lorenzo had the advantage of the precepts of the learned Argyropylus ; and in those of the Platonic sect he was sedulously instructed by Marsilio Ficino, for whom he retained through life an unalterable friendship. But for many of his accomplishments he was not indebted to any preceptor. That exquisite taste in poetry, in music, and in every department of the fine arts, which enabled him to contribute so powerfully towards their restoration, was an endowment of nature, the want of which no education could have supplied.

The multiplicity of his noble concerns did not prevent Lorenzo from attending to his domestic affairs, and taking the necessary precautions for continuing with advantage those branches of commerce which had proved so lucrative to his ancestors. Such were the profits which they had derived from these sources, that, besides the immense riches which the family actually possessed, the ancestors of Lorenzo had, in a course of thirty-seven years, computing from the return of Cosmo from banishment in 1434, expended in works of public charity or utility upwards of 660,000 florins ; a sum which Lorenzo himself justly denominates incredible, and which may

serve to give us a striking idea of the extensive traffic by which such munificence could be supported.

On the particular branch of traffic by which the Medici acquired their wealth, little information remains ; but there is no doubt that a considerable portion of it arose from the trade which the Florentines, in the early part of the fifteenth century, began to carry on to Alexandria for the productions of the East, in which they attempted to rival the states of Genoa and of Venice. To this they were induced by the representations of Taddeo de' Cencii, who, having resided at Venice, and being apprised of the advantages which that city derived from the traffic in spices and other eastern merchandize, prevailed upon his countrymen, in the year 1421, to aim at the participation in the trade. Six new officers were accordingly created, under the title of Maritime Consuls, who were to prepare, at the port of Leghorn (the dominion of which city the Florentines had then lately obtained by purchase), two large galleys and six guard-ships. In the following year the Florentines entered on their new commerce with great solemnity. A public procession took place, and the Divine favour, which had always accompanied their domestic undertakings, was solicited upon their maritime concerns. At the same time, the first armed vessel of the republic was fitted out on a voyage for Alexandria, in which twelve young men of the first families of Florence engaged to proceed, for the purpose of obtaining experience in naval affairs. Carlo Federighi and Felice Brancacci were appointed ambassadors to the Sultan, and were provided with rich presents to conciliate his favour. The embassy was eminently successful. Early in the following year the ambassadors returned, having obtained permission to form a commercial establishment at Alexandria for the convenience of their trade, and with the extraordinary privilege of erecting a church for the exercise of their religion. In this branch of traffic, which was of a very lucrative nature, and carried on to a great extent, the Medici were deeply engaged, and reciprocal presents of rare or curious articles were exchanged between them and the Sultans, which sufficiently indicated their friendly intercourse.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

## VI.—CHARACTER OF JAMES WATT.

R. JAMES WATT, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th of April, 1819, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours ; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours ; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall “have gathered all its fame.” We have said that Mr.

Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine ; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure.



or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was regulated so as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance.

By his admirable contrivances, and those of a kindred and lamented genius in America, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision and dexterity with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanical power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who are deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind, than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled, most deeply lamented, or even most highly admired. Independently of his great train of attainments in the mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well.

He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command which he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation.

Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and



in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured ; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with



STATUE OF JAMES WATT.

their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of German poetry.

In his temper and disposition he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous and considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years. His friends in Edinburgh never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive—than in his last visit to Scotland, in autumn, 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary, and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year.

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without a pang or struggle, and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God!

LORD JEFFREY.

## VII.—ARREST AND EXECUTION OF ARGYLE.



ALL thought of prosecuting the war was at an end; and it was plain that the chiefs of the expedition would have sufficient difficulty in escaping with their lives. They fled in different directions. Hume reached the Continent in safety. Cochrane was taken and sent up to London. Argyle hoped to find a secure asylum under the roof of one of his old servants who lived near Kilpatrick. But this hope was disappointed, and he was forced to cross the Clyde. He assumed the dress of a peasant, and pretended to be the guide of Major Fullarton, whose courageous fidelity was proof of all danger. The friends journeyed together through Renfrewshire as far as Inchinnan. At that place the Black Cart and the White Cart, two streams which now flow through prosperous towns, and turn the wheels of many factories, but which then held their quiet course through moors and sheep-walks, mingle before they join the Clyde. The only ford by which the travellers could cross was guarded by a party of militia. Some questions were asked. Fullarton tried to draw suspicion on himself, in order that his companion might escape unnoticed. But the minds of the questioners misgave them that the guide was not the rude clown that he seemed. They laid hands on him. He broke loose and sprang into the water, but was instantly chased. He stood at bay for a short time against five assailants. But he had no arms except his pocket-pistols; and they were so wet, in consequence of his plunge, that they would not go off.



He was struck to the ground with a broadsword, and secured. He owned himself to be the Earl of Argyle, probably in the hope that his great name would excite the awe and pity of those that had seized him. And indeed they were much moved. For they were plain Scotchmen of humble rank, and, though in arms for the Crown, probably cherished a preference for the Calvinistic church government and worship, and had been accustomed to reverence their captive as the head of an illustrious House, and as a champion of the Protestant religion. But, though they were evidently touched, and though some of them even wept, they were not disposed to relinquish a large reward and to incur the vengeance of an implacable government. They therefore conveyed their prisoner to Renfrew. The man who bore the chief part in the arrest was named Riddell. On this account, the whole race of Riddells was, during more than a century, held in abhorrence by the great tribe of Campbell. Within living memory, when a Riddell visited a fair in Argylshire, he found it necessary to assume a false name.

The great calamity which had fallen on Argyle had this advantage, that it enabled him to show, by proofs not to be mistaken, what manner of man he was. From the day when he quitted Friesland, to the day when his followers separated at Kilpatrick, he had never been a free agent. He had borne the responsibility of a long series of measures which his judgment disapproved. Now at length he stood alone. Captivity had restored to him the noblest kind of liberty, the liberty of governing himself in all his words and actions, according to his own sense of the right and of the becoming. All at once he became as one inspired with new wisdom and virtue. His intellect seemed to be strengthened and concentrated, his moral character at once elevated and softened. The insolence of the conquerors spared nothing that could try the temper of a man proud of ancient nobility and of patriarchal dominion. The prisoner was dragged through Edinburgh in triumph. He walked on foot, bareheaded, up the whole length of that stately street, which, overshadowed by dark and gigantic piles of stone, leads from Holyrood House to the Castle. Before him marched the hangman, bearing the ghastly instrument which was to be used at the quartering-block. The victorious party had not forgotten that, thirty years before his time, the father of Argyle had been at the head of the faction which put Montrose to death. Before that event the Houses of Graham and Campbell had borne no love for each other; and they had ever since been at deadly feud. Care was taken that the prisoner should pass through the same gate and the same streets through which Montrose had been led to the same doom. The troops who attended the procession were put under the command of Claverhouse, the fiercest and cleverest of the race of Graham. When the Earl reached the Castle his legs were put in irons, and he was informed that he had but a few days to live. It had been determined not to bring him to trial for his recent offence, but to put him to death under the sentence pronounced upon him several years before—a sentence so flagitiously unjust, that the most servile and obdurate lawyers of that bad age could not speak of it without shame.

But neither the ignominious procession up the High-street, nor the near view of death, had power to disturb the gentle and majestic patience of Argyle. His fortitude was tried by a still more severe test. A paper of interrogatories was laid before him by order of the Privy Council. He replied to those questions to which he could reply without danger to any of



his friends, and refused to say more. He was told that unless he returned fuller answers, he should be put to the torture. James, who was doubtless sorry he could not feast his own eyes with the sight of Argyle in the boots,



BUST OF MR. MACAULAY.

sent down to Edinburgh positive orders that nothing should be omitted which could wring out of the traitor information against all who had been concerned in the treason. But menaces were vain. With torments and

death in immediate prospect, Mac Callum More thought far less of himself than of his poor clansmen. "I was busy this day," he wrote from his cell, "treating for them and in some hopes. But this evening orders came that I must die upon Monday or Tuesday; and I am to be put to the torture if I answer not all questions upon oath. Yet I hope God shall support me."

The torture was not inflicted. Perhaps the magnanimity of the victim moved the conquerors to unwonted compassion. He himself remarked, that at first they had been very harsh to him, but that they soon began to treat him with respect and kindness. "God," he said, "had melted their hearts." It is certain that he did not, to save himself from the utmost cruelties of his enemies, betray any of his friends. On the last morning of his life he wrote these words:—"I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God, He has supported me wonderfully."

Most of his few remaining hours were spent in devotion, and in affectionate intercourse with some members of his family. He professed no repentance on account of his last enterprise, but bewailed, with great emotion, his former compliance in spiritual things with the pleasures of the Government. He had, he said, been justly punished. One who had so long been guilty of cowardice and dissimulation was not worthy to be the instrument of salvation to the Church and State. Yet the cause, he frequently repeated, was the cause of God, and would assuredly triumph. "I do not," he said, "take on myself to be a prophet. But I have a strong impression on my spirit, that deliverance will come very suddenly." It is not strange that some zealous Presbyterians should have laid up his saying in their hearts, and should, at a later period, have attributed it to Divine inspiration.

So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits, that, on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at the table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time, one of the Lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the church of which he had once been a member, came to the Castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened; and there lay Argyle, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away, sick at heart; ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. "No, no," he said; "that will do me no good." She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. "I have been," he said, "in Argyle's prison. I have seen him, within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me——"

And now the Earl had arisen from his bed, and had prepared himself for what was yet to be endured. He was first brought down the High-street to the Council House, where he was to remain during the short

interval which was still to elapse before the execution. During that interval he asked for pen and ink, and wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

It was now time to leave the Council House. The divines who attended the prisoner were not of his own persuasion; but he listened to them with civility, and exhorted them to caution their flocks against the doctrines which all Protestant churches imitate in condemning. He mounted the scaffold, where the rude old guillotine of Scotland, called the maiden, awaited him, and addressed the people in a speech tinged with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but breathing the spirit of serene piety. His enemies, he said, he forgave, as he hoped himself to be forgiven. Only a single acrimonious expression escaped him. One of the episcopal clergymen who attended him went to the edge of the scaffold, and called out in a loud voice, "My Lord dies a Protestant." "Yes," said the Earl, stepping forward; "and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, of prelaey, and of all superstition." He then embraced his friends, put into their hands some tokens of remembrance for his wife and children, kneeled down, laid his head on the block, prayed for a little space, and gave the signal to the executioner. His head was fixed upon the top of the Tolbooth, where the head of Montrose had formerly decayed.

*MACAULAY'S History of England.*

### VIII.—CHARACTER OF MARTIN LUTHER.

WHILE appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been so long gathering was ready to break forth in all its violence against the Protestant church, Luther was saved by a seasonable death from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfield, he was seized by a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age. As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, which they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguished censure, not the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted

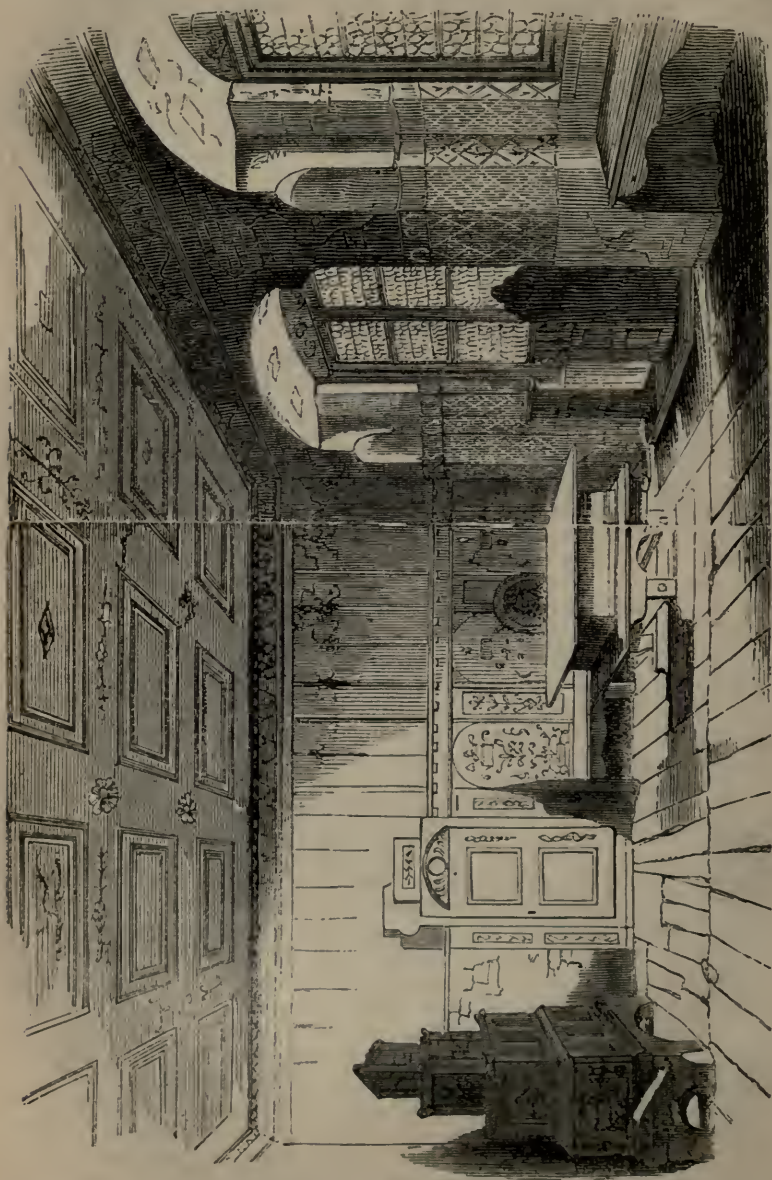


intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegances of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the Church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittenberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowance for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII., nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Eccius.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged, in part, on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorised, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility; but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another; for although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some part of Luther's behaviour, which to us appears most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even

by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse



LUTHER'S CHAMBER IN HIS HOUSE AT WITTENBERG.

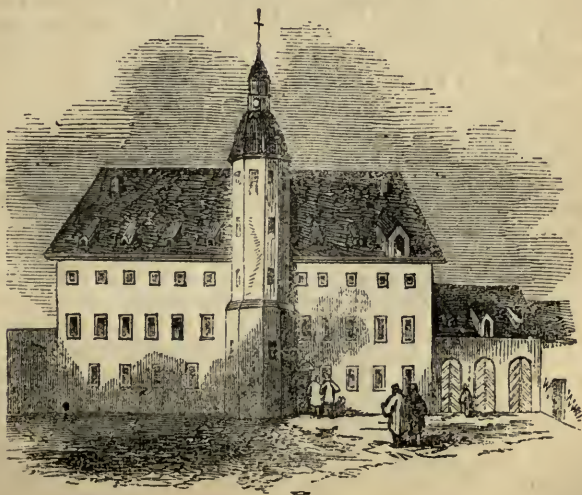
mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal,



and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he had actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death, he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial functions with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death: his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in the future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish, independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated, by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp.

ROBERTSON.



LUTHER'S HOUSE AT WITTEMBERG.



## IX.—ON THE CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON understood his business. Here was a man who, in each moment and emergency, knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigour by the extraordinary unity of his action. He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim—money, troops, generals, and his own safety also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendour of his own means. “Incidents ought not to govern policy,” he said, “but policy incidents.” “To be hurried away by every event, is to have no political system at all.” His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward, in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes, but he must not therefore be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not blood-thirsty, not cruel—but woe to what thing or person stood in his way; not blood-thirsty, but not sparing of blood, and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. “Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery.”—“Let him carry the battery.”—“Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?”—“Forward, forward!”

In the plenitude of his resources every obstacle seemed to vanish. “There shall be no Alps,” he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. He laid his bones to, and wrought for his crown. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked everything, and spared nothing—neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. If fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences (as large majorities of men seem to agree), certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough. “The grand principle of war,” he said, “was, that an army ought always to be ready by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making.” He never economised his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron, shells, balls, grape-shot, to annihilate all defence. He went to the edge of his possibility, so heartily bent was he on his object. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could; he came several times within an inch of ruin, and his own person was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops, in the *mêlée*, and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato, and at other places, he was on the point of being taken prisoner.

He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was as a new weapon. “My power would fall, were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me.” He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed

for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage. This vigour was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his entrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defence consisted in being still the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature."

Everything depended on the nicety of his combinations; the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello I ordered Kellermann to attack with 800 horse, and with these he separated the 6000 Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action, and I have observed it is always those quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune.

The same prudence and good sense marked all his behaviour. His instructions to his secretary at the Tuileries are worth remembering:—"During the night enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost."

His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of men. There have been many working kings—Ulysses, Alfred, Justinian, Czar Peter, William of Orange, but none accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

To these gifts of nature Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. In his later days he had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription of aristocracy; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for "the hereditary asses," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons. He said, that in their exile "they had learned nothing, and forgot nothing." Bonaparte had passed through all the degrees of military service; but, also, was citizen before he was Emperor, and so had the key to citizenship. His remarks and estimates discovered the information and justness of measurement of the middle class. Those who had to deal with him found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. This appears in all parts of his memoirs dictated at St. Helena. When the expenses of the Empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accumulated great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges, errors, and reduced the claims by considerable sums. His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him; the interest is as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as Captain and King only as far as the Revolution, or the interest of the industrious masses, found an organ and a leader in him. In the social interests he knew the meaning and value of labour, and threw himself naturally on that side. I like an incident mentioned by one of his biographers at St. Helena. When walking with Mrs. Balcombe,

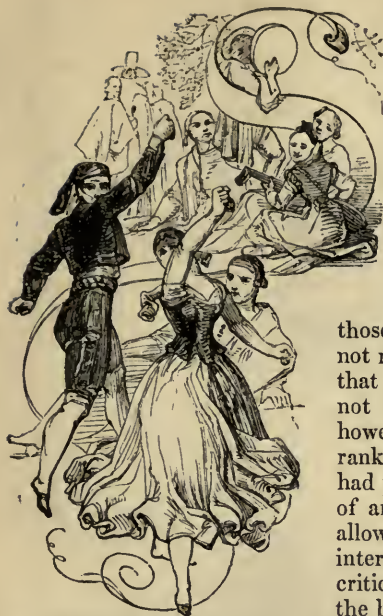
some servants carrying heavy boxes passed by on the road, and Mrs. Balcombe desired them in rather an angry tone to keep back. Napoleon interfered, saying, "Respect the burden, Madam." In the time of the Empire, he directed attention to the improvement and embellishment of the markets of the capital. "The market-place," he said, "is the Louvre of the common people." The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled the troops with his spirit, and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them, which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document is the order of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sovereigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to its leader.

But though there is in particular this identity between Napoleon and the mass of the people, his real strength lay in their conviction that he was their representative, in his genius and aims, not only when he courted, but when he controlled and even decimated them by his deadly conscriptions. He knew as well as any Jacobin in France, how to philosophize on liberty and equality; and when allusion was made to the precious blood of centuries, which was spilled by the killing of the Duc d'Enghien, he suggested, "Neither is my blood ditch-water." The people felt that no longer the throne was occupied, and the land sucked of all its nourishment, by a small class of legitimates secluded from all community with the children of the soil, and holding the ideas and superstitions of a long-forgotten state of society: instead of that vampire, a man of themselves held in the Tuileries knowledge and ideas like their own, opening of course to them and their children all places of power and trust; the day of sleepy, selfish policy, ever narrowing the means and opportunities of young men, was ended, and a new day of expansion and demand was come. A market for all the powers and productions of men was opened; brilliant prizes glittered in the eyes of youth and talent. The old, iron-bound, feudal France, was changed into a young Ohio or New York; and those who smarted under the immediate rigour of the new Monarch, pardoned, as the necessary severities of the military system which had driven out the oppressor. And even when the majority of the people had begun to ask whether they had really gained anything under the exhausting levies of men and money of the new master, the whole talent of the country, in every rank and kindred, took his part and defended him as its natural patron and chieftain. In 1814, when advised to rely on the higher classes, Napoleon said to those around him, "Gentlemen, in the situation in which I stand, my only nobility is the rabble of the faubourgs."

Napoleon met this natural expectation. The necessity of his position required a hospitality to every sort of talent, and its appointment to trusts; and his feelings went along with his policy. Like every superior person, he undoubtedly felt a desire for men and compeers, and a wish to measure his power with other masters, and an impatience of fools and underlings. In Italy he sought for men, and found none. "Good God!" he said, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two—Dandolo and Melzi." RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



## EULOGIUM ON SHAKSPEARE.

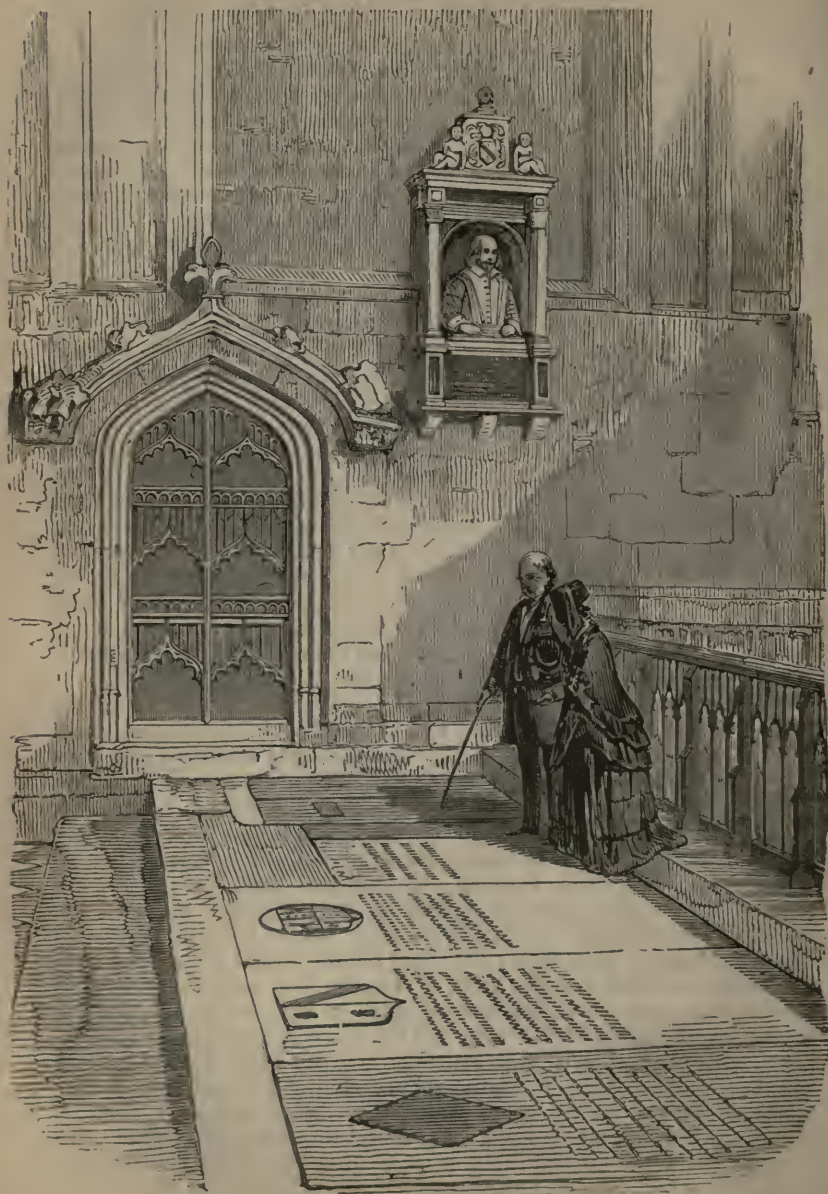


SHAKSPEARE is, in truth, an author whose mimic creation agrees, in general, so perfectly with that of nature, that it is not only wonderful in the great, but opens another scene of amazement to the discoveries of the microscope. We have been charged indeed by a foreign writer (Voltaire) with an over-much admiring of this barbarian. Whether we have admired with knowledge, or have blindly followed those feelings of affection which we could not resist, I cannot tell ; but, certain it is, that to the labours of his editors he has not been over-much obliged. They are, however, for the most part, of the first rank in literary fame ; but some of them had possessions of their own in Parnassus, of an extent too great and important to allow of a very diligent attention to the interests of others ; and among those critics more professedly so, the ablest and the best has unfortunately looked more to

the praise of ingenious than of just conjecture.

Yet, whatever may be the neglect of some, or the censure of others, there are those who firmly believe that this wild, this uncultivated barbarian has not yet obtained one half of his fame ; and who trust that some new Stagyrte will arise, who, instead of pecking at the surface of things, will enter into the inward soul of his compositions, and expel, by the force of congenial feelings, those foreign impurities which have stained and disgraced his page. And as to those spots which will still remain, they may, perhaps, become invisible to those who shall seek them through the medium of his beauties, instead of looking for those beauties—as is too frequently done—through the smoke of some real or imputed obscurity. When the hand of time shall have swept off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Apalachian mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Nova Scotia shall resound with the accents of this barbarian. In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of Nature ; nor shall the griefs of *Lear* be alleviated, or the charms and wit of *Rosalind* be abated by time. There is, indeed, nothing perishable about him, except that very learning he is said so much to want. He had not, it is true, enough for the demands of the age in which he lived, but he had, perhaps, too much for the reach of his genius and the interest of his fame. Milton and he will carry the decayed remnants and fripperies of ancient mythology into more distant ages than

they are by their own force entitled to extend ; and the “Metamorphoses” of Ovid, upheld by them, lay in a new claim to unmerited immortality.



SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB IN STRATFORD CHURCH.



Shakspeare is a name so interesting, that it is excusable to stop a moment ; nay, it would be indecent to pass him without the tribute of admiration. He differs essentially from all other writers. Him we may profess rather to feel than to understand ; and it is safer to say, on many occasions, that we are possessed by him than that we possess him. And no wonder : he scatters the seeds of things, the principles of character and action, with so cunning a hand, yet with so careless an air ; and, master of our feelings, submits himself so little to our judgment, that everything seems superior. We discern not his course—we see no connexion of cause and effect—we are wrapt in ignorant admiration, and claim no kindred with his abilities. All the incidents, all the parts, look like chance, while we feel and are sensible that the whole is design. His characters not only speak and act in strict conformity to nature, but in strict relation to us : just so much is shown as is requisite—just so much is impressed : he commands every passage to our heads and to our hearts, and moulds us as he pleases ; and that with so much ease, that he never betrays his own exertions. We see these characters act, from the mingled motives of passion, reason, interest, habit, and complexion, in all their proportions, when they are supposed to know it not themselves ; and we are made to acknowledge that their actions and sentiments are from those motives the necessary result. He at once blends and distinguishes everything ; everything is complicated, everything is plain. I restrain the further expressions of my admiration, lest they should not seem applicable to man ; but it is really astonishing, that a mere human being, a part of humanity only, should so perfectly comprehend the whole, and that he should possess such exquisite art, that, whilst every woman and every child shall feel the whole effect, his learned editors and commentators should yet so very frequently mistake, or seem ignorant of the cause. A sceptre, or a straw, is in his hands of equal efficacy : he needs no selection ; he converts everything into excellence ; nothing is too great, nothing is too base. Is a character efficient, like *Richard*, it is everything we can wish ; is it otherwise, like *Hamlet*, it is productive of equal admiration. Action produces one mode of excellence, and inaction another. The chronicle, the novel, or the ballad ; the king or the beggar ; the hero, the madman, the sot, or the fool : it is all one—nothing is worse, nothing is better. The same genius pervades and is equally admirable in all. Or, is a character to be shown in progressive change, and the events of years comprised within an hour, with what a magic hand does he prepare and scatter his spells ! The understanding must in the first place be subdued ; and, lo, how the rooted prejudices of the child spring up to confound the man ! The weird sisters rise, and order is extinguished. The laws of nature give way, and leave nothing in our minds but wildness and horror. No pause is allowed us for reflection ; horrid sentiment, furious guilt and compunction, air-drawn daggers, murders, ghosts, and enchantment, shake and possess us wholly. In the meantime the process is completed. *Macbeth* changes under our eye ; the milk of human kindness is converted into gall ; he has “supped full of horrors,” and his “May of life has fallen into the scree, the yellow leaf ;” whilst we, the fools of amazement, are insensible to the shifting of place and the lapse of time ; and, till the curtain drops, never once wake to the truth of things, or recognise the laws of existence.

SIR CHARLES MORGAN.



## XI.—THE YOUTH OF NELSON.



ORATIO NELSON entered the Navy in December, 1770, as a midshipman of the *Raisonné*, where, however, as the dispute which had at that time arisen with Spain relative to a harbour in the Falkland Islands was soon settled, he remained only five months, being then sent aboard a merchant ship bound to the West Indies, commanded by Mr. John Rathbone, who had formerly been in the Navy,

and served with Captain Suckling in the *Dreadnought*, 60 guns. The captain of the merchantman had suffered disappointment in his views as to the Navy, and entertained no goodwill to the service. He failed not to infuse a portion of this ill feeling into Horatio Nelson, who, in an Autobiographical Sketch in the "Naval Chronicle," says, "If I did not improve in my education, I returned a practical seaman, with a horror of the Royal Navy, and with a saying then constant with the seamen, 'Aft the most honour, forward the better man!'" This prejudice had

taken so firm a hold on the mind of Nelson, that it was some time ere it was dissipated, and he reconciled to his position and the service. The desire, however, of being "at the top of the tree," soon aroused his ambition, for, upon his return from the West Indies, when being appointed Midshipman of the *Triumph*, 74 guns, a guard-ship in the Medway, stationed at Chatham, and under the command of Captain Suckling, he zealously exerted himself to become a good seaman, attended closely to navigation, and as a reward for his good conduct was permitted to go in the cutter and decked long-boat attached to the Commanding Officer's ship at Chatham. He has referred to this service as being very advantageous to him, for having frequently to go from Chatham to the Tower of London, down the Swin, and to the North Foreland, he acquired a knowledge of pilotage which in after life became exceedingly useful, and, to quote his own language, afforded him "the very greatest comfort." After serving on board the *Triumph* (where he was rated as "Captain's servant" for one year, two months, and two days; and "Midshipman," ten months, one week, and five days), he was removed to the *Carcass*, Captain Skeffington Lutwidge; then to the *Seahorse*, Captain Farmer; and afterwards to the *Dolphin*, Captain James Pigott. During his term of service as midshipman, which extended over a period of four years, it will be seen that he had the advantage of serving under commanders of distinguished ability.

Having passed his examination for Lieutenant on the 9th of April, 1777, before a Board of which Captain Suckling was at the head, having suc-

ceeded Sir Hugh Palliser as a Comptroller of the Navy, he was appointed on the following day as Second Lieutenant to the *Lowestoffe*, 32 guns, Captain William Locker, whose heart Nelson won early by his noble and gallant bearing, on the occasion of the *Lowestoffe* taking an American letter of marque. The First Lieutenant was ordered by Captain Locker to board the vessel, but the sea ran so high, that he was unable to reach her, and returned without having effected his object. The Captain impetuously demanded whether he had an officer who could board the prize? The Master immediately offered, but was interrupted by Nelson, the Second Lieutenant, who exclaimed, "It is my turn now. If I come back, it will be yours." He leaped into the boat, and, by his great expertness in the management of her, got on board and took possession of the vessel. From this moment he had the entire confidence of his superior officer.



With Captain Locker Nelson went to Jamaica, but not finding the duty sufficiently active for his mind, he quitted it, and removed into the *Little Lucy*, a schooner attached to the *Lowestoffe* frigate; and he captured the *Abigail* schooner from François, bound to Nantucket, after a chase of eight hours. He subsequently served in the *Bristol*, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, to whom he was recommended by Captain Locker, and rose from Third Lieutenant to be the First. Promoted to the rank of Commander, he was appointed to the *Badger* brig, December 8, 1778. The service on which this vessel was ordered, was to protect the Mosquito



shore and the Bay of Honduras against the depredations of the American privateers. He was equally an object of the admiration and attachment of the settlers; and upon receiving their thanks at his departure, he was solicited, in the event of a war breaking out with Spain, to describe their situation to Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker and to the Governor of Jamaica, General Sir John Dalling. Whilst engaged in the command of this vessel, the *Glasgow*, 20 guns, Captain Thomas Lloyd, came into Montego Bay, Jamaica, where the *Badger* was then lying; and Nelson says, that in two hours afterwards she took fire by a cask of rum, and that, by the joint exertions of Captain Lloyd and himself, the whole crew were rescued from destruction.—PETTIGREW'S *Life of Nelson*.

## XII.—VINDICATION OF THE CHARACTER OF JAMES I.



ARLY in life James I. had displayed the talent of apt allusion, and his classical wit on the Spaniards, that "He expected no other favour from them than the courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses—to be the last devoured," delighted Elizabeth, and has even entered into our history. Arthur Wilson, at the close of his life of James I., has preserved one of his apophthegms, while he censures him for not making timely use of it: "Let that prince who would beware of conspiracies, be rather jealous of such whom his extraordinary favours have advanced, than of those whom his displeasure hath discontented. *These* want means to execute their pleasure, but *those* have means at pleasure to execute their desires." Wilson himself ably develops this important state-observation, by adding, that ambition to rule is more vehement than malice to revenge—a pointed reflection, which rivals a maxim of Rochefoucault.

The King observed, that "Very wise men and very fools do little harm; it is the mediocrity of wisdom that troubleth all the world." He described, by a lively image, the differences which rise in argument:—"Men, in arguing, are often carried by the force of words farther asunder than their question was at first; like two ships going out of the same haven, their landing is many times whole countries distant."

One of the great national grievances, as it appeared both to the Government and the people, in James's reign, was the perpetual growth of the metropolis; and the nation, like an hypochondriac, was ludicrously terrified that their head was too monstrous for their body, and drew all the moisture of life from the remoter parts. It is amusing to observe the endless and vain precautions employed to stop all new buildings, and to force persons out of town to reside at their country mansions. Proclamations warned and exhorted, but the very interference of prohibition rendered the crowded town more delightful. One of its attendant calamities was the prevalent one of that day—the plague; and one of those state libels, which were early suppressed, or never printed, entitled "*Balaam's Ass*," has this passage:—"In this deluge of new buildings, we shall be all poisoned with breathing in one another's faces; and your Majesty hath



most truly said, 'England will shortly be London, and London England.' It was the popular wish, that country gentlemen should reside more on their estates; and it was on this occasion that the King made that admirable allusion, which has been in our days repeated in the House of Commons:—"Gentlemen residing on their estates were like ships in port; their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged: but, when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated." The King abounded with similar observations, for he drew from life more than even from books.

James is reproached for being deficient in political sagacity; notwithstanding that he somewhat prided himself on what he denominated "king's craft." This is the fate of a pacific and domestic prince!

"A king," says James, "ought to be a preserver of his people, as well of their fortunes as of their lives, and not a destroyer of his subjects. Were I to make such a war as the King of France doth, with such tyranny, on his own subjects—with Protestants on one side, and his soldiers drawn to slaughter on the other—I would put myself in a monastery all my life afterwards, and repent me that I had brought my subjects to such misery."

That James was an adept in this "king's craft," by which term he meant the science of politics, but which has been so often mis-interpreted in an ill sense, even the confession of such a writer as Sir Anthony Weldon testifies, who acknowledges that "no prince living knew how to make use of men better than King James." He certainly foresaw the spirit of the Commons, and predicted to the Prince and Buckingham events which occurred after his death. When Prince Charles was encouraging the frequent petitions of the Commons, James told him, "You will live to have your bellyful of petitions." The following anecdote may serve to prove his political sagacity:—When the Emperor of Germany, instigated by the Pope and his own state interests, projected a crusade against the Turks, he solicited from James the aid of 3000 Englishmen; the wise and pacific monarch, in return, advised the Emperor's ambassador to apply to France and Spain, as being more nearly concerned in this project: but the ambassador very ingeniously argued, that James being a more remote prince, would more effectually alarm the Turks, from a notion of a general armament of the Christian princes against them. James got rid of the importunate ambassador by observing that "three thousand Englishmen would do no more hurt to the Turks, than fleas to their skins: great attempts may do good by a destruction, but little only stir up anger to hurt themselves."

His vein of familiar humour flowed at all times, and his facetiousness was sometimes indulged at the cost of his royalty. In those unhappy differences between him and his parliament, one day mounting his horse, which, though usually sober and quiet, began to bound and prance, "Sirrah!" exclaimed the King, who seemed to fancy that his favourite prerogative was somewhat resisted on this occasion, "if you be not quiet, I'll send you to the five hundred kings in the lower house; they'll quickly tame you." When one of the Lumleys was pushing on his lineal ascent beyond the patience of his hearers, the King, to cut short the tedious descendant of the Lumleys, cried out, "Stop, man! thou needest no more; now I learn that Adam's surname was Lumley!" When Colonel Gray, a military adventurer of that day, just returned from Germany, seemed vain

of his accoutrements, on which he had spent his all, the King, staring at this buckled, belted, sworded, and pistoled, but ruined Martinet, observed, that "This town was so well fortified, that, were it victualled, it might be impregnable."—DISRAELI'S *Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James the First.*



DISRAELI.

### XIII.—HORRORS AND ATROCITIES OF WAR.—STORMING OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

THE morning of the 31st of August, 1813, broke heavily, a thick fog hid every object, and the besiegers' batteries could not open until eight o'clock. From that hour a constant shower of heavy missiles was poured upon the besieged until eleven, when Robinson's brigade getting out of the trenches passed through the openings in the sea-wall and was launched boldly against the breaches. While the head of the column was still gathering on the strand, about thirty yards from the salient angle of the horn-work, twelve men, commanded by a sergeant, whose heroic death has not sufficed to preserve his name, running violently forward, leaped upon the covered way with intent to cut the sausage of the enemy's mines. The French, startled by this sudden assault, fired the train prematurely, and though the sergeant

and his brave followers were all destroyed, and the high sea-wall was thrown with dreadful crash upon the head of the advancing column, not more than forty men were crushed by the ruins, and the rush of the troops was scarcely checked. The forlorn hope had already passed beyond the play of the mine, and now speeded along the strand, amidst a shower of grape and shells: the leader, Lieutenant Macguire, of the fourth regiment, conspicuous from his long white plume, his fine figure, and his swiftness, bounded far ahead of his men, in all the pride of youthful strength and courage, but at the foot of the great breach he fell dead, and the stormers went sweeping like a dark surge over his body; many died, however, with him, and the trickling of wounded men to the rear was incessant.

This time there was a broad strand left by the retreating tide, and the sun had dried the rocks, yet they disturbed the order and closeness of the formation. The distance to the main breach was still nearly two hundred yards; and the French, seeing the first mass of assailants pass the horn-work regardless of its broken bastion, immediately abandoned the front, and crowding on the river face of that work, poured their musketry into the flank of the second column, as it rushed along a few yards below them; but the soldiers still running forward toward the breach, returned this fire without slackening their speed. The batteries of the Monte Orgullo and the St. Elmo now sent their showers of shot and shells: the two pieces on the cavalier swept the face of the breach in the bastion of St. John; and the four-pounder in the horn-work being suddenly mounted on the broken bastion, poured grape-shot into their rear.

Thus scourged with fire from all sides, the stormers, their array broken alike by the shot and by the rocks they passed over, reached their destinations, and the head of the first column gained the top of the great breach; but the unexpected gulf below could only be passed at a few places where meagre parcels of the burned houses were still attached to the rampart, and the deadly clatter of the French muskets from the loop-holed wall beyond soon strewn the narrow crest of the ruins with dead. In vain the following multitude covered the ascent, seeking an entrance at every part: to advance was impossible, and the mass of assailants, slowly sinking downwards, remained stubborn and immovable on the lower part of the breach. Here they were covered from the musketry in front; but from several isolated points, especially the tower of Las Hornos, under which the great mine was placed, the French still smote them with small-arms, and the artillery from the Monte Orgullo poured shells and grape without intermission.

Such was the state of affairs at the great breach, and at the half bastion of St. John it was even worse. The access to the top of the high curtain being quite practicable, the efforts to force a way were more persevering and constant, and the slaughter was in proportion; for the traverse on the flank, cutting it off from the cavalier, was defended by French grenadiers who would not yield: the two pieces on the cavalier itself swept along the front face of the opening, and the four-pounder and the musketry from the horn-work swept in like manner along the river face. In the midst of this destruction, some sappers and a working party attached to the assaulting columns endeavoured to form a lodgment; but no artificial materials had been provided, and most of the labourers were killed before they could raise the loose rocky fragments into a cover.

During this time the besiegers' artillery kept up a constant counter-fire,



which killed many of the French; and the reserve brigades of the fifth division were pushed on by degrees to feed the attack, until the left wing of the ninth regiment only remained in the trenches. The volunteers, also, who had been with difficulty restrained in the trenches, calling out to know "why they had been brought there, if they were not to lead the assault?" These men, whose presence had given such offence to General Leith, that he would have kept them altogether from the assault, being now let loose, went like a whirlwind to the breaches, and again the crowded masses swarmed up the face of the ruins; but reaching the crest-line, they came down like a falling wall: crowd after crowd were seen to mount, to totter, and to sink; the deadly French fire was unabated, the smoke floated away, and the crest of the breach bore no living man.

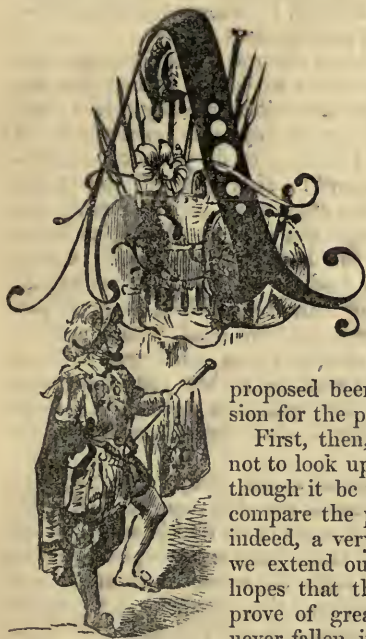
Five hours the dreadful battle had lasted at the walls, and now the stream of war went pouring into the town. The undaunted governor still disputed the victory for a short time with the aid of his barricades, but several hundreds of his men being cut off and taken in the horn-work, his garrison was so reduced that even to effect a retreat behind the line of defences which separated the town from the Monte Orgullo was difficult. Many of his troops, flying from the horn-work along the harbour flank of the town, broke through a body of the British who had reached the vicinity of the fortified convent of Santa Teresa before them, and this post was the only one retained by the French in the town. It was thought by some distinguished officers engaged in the action, that Monte Orgullo might have been carried on this day, if a commander of sufficient rank to direct the troops had been at hand: but, whether from wounds or accident, no general entered the place until long after the breach had been won; the commanders of battalions were embarrassed for want of orders, and a thunder-storm, which came down from the mountains with unbounded fury immediately after the place was carried, added to the confusion of the fight.—NAPIER'S *History of the Peninsular War*.



# ANCIENT ELOQUENCE.

## I.—SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS,

EXCITING THEM TO PROSECUTE THE WAR AGAINST PHILIP WITH VIGOUR.



THENIANS! Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have waited to hear the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they had proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But, as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there had been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me entreat you not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising: for, as, on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have, indeed, a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will

appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances; from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedæmonian war was sustained, in which we engaged in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state; and this within these few years past. My intention, in recalling to your memory this part of our history,

is to shew you that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages, by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected that Princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly, if you will, even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances, the rich by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? when irresistible necessity drives you? What think ye of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity, or do ye wait for something yet to come, more forcible and urgent? How long will you amuse yourselves with enquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What, is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered; "but he is very ill." How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead; for it is not his strength that has made him what he is, but your indolence, which has of late been such, that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take; whereas you Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war—as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither; if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence; you attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general: but you never think of striking out for yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being beforehand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time; but, in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous!

Oh, shame to the Athenian name! We undertook this war against Philip in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined. For who can think that a Prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity present him? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it? And who will oblige him—who will restrain



his fury? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country? In the name of all that is sacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise; if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish, let us do somewhat to curb this insolent tyrant of his pursuits. Let us not trifle away the time in hearing the ineffectual wranglings of orators, while the enemy is strengthening himself and we are declining, and our allies growing more and more cold to our interest, and more apprehensive of the consequences of continuing on our side.

DEMOSTHENES.

## II.—PART OF CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in your power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state; viz. that in prosecutions men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted—I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public; but, if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanics? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated! The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman Senate upon their coming under the protection of the Commonwealth, nor of the natural and inalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions

extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the Commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the Commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish; the ancient monuments of either Siellian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes carried off, and the temples stripped of their images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name but could reckon up his actions. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any Prince or any state committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

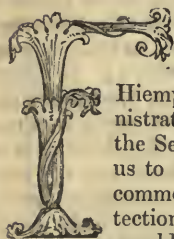
O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred

privilege of Roman citizenship ! once sacred—now trampled upon ! But what then ? Is it come to this ? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen ? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance ?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

CICERO'S *Oration*s.

### III.—SPEECH OF ADHERBAL TO THE ROMAN SENATE, IMPLORING THEIR ASSISTANCE AGAINST JUGURTHA.



ATHERS ! It is known to you that King Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the Senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war ; assuring us that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind, breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a Prince to be reduced, by villany, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough, but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve anything at your hands, and has forced me to be burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful Prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy who has seized my throne and kingdom ; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitress of the world, to protect the injured, and to check



the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the Senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched Prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity, that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must then the Royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks: our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But, instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with Royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late King flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—oh, whither shall I fly? If I return to the Royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbue in my blood those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge or for assistance to any other courts, from what Prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My Royal father is no more; he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation; but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the Royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross, others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

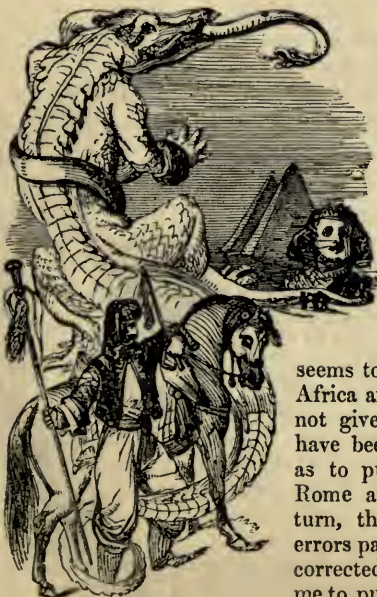
Look down, illustrious Senators of Rome, from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a Prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a King, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that he labours, by his emissaries, to prevent your determining anything against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might for him have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his bloodthirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight! But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, of kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family; but, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood; but he lies in peace; he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life; so far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched Prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty. SALLUST.

#### IV.—HANNIBAL TO SCIPIO AFRICANUS, AT THEIR

##### INTERVIEW PRECEDING THE BATTLE OF ZAMA.



SINCE Fate has ordained it, that I, who began this war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace, I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it—the shores of Africa and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors passed may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate

contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of Fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom Fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal who, after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of Fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you and for the Roman name. And do not tell me that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

#### SCIPIO'S ANSWER.

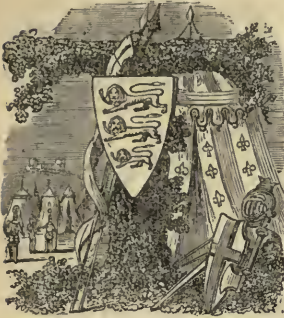
I KNEW very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions everything but what we are, and have been long possessed of. But, as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligation to you of being eased from a great part of their burdens, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man and the power of Fortune, and that whatever we enterprise is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But, as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The Senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty; as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when,



instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

HOOKE.

## V.—SPEECH OF TITUS QUINCTIUS TO THE ROMANS.



HOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it; posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such that I had no reason to presage much good; but could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have

befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed), have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt? Rome taken while I was consul! Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise? the consuls or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame, may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice; they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the Senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded—we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates; the *Æsquiline* is near being taken; and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the gaols with our chief nobles; and, when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the *Æsquiline* gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go, then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They'll give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth. If you can but summon up your former courage; if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

HOOKE.

## VI.—THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER, ON HIS PREPARING TO ATTACK THEIR COUNTRY.



If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time; you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the

branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general

robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia ; you have seized Syria ; you are master of Persia ; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India : all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct ! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety ; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you ? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars ; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win and to preserve ; and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible ; for what people choose to be under foreign dominion ?

If you will cross the Tanaïs, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business, you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit ; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp ; for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained ; catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, that Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon ; it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanaïs ; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing : but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people ; there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed ; even in peace the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom, but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous ; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them for allies or for enemies.

Q. CURTIUS.



## VII.—DEMOSTHENES AGAINST PHILIP.



WHEN I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy; but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with a variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions; and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice.

'Tis true, there was a time, when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians, there was such a juncture; I remember it well. But, by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders: it will be well for us, if we can provide for our own defence and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance or want of judgment, but through negligence or treachery. If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths which have no other end but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall, therefore, be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

You may remember, it is not above three or four years since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace. It was, as I think, in October we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents; forty men of war were ordered to sea; and so zealous we were, that, preferring the necessities of state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five-and-forty years were commanded to serve. What followed? A whole year was spent idly without any thing done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charedemus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half manned!

A rumour was spread, that Philip was sick. That rumour was followed by another, that Philip was dead. And then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations: whereas, then, then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves, and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had then been as terrible to Philip, as Philip, recovered, is now to you. "To what purpose, at this time, these reflections? What is done cannot be undone." But, by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be

repeated. Have we not, now, a fresh provocation to war? Let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

It is not, surely, necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Had your resolutions, of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day, as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed, then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigour. You have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? What occasion so happy? And when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not at this instant straiten and invade your confederates whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? a faithless ally? the usurper of provinces, to which he has no title or pretence? a stranger? a barbarian? a tyrant? and, indeed, what is he not?

Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears from the practices of your ancestors. They were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent, they continued arbiters of all Greece for the space of forty-five years, without interruption: a public fund of no less than ten thousand talents was ready for any emergency: they exercised over the kings of Macedon that authority which is due to barbarians; obtained, both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and by their noble exploits transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished, but, above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies. But, visit their own private habitations: visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity; you will find nothing, not the least mark of ornament to distinguish them from their neighbours. They took part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public: they had no scheme or ambition, but for the public; nor knew any interest, but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, O men of Athens! were your ancestors: so glorious in the eye of the world; so bountiful and munificent to their country; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, of these great men? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage; when the Lacedæmonians are disabled; the Thebans employed in troubles of their own; when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you; in short, when you are at full liberty; when you have the opportunity and the

power to become, once more, the sole arbiters of Greece—you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war; and, to sum up all, you, yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? let him arise and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. “But,” you reply, “what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendour at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity; a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified?” Away with such trifles! shall I be paid with counters? An old square new vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct! Are these acquisitions to boast of? Cast your eyes upon the magistrate, under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the Commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished!

To what are we to impute these disorders; and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times? The reason is plain. The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; punishments and rewards were properties of the people; all honours, and dignities, and preferments were disposed by the voice and favour of the people; but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You miserable people! the meanwhile, without money, without friends; from being the ruler are become the servant; from being the master, the dependent: happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if, recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers; if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands; if you would charge yourselves with your own defence, employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home; the world might, once more, behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians. “You would have us then (you say) do service in our armies, in our own persons; and, for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive in time of peace accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?” Yes, Athenians, ’tis my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace? the public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay, in defence of your benefactors, what you receive in peace, as mere bounty. Thus, without any innovation; without altering or abolishing any thing but pernicious novelties, introduced for the en-



couragement of sloth and idleness; by converting only, for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, upon the unprofitable—you may be well served in your armies; your troops regularly paid; justice duly administered; the public revenues reformed and increased; and every member of the Commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state.

This, O men of Athens! is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion. May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general good of our country!

DEMOSTHENES.

## VIII.—SPEECH OF HANNIBAL TO THE CARTHAGINIAN

### ARMY.



KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by Fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left: not a ship to fly to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations; all these, with the masters of them, will be yours.

You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which Fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour: it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy

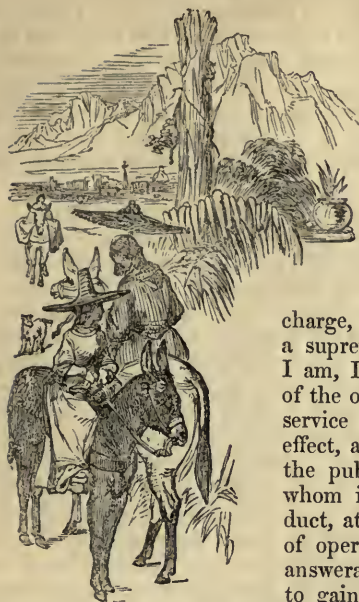
has given a bloody battle; and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much valour and success) from the very Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater still, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom should one place the two armies, without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he was consul! I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one, of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry: you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge. First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! everything must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace. You are to set us bounds—to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! "Pass not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus—move not a step towards that city." It is a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possession—Sicily and Sardinia? You would have Spain too! Well, we shall yield Spain, and then you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say? This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa—the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither: but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory! Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

HOOKE.

## IX.—CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS.



It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation, and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to dis-

charge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposi-

tion from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the Commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body?—a person of illustrious birth, of an ancient family, of



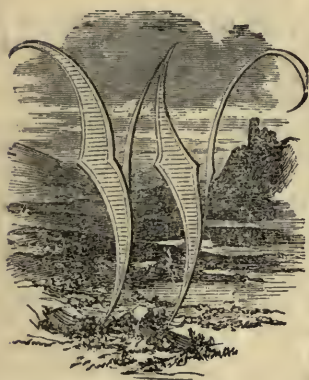
innumerable statues, but of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitudes of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth, against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy, likewise, my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors: and they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary—for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can

shew the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces. SALLUST.

## X.—SPEECH OF CANULEIUS, A ROMAN TRIBUNE.



HAT an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but, what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers? And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask anything unreasonable or new? do we claim more than their original inherent right? What

occasion, then, for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most erroneous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made King of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was), obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous was rejected, or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper less for that? were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing now that a plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

But "we find, that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate." And what of that? before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days there was no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we

have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of Patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free estate. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician; those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear that we shall force anybody into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in the families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place; they might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a Patrician or a plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, Consuls and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages by leading them into the field?

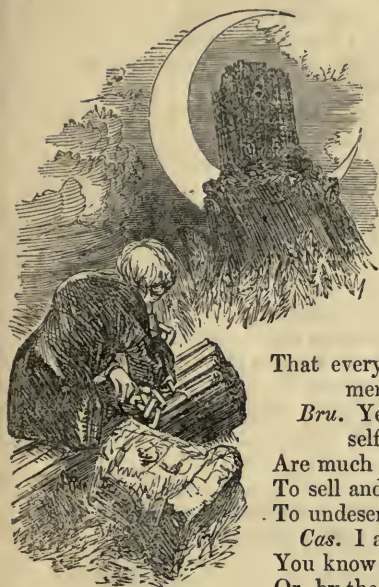
Hear me, Consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city, I declare, as Tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the Senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more enlist themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

HOOKE.



# DRAMATIC READINGS.

## I.—BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.



*CASSIUS.* That you have wrong'd  
me doth appear in this—  
You have condemn'd and noted  
Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sar-  
dians ;  
Wherein my letters (praying on his  
side,  
Because I knew the man) were  
sighted off.

*Brutus.* You wrong'd yourself  
to write in such a cause.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it  
is not meet

That every nice offence should bear its com-  
ment.

*Bru.* Yet, let me tell you, Cassius, you your-  
self

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm !

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last !

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the Ides of March remember.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman !

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me ;  
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,  
To hedge me in. I am a soldier  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to! you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more; I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is 't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more; fret till your proud heart break.

Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier;  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of nobler men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:  
I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For you life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me.

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven! I had rather coin my heart

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection! I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions;

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Cains Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him in pieces.

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not; he was but a fool

That brought my answer back—Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not. Still you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they did appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony! and young Octavius come!

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius:

For Cassius is aweary of the world—

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast—within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth;

I that denied thee gold, will give my heart.

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me,

Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*.



## II.—MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.

MACBETH—*solus*.

IF it were done, when it is done, then 'twere well  
 It were done quickly. If the assassination  
 Could trammel up the consequenc, and catch  
 With his surcease, success! That but this blow  
 Might be the be-all, and the end-all here!  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come. But, in these eases,  
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor. Thus, even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;  
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bare the knife myself. Besides this, Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off!  
 And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
 Upon the sightless coursers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur,  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other——How now! What news?

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd;  
 Why have you left the chamber?

*Macbeth.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?

*Macbeth.* We will proceed no further in this business:  
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside too soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale,  
 At what it did so freely? From this time,  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,

Letting "I dare not," wait upon "I would,"  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macbeth.* Pr'ythee, peace :  
I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*Macbeth.*

### III.—ON CRITICISM.



ND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? Oh, against all rule, my Lord—most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling; and betwixt the nominative case, which your Lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times; three seconds and three-fifths, by a stop-watch, my Lord, each time. Admirable grammarian!

But, in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look? I looked only at the stop-watch, my Lord. Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about? Oh, 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord—quite an irregular thing; not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, &c., my Lord, in my pocket. Excellent critic!

And for the epic poem your Lordship bid me look at; upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's, 'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimensions. Admirable connoisseur!

And did you step in to look at the grand picture in your way back? 'Tis a melancholy daub! my Lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group! And what a price! for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian, the expression of Rubens, the grace of Raphael, the purity of Domenichino, the corregiescity of Correggio, the learning of the Poussins, the airs of Guido, the taste of the Caraccis, or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience, just Heaven! Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting! I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands, be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

STERNE.

At first, the infant,  
Mewling and pinking in the nurse's arms.



SHAKSPEARE'S "SEVEN AGES."—INFANCY.



#### IV.—BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar—this is my answer : Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves? than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him ! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, but death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak—for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None?—then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death !

There comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony ; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the Commonwealth—as which of you shall not ?

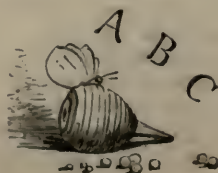
With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Julius Cæsar.*

#### V.—THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their entrances and their exits ;  
And one man, in his time, plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair, round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.



Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big, manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in the sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange, eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing !

*As You Like It.*

# VI.—MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen ! lend me your ears :  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do, lives after them ;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones :  
 So let it be with Cæsar !—The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you, “ Cæsar was ambitious.”  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it !  
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—  
 For Brutus is an honourable man—  
 So are they all, all honourable men—  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious—  
 And Brutus is an honourable man !  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this, in Cæsar, seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff !  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And Brutus is an honourable man !  
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And sure he is an honourable man !  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am, to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once ; not without cause :  
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?  
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me :  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.





And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.



If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle: I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on—  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii!  
 Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through!  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made!  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd!  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!  
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all;  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart,  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood—great Cæsar fell!  
 Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us!  
 Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!  
 Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!  
 Here is himself—marr'd as you see—by traitors!

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
 They that have done this deed are honourable!  
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,  
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
 That love my friend—and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him—  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech  
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on:  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds—poor, poor, dumb mouths—  
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony,  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

*Julius Cæsar.*



Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth.





VII.—CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

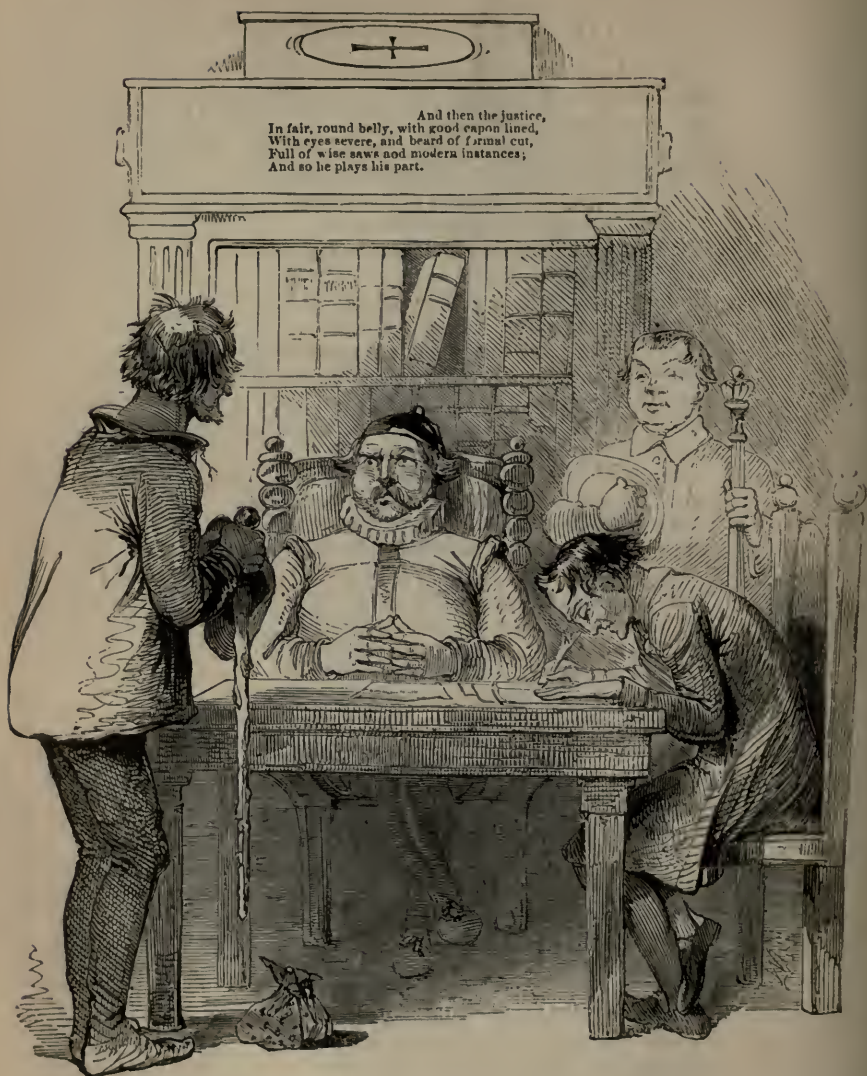
It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!  
 Else, whence this pleasing hope; this fond desire;  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us—  
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being—  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—  
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works—he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar:  
 I'm weary of conjectures; this must end them—  
 (*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thus am I doubly arm'd—my death! and life!  
 My bane and antidote are both before me.  
 This, in a moment, brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die!  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point!  
 The stars shall fade away; the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

ADDISON'S *Cato*.

VIII.—HAMLET ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the everlasting had not fixed  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O heaven! O heaven  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
 Fie on't! Oh, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead!—Nay, not so much, not two:  
 So excellent a king that was to this—



SHAKESPEARE'S "SEVEN AGES."—THE JUSTICE.

Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !  
 Must I remember ? Why, she would hang on him  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month—  
 Let me not think on't. Frailty, thy name is woman  
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old,  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears ; why, she, even she—  
 O heaven ! a beast that wants discourse of reason  
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle—  
 My father's brother, but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules !  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good ;  
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

*Hamlet.*

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IX.—IMOGENE FRANTIC AT HER DISGRACE.

AWAY ! thou glarest on me ! thy light is hateful !  
 Whom doth the dark wind chide so hollowly ?  
 The very stones shrink from my steps of guilt :  
 Another daughter dries a father's tears ;  
 Another sister claims a brother's love ;  
 An injured husband hath no other wife  
 Save her who wrought him shame.  
 Oh ! that a mountain's weight were cast upon me !  
 Oh ! that the wide, wild ocean heaved over me !  
 Oh ! that I could into the earthly centre  
 Sink and be nothing !  
 If I run mad, some wild word will betray me :  
 Nay—let me think. What am I ? No. What was I ?  
 I was the honour'd wife of Aldobrand ;  
 I am the scorned minion of a ruffian.  
 If I could waft away this low-hung mist  
 That darkens o'er my brow ;  
 If I could unbind this burning band  
 That tightens round my heart—  
 No—Guilt rivets fast this hot badge of my infamy  
 ——Or night or morning is it ?  
 I wist not which—a dull and dismal twilight,  
 Pervading all things and confounding all things,  
 Doth hover o'er my senses and my soul.  
 The moon shines on me, but it doth not light me ;  
 The surge glides past me, but it breathes not on me.  
 My child ! Where art thou ? Come to me .  
 I know thou hidest thyself for sport to mock me ;  
 Yet, come—for I am scared with loneliness.  
 I'll call on thee no more. Lo ! there he glides—



The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in the sound.

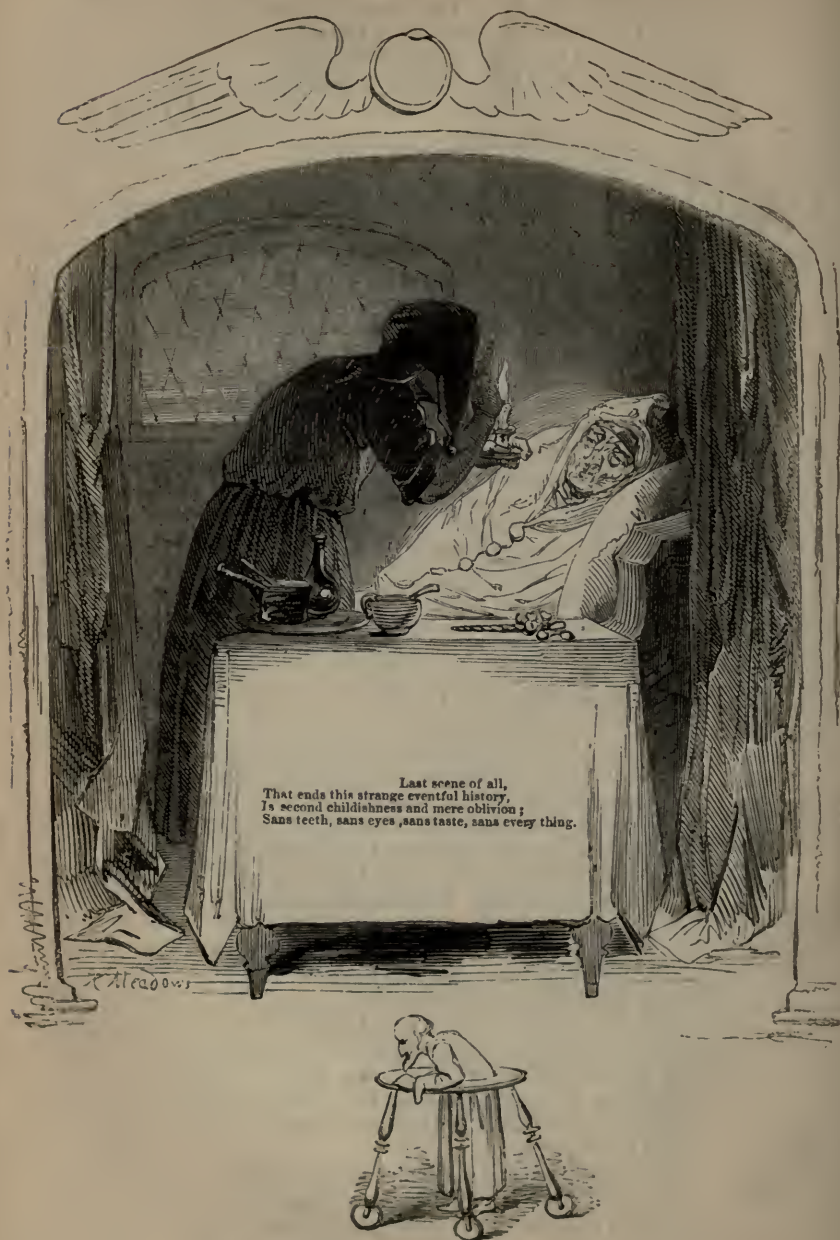


And there, and there : he flies from me—he laughs.  
I'll sing thee songs the churchyard spirits taught me—  
I'll sit all night on the grey tombs with thee,  
So thou wilt turn to me. He's gone—he's gone !

MATURIN.

# X.—SOLILOQUY OF THE BENIGHTED LADY IN "COMUS."

THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath  
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence  
Of such late wassailers ; yet, oh ! where else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket-side  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain :  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest  
They had engaged their wandering steps too far,  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars  
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller ?  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence, even now, the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife and perfect in my listening ear ;  
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
The virtuous mind that ever walks attended



SHAKSPEAER'S "SEVEN AGES,"—SECOND CHILDHOOD.



By a strong siding champion, conscience.  
 Oh, welcome pure-eyed Faith! white-handed Hope!  
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!  
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe,  
 That He, the supreme good, to whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.

MILTON.

XI.—HAMLET TO THE GHOST.

ANGELS and ministers of grace, defend us!  
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd—  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell—  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet—  
 King—Father—Royal Dane! Oh! answer me;  
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
 Hath oped its ponderous and marble jaws  
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon;  
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature,  
 So horribly to shake our dispositions,  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

*Hamlet.*

XII.—MACBETH, WHEN HIS IMAGINATION HAD CONJURED  
 UP THE IMAGE OF A DAGGER.

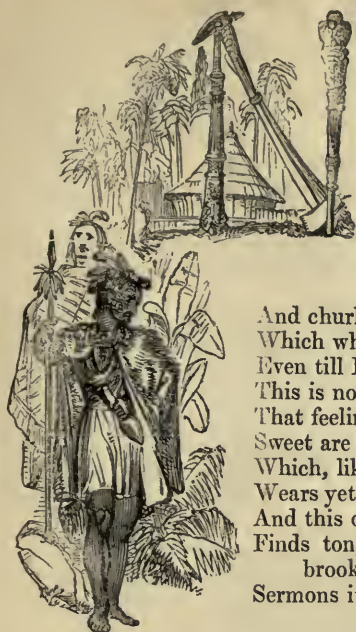
Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—  
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still!  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind—a false creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going!  
 And such an instrument I was to use!  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest.' I see thee still,  
 And on the blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before ! There's no such thing  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er one half the world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf—  
 Whose howl's his watch—thus, with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing stride, towards his design,  
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it. (*A bell rings.*)  
 I go—and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell,  
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. *Macbeth.*

### XIII.—RICHMOND TO HIS SOLDIERS.

FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving friends,  
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
 Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we march'd on without impediment !  
 Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,  
 Whose ravenous appetite has spoiled your fields,  
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd  
 Its ripen'd hopes of fair prosperity,  
 Is now even in the centre of the isle.  
 Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel just ;  
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.  
 The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.  
 Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him !  
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As mild behaviour and humility ;  
 But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment !  
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this body on the earth's cold face ;  
 But, if we thrive, the glory of the action  
 The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.  
 Advance your standards ! Draw your willing swords !  
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,  
 The word, " St. George ! Richmond ! and Victory !"  
*Richard the Third.*

XIV.—CHEERFULNESS.



OW, my co-mates, and brothers in  
exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life  
more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are  
not these woods  
More free from peril than the en-  
vious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of  
Adam,  
The seasons' difference; as the icy  
fangs

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say—  
This is no flattery; these are councillors,  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.  
*As you Like it.*

XV.—ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIAN SOLDIERS.

My brave associates!—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!  
Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your  
hearts? No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty  
plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous  
spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this,  
can animate their mind, and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight  
for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, our altars,  
and our homes! They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a  
power which they hate; we serve a Monarch whom we love, a God whom  
we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress;  
whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They  
boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our minds, and free us  
from the yoke of error. Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our  
minds who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They  
offer us their protection; yes—such protection as vultures give to lambs,  
covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we  
have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better,  
which they promise! Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour



is the people's choice ; the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy ; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with the hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*.

## XVI.—HAMLET, HORATIO, AND THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

(*The GRAVE-DIGGER sings.*)

*Hamlet.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business ? he sings at grave-making.

*Horatio.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Hamlet.* 'Tis e'en so ; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*The GRAVE-DIGGER sings, and throws up a skull.*

*Hamlet.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone that did the first murder ! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now erreaches.

*Horatio.* It might, my Lord.

*Hamlet.* Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggerheads with them ? Mine aches to think on't.

(*The GRAVE-DIGGER sings, and throws up another skull.*)

*Hamlet.* There's another ; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now ? his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah ?

*Grave-digger.* Mine, sir.

*Hamlet.* I think it be thine, indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

*Grave-digger.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours ; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Hamlet.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine ; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou ly'st.

*Grave-digger.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir ; 'twill away again from me to you.

*Hamlet.* What man dost thou dig it for ?

*Grave-digger.* For no man, sir.

*Hamlet.* For what woman, then ?

*Grave-digger.* For none neither.

*Hamlet.* Who is to be buried in't.

*Grave-digger.* One that was a woman, sir, but—rest her soul !—she's dead.

*Hamlet.* How absolute the knave is ! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

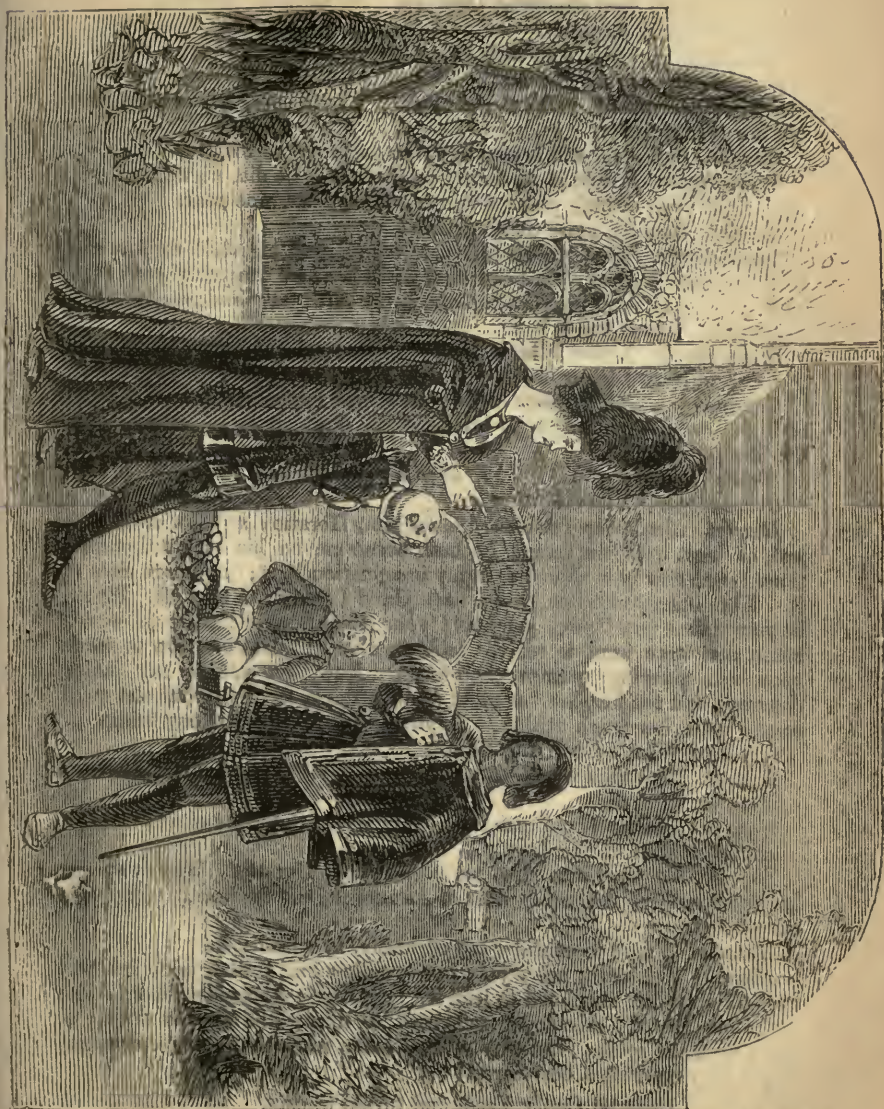
*Grave-digger.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day our late King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Hamlet.* How long is that since ?

*Grave-digger.* Cannot you tell that ? Every fool can tell that ; it was

that very day that young Hamlet was born ; he that is mad and sent into England.

*Hamlet.* Ay, marry, why was he sent to England?



*Grave-digger.* Why ! because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, it is no great matter there.

*Hamlet.* Why ?



*Grave-digger.* 'Twill not be seen in him there—there the men are as mad as he.

*Hamlet.* How came he mad?

*Grave-digger.* Very strangely, they say.

*Hamlet.* How, strangely?

*Grave-digger.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Hamlet.* Upon what ground?

*Grave-digger.* Why, here, in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Hamlet.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*Grave-digger.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

*Hamlet.* Why he, more than another?

*Grave-digger.* Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. There's a skull now has lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

*Hamlet.* Whose was it?

*Grave-digger.* A mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

*Hamlet.* Nay, I know not.

*Grave-digger.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

*Hamlet.* This!

*(Taking up the skull.)*

*Grave-digger.* E'en that.

*Hamlet.* Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorr'd in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning. Quite chap-fallen. Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Horatio.* What's that? my Lord.

*Hamlet.* Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Horatio.* E'en so.

*Hamlet.* And smelt so? pah!

*(Putting down the skull.)*

*Horatio.* E'en so, my Lord.

*Hamlet.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Horatio.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Hamlet.* No, 'faith, not a jot; but, to follow him thither with modesty enough, and with likelihood to lead it. As thus—Alexander died; Alexander was buried; Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!

Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

*Hamlet.*



XVII.—ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

*Antony.* They tell me 'tis my birthday; and I'll keep it  
With double pomp of sadness:

'Tis what the day deserves that gave me breath.

*(He throws himself on the ground.)*

Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;  
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth  
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee.  
Some few days hence, and this will be too large.  
When thou'rt contracted to thy narrow urn,  
Shrunk to a few cold ashes, then Octavia  
Shall bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar,  
And he will weep, the crocodile will weep,  
To see his rival of the universe  
Lie still and peaceful there.

*VENTIDIUS, who has been listening, approaches.*

*Ventidius.* I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

*Antony. (starting up)* Art thou Ventidius?

*Ventidius.* Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him,  
When last I left you.

*Antony.* I'm angry.

*Ventidius.* So am I.

*Antony.* I would be private: leave me.

*Ventidius.* Sir, I love you,  
And therefore will not leave you.

*Antony.* Will not leave me!

Where have you learn'd that answer? Who am I?

*Ventidius.* My emperor; the man I love next heaven:  
You're all that's good and godlike.

*Antony.* All that's wretched!

You will not leave me, then?

*Ventidius.* 'Twere too presuming to say  
I will not: but I dare not leave you;  
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence  
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

*Antony.* Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?  
For if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;  
And if a foe, too much.

*Ventidius.* Look, Emperor, this is no common dew:  
I have not wept these forty years; but now  
My mother comes afresh into mine eyes—  
I cannot help her softness. *(Weeps)*

*Antony.* By Heaven! he weeps; poor, good, old man, he weeps.  
The big, round drops—stop them, stop them, Ventidius,  
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,  
That caused them, full before me.

*Ventidius.* I'll do my best.

*Antony.* Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends  
See! I have caught thy tears. Believe me, 'tis not  
For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father——

*Ventidius.* Emperor!

*Antony.* Emperor! why that's the style of victory;  
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,  
Salutes his general so; but never more  
Shall that sound reach my ears.

*Ventidius.* I warrant you.

*Antony.* Actium! Actium! Oh! it sits upon me.  
Here! here! it lies, a lump of lead by day,  
And in my short, distracted, broken slumbers,  
The hag that rides my dreams!

*Ventidius.* Out with it; give it vent.

*Antony.* Urge not my shame—  
lost a battle

*Ventidius.* So has Julius done.

*Antony.* Thou favour'st me, and speakest not half thou thinkest;  
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:  
But Anton——

*Ventidius.* Nay; stop not.

*Antony.* Ant ——  
(Well, thou wilt have it), like a coward fled—  
Fled while his soldiers fought—fled first, Ventidius;  
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave:  
I know thou camest prepared to rail.

*Ventidius.* I did.

*Antony.* I'll help thee; I have been a man, Ventidius.

*Ventidius.* Yes, and a brave one; but——

*Antony.* I know thy meaning—  
But I have lost my reason—have disgraced  
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;  
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,  
Sat still, and saw it press'd by other hands.  
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,  
And purpled greatness met my ripen'd years.  
When first I came to empire, I was borne  
On tides of people crowding to my triumphs,  
The wish of nations; and the willing world  
Received me as its pledge of future peace:  
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,  
Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains  
To chide her from me, yet she came again.  
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,  
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone—  
Gone—gone; divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,  
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,  
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.

*Ventidius.* No.

*Antony.* Why?

*Ventidius.* You are too sensible already  
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failing.

I would bring balm and pour it on your wounds ;  
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

*Antony.* I know thou would'st.

*Ventidius.* I will.

*Antony.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Ventidius.* You laugh.

*Antony.* I do, to see officious love  
Give cordials to the dead.

*Ventidius.* You would be lost, then ?

*Antony.* I am.

*Ventidius.* I say you are not. Try your fortune.

*Antony.* I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate  
Without just cause ? No ! when I found all lost  
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,  
And learn'd to scorn it here ; which now I do  
So heartily, I think it is not worth  
The cost of keeping.

*Ventidius.* Cæsar thinks not so ;  
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.  
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you ? Do :  
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

*Antony.* No ; I can kill myself, and so resolve.

*Ventidius.* I can die with you too, when time shall serve  
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,  
To fight, to conquer.

*Antony.* Sure, thou dreamest, Ventidius.

*Ventidius.* No, 'tis you dream ; you sleep away your hours  
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.  
Up, up, for honour's sake ! twelve legions wait you,  
And long to call you chief : by painful journeys  
I've led them, patient both of heat and hunger,  
Down from the Parthian borders to the Nile.  
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,  
Their scarr'd cheeks and chopp'd hands : there's virtue in them ;  
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates  
Than yon trim band can buy.

*Antony.* Where left you them ?

*Ventidius.* I said, in Lower Syria.

*Antony.* Bring them hither ;

There may be life in these.

*Ventidius.* They will not come.

*Antony.* Not come ? Why mock my hopes ? then they are mutinous.

*Ventidius.* Most firm and loyal.

*Antony.* And will not march to succour me ? oh, trifler !

*Ventidius.* They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

*Antony.* What was't they said ?

*Ventidius.* They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.  
Why should they fight, indeed ; to make her conquer,  
And make you more a slave ? to gain you kingdoms,  
Which for a kiss you'd sell to her.

*Antony.* No more !

On all my other faults I do allow



Your tongue free licence ; but, upon your life,  
No word of Cleopatra : she deserves  
More worlds than I can lose.

*Ventidius.* Behold your powers,  
To whom you have entrusted human kind !  
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,  
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman

*Antony.* You grow presumptuous.

*Ventidius.* I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

*Antony.* Plain love ? plain arrogance ! plain insolence  
Thou art a traitor.

*Ventidius.* For showing you yourself,  
Which none else dares to do. Had I been so,  
I need not have sought your abject fortunes—  
Come to partake your fate—to die with you.  
What hinder'd me to have led my conquering eagles  
To fill Octavia's hand ? I could have been  
A traitor then—a glorious, happy traitor—  
And not have been so called.

*Antony.* Forgive me, soldier, I've been too passionate

*Ventidius.* Nay, kill me, sir.

Pray kill me : yet you need not ; your unkindness  
Will leave your sword no work.

*Antony.* Pr'ythee forgive me.

*Ventidius.* No Prince but you  
Could merit the sincerity I've used ;  
Nor durst another man have ventured it—  
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,  
Were sure the best and chief of human race !  
But Cleopatra—

*Antony.* Nay ; Go on, go on !

Thou durst not trust my passion ; but thou may'st :  
Thou only lov'st—the rest have flatter'd me.

*Ventidius.* Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word !  
May I believe you love me ? Speak again.

*Antony.* Indeed I do. Thy praises were unjust—  
But I'll deserve them : lead me as thou wilt—  
Lead me to victory—thou know'st the way.

*Ventidius.* And will you leave this—

*Antony.* Pr'ythee, do not curse her,  
And I will leave her.

*Ventidius.* That's my royal master !  
And shall we fight ?

*Antony.* I warrant thee, old soldier ;  
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,  
And at the head of our old troops that beat  
The Parthians, cry aloud, "Come, follow me !"

*Ventidius.* Oh ! now I hear my emperor in that word.  
Octavius fell—gods ! let me see that day,  
And if I have ten years behind, take all—  
I'll thank you for the exchange.

*Antony.* Oh ! Cleopatra !

*Ventidius.* Again!

*Antony.* I have done ; in that last sigh she went.  
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover  
From what he holds most dear.

*Ventidius.* Methinks you breathe another soul,  
Your looks are most divine.

*Antony.* Oh! thou hast fired me, and my soul in arms  
Mans every part about me. Once again  
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me—  
That eagerness with which I darted up to Cassius' camp.  
In vain the steepy hill opposed my way ;  
In vain a war of spears rung round my head,  
And planted all my shield ; I won the trenches,  
While my foremost men lagged on the plain below.

*Ventidius.* Ye gods! ye gods!  
For such another hour!

*Antony.* Come on, my soldier!  
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long  
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,  
Like time and death, marching before our troops,  
May taste fate to them, mow them out a passage,  
And ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,  
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

DRYDEN.

### XVIII.—STORY OF PROSPERO.

*Mirandu.* Heaven thank you for it! And now, pray you, sir,  
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason  
For raising this sea-storm?

*Prospero.* Know thus far forth—  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune  
(Nay, my dear lady) hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore : and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star ; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after drop. Here cease more questions :  
Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way, I know thou canst not choose. (*Miranda sleeps*)  
Come away, servant, come ; I am ready now :  
Approach, my Ariel ; come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ariel.* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding, task  
Ariel, and all his quality.

*Prospero.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ariel.* To every article.  
I boarded the King's ship ; now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck—in every cabin,  
 I flam'd amazement : sometimes I'd divide,  
 And burn in many places ; on the topmast,  
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly ;  
 Then meet and join : Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
 Of the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
 And sight outrunning were not. The fire and cracks  
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble—  
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Prospero.* My brave spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this tumult  
 Would not infect his reason ?

*Ariel.* Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
 Some tricks of desperation.

*Prospero.* Why, that's my spirit !

But was not this nigh shore ?

*Ariel.* Close by, my master.

*Prospero.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ariel.* Not a hair perish'd ;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
 But fresher than before ; and, as thou bad'st me,  
 In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
 The King's son have I landed by himself ;  
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting  
 His arms in this sad knot.

*Prospero.* Of the King's ship,  
 The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,  
 And all the rest of the fleet ?

*Ariel.* Safely in harbour

Is the King's ship ; in the deep nook where once  
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew  
 From the still vexed Bermoothes—there she's hid :  
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;  
 Whom, with a charm joined to their suffer'd labour,  
 I have left asleep. And for the rest of the fleet,  
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again,  
 And are upon the Mediterranean wave,  
 Bound sadly home for Naples ;  
 Supposing that the King's ship wreck'd,  
 And his great person perish'd.

*Prospero.* Ariel, thy charge  
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :  
 What is the time of the day ?

*Ariel.* Past the mid season.

*Prospero.* At least two glasses—the time 'twixt six and now  
 Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ariel.* Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,  
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,  
 Which is not yet perform'd me.



*Prospero.* How now? moody?  
What is 't thou canst demand?

*Ariel.* My liberty.

*Prospero.* Before the time be out? No more:-

*Ariel.* I pray thee  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings; served  
Without a grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.



*Prospero.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ariel.* No.

*Prospero.* Thou dost: and think'st  
It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;  
To do me business in the veins of the earth,  
When it is baked with frost.

*Ariel.* I do not, sir.

*Prospero.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ariel.* Pardon, master:  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spiriting gently.

*Prospero.* Do so; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ariel.* That's my noble master!  
What shall I do? say, what—what shall I do?

*Prospero.* Go make thyself like to a nymph of the sea;  
Be subject to no sight but mine—invisible  
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in it. Hence, with diligence! [*Exit ARIEL.*]

*The Tempest.*

# XIX.—KING HENRY IV., DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, AND HOTSPUR.

*King Henry.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
As you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience. But be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be myself;  
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,  
Which has been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And, therefore, lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Northumberland.* My good Lord,  
Those prisoners, in your Highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon, took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your Majesty

*Hotspur.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly-dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd,  
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.  
And still he smiled and talk'd,  
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,"  
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me : among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly—I know not what—  
 He should or should not ; for he made me mad,  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds ; Heav'n save the mark!  
 And telling me "the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise!"  
 And that "it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good, tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly ;" and, "but for these vile guns,"  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;  
 And, I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation  
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

*North.* The circumstance consider'd, good, my Lord,  
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,  
 To such a person and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
 May reasonably die, and never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Henry.* Why, yet, he doth deny his prisoners ;  
 But, with proviso and exception,  
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,  
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against the great Magician, bold Glendower.  
 Shall our coffers, then,  
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?  
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer !

*Hotspur.* Revolted Mortimer !  
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war : to prove that true,  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds.  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand



He did confound the best part of an hour,  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
 Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,  
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Henry.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him!  
 He never did encounter with Glendower.

I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.

Send me your prisoners, with the speediest means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure, with your son.

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

*Henry IV.*

## XX.—ROSALIND AND ORLANDO.

*Rosalind.* I will speak to him like a sauey lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

*Orlando.* Very well: what would you?

*Rosalind.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orlando.* You should ask me, what time o'day? there's no clock in the forest.

*Rosalind.* Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

*Orlando.* And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

*Rosalind.* By no means, sir; time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal; who time trots withal; who time gallops withal; and who he stands still withal.

*Orlando.* I pr'ythee who doth he trot withal?

*Rosalind.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orlando.* Who ambles time withal?

*Rosalind.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain. These, time ambles withal.

*Orlando.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Rosalind.* With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orlando.* Who stays it still withal?

*Rosalind.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

*Orlando.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Rosalind.* With yon shepherdess my sister, here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orlando.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Rosalind.* I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank heaven I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orlando.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Rosalind.* There were none principal; they were all like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orlando.* I pr'ythee recount some of them.

*Rosalind.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants, with carving "*Rosalind*" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all forsooth deifying the name of *Rosalind*: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsels, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orlando.* I am he that is so love-shaken; I pray you tell me your remedy.

*Rosalind.* There are none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure you are not a prisoner.

*Orlando.* What were his marks?

*Rosalind.* A lean cheek—which you have not; a blue eye and sunken—which you have not; an unquestionable spirit—which you have not; a beard neglected—which you have not; but I pardon you for that; for simply your having no beard, is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements—as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orlando.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Rosalind.* May believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in which the women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

*Orlando.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Rosalind.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orlando.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Rosalind.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark-house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too; yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orlando.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Rosalind.* Yes, one; and in this manner: he was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve—be effeminate—changeable—longing—and liking; proud—fantastical—apish—shallow—inconstant—full of tears—full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him—now loathe him; then entertain him—then forswear him; now weep for him—then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic: and thus I cured him; and in this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, and there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orlando.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Rosalind.* I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot, and woo me.

*Orlando.* Now by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

*Rosalind.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: will you go?

*Orlando.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Rosalind.* Nay, you must call me *Rosalind*.

*As You Like It.*

## XXI.—OTHELLO AND IAGO.

*Iago.* My noble Lord—

*Othello.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love?

*Othello.* He did, from first to last.

Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.

*Othello.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Othello.* Oh, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Othello.* Indeed! ay, indeed! Discern'st thou aught in that?  
Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my Lord?

*Othello.* Ay, honest.

*Iago.* My Lord, for aught I know.

*Othello.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my Lord?

*Othello.* Think, my Lord!



By Heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown! Thou dost mean something:  
I heard thee say but now, Thou lik'st not that,  
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?  
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou call'st "Indeed?"  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit! If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My Lord, you know I love you.

*Othello.* I think thou dost;  
And,—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:  
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,  
They are close denotements, working from the heart  
What passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
dare be sworn. I think that he is honest.

*Othello.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Othello.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think that Cassio is an honest man.

*Othello.* Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, think to me, as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good, my Lord, pardon me;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;  
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep courts and law days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Othello.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy  
Shapes thoughts that are not,—I entreat you then,  
From one that so imperfectly conjects,  
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and obscure observance.



It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

*Othello.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man and woman, dear my Lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something—nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

*Othello.* By Heaven, I'll know thy thought!

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Othello.* Ha!

*Iago.* Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-eye'd monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on.

*Othello.* Oh, misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;

But riches endless, is as poor as winter,

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe

Defend from jealousy!

*Othello.*

## XXII.—FALSTAFF'S RECRUITS BEFORE JUSTICE SHALLOW.

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four, of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

*Fal.* Go to. Well?

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bullcalf. For you, Mouldy, stay at home still, you are past service; and, for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big resemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here 's Wart. You see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, swifter than he that gobbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? Oh, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart! traverse thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well. Go so: very



good, exceeding good. Oh, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember, at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's inn, I was then *Sir Dagonet*



in Arthur's show), there was a little quiver fellow, and a would manage you his piece thus; and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would'a say; *bounce* would'a say; and away again would'a go; and again would'a come. I shall never see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you; I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to ; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, RECRUITS, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices ; I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and every third word a lie.

*Second Part of Henry IV.*

### XXIII.—DEATH OF KING HENRY IV.

*Prince Henry.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*King Henry.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :  
I stay too long for thee—I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe ? Oh, foolish youth !

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.

Thou'st stolen that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :

Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?

*P. Hen.* Oh, pardon me, my liege ! But for my tears, (*kneeling*)

The moist impediments unto my speech,

I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,

Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown ;

And He, that wears the crown immortally,

Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,

Than as your honour, and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,

(Which my most true and inward duteous spiri

Calleth;) this prostrate and exterior bending.

Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course of breath within your Majest . .

How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,

Oh, let me in my present wildness die,

And never live to show the incredulous world

The noble change that I have purposed !

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,

(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)

I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father:  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold;  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in medicine potable;  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,



Accusing it, I put it on my head;  
 To try with it—as with an enemy,  
 That had before my face murder'd my father—  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,



Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crooked ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
How troublesome it sat upon my head.  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the toil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand;  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,  
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument; and now my death  
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchased,  
Falls upon thee in much a fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,  
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,  
By whose fell working I was first advanced,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displaced: which to avoid  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of former days.  
More would I do, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:  
Then plain and right must my possession be,  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

SHAKESPEARE.

## XXIV.—LAUNCE AND SPEED.



*Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

*Launce.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say “Welcome.”

*Speed.* Come on, you madcap; I’ll to the ale-house with you presently; when for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

*Launce.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?

*Launce.* No.

*Speed.* How then? shall he marry her?

*Launce.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What! are they broken?

*Launce.* No ; they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them ?

*Launce.* Marry, thus : when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou ? I understand thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not ? My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou sayest ?

*Launce.* Ay, and what I do, too ; look thee, I'll but lean and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Launce.* Why, stand under and understand is all one.

*Speed.* But, tell me true ; will 't be a match ?

*Launce.* Ask my dog. If he say ay, it will ; if he say no, it will ; if he shake his tail, it will ; if he say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is, then, that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou—that thy master has become a notable lover ?

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how ?

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou ass, thou mistakest me.

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee ; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master has become a hot lover.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so ; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why ?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house with a Christian. Wilt thou go ?

*Speed.* At thy service.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

## XXV.—MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.



*MACBETH.* I have done the deed : didst thou not hear a noise ?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

*Macbeth.* When ?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macbeth.* As I descended ?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macbeth.* Hark !

Who lies in the second chamber ?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macbeth.* This is a sorry sight. (*Looking on his hands.*)



*Lady M.* A foolish thought to say, a sorry sight.

*Macbeth.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried "Murder!" That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them: But they did say their prayers, and addressed them Again to sleep.



*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

*Macbeth.* One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other; As if they'd seen me, with these hangman's hands, Listening their fear. I could not say "Amen," When they did say "God bless us."

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macbeth.* But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen?" I had most need of blessing, and "Amen" stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so it will make us mad.

*Macbeth.* Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more.  
Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macbeth.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:  
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and, therefore, Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hands.  
Why did you bring the daggers from the place?  
They must lie there. Go, carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macbeth.* I'll go no more;  
I am afraid to think what I have done:  
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers! The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit LADY MACBETH. Knocking within.]

*Macbeth.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green, one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.—(Knock.)—I hear a knocking  
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then? Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—(Knocking.)—Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers: be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macbeth.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'st! (Knock.)

SHAKSPEARE.

# READINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

## 1.—SERPENTS IN INDIA.



TARTING from Brodera and Meah Gaum we travelled westward, through the Jamboseer and Ahmoor purgunnas. The abundance of game in this country, and especially of wild peacocks in the woodlands, is astonishing: every village seems to have an appropriate share of these birds in the surrounding groves. There, as in the Dhuboy districts, peacocks and monkeys are protected, and allowed an ample share of grain in the cullies, or farm-yards. The peafowl in other parts of the country, secluded from the haunts of men, subsist, no doubt, upon wild fruits, insects, and reptiles, which every-

where abound, especially of the coluber tribe; for, although, like the rest of the species, the peafowl of Guzerat are granivorous, they are also very fond of serpents, and devour them whenever they have an opportunity. The natives are still more obliged to the sahras, storks, cranes, and many other graminivorous and aquatic birds, for the destruction of those enemies, which they swallow with great avidity. And as the snake devours poultry and animals of various descriptions, ten times larger than itself, so the peacock contrives to swallow a serpent of almost incredible magnitude, even the cobra di capello, and others of a poisonous nature.

The cobra di capello, or coluba naja, is as common in Guzerat as in many parts of Hindostan. At Dhuboy they were of the largest size, and generally of a paler colour than those in the Concan, occasioned perhaps by the contrast; the hood of those in Guzerat appears more brilliant, and the black and white marks in the spectacles more distinct, than in the darker kind at Bombay.

I have frequently found very large skins of those serpents, perfect and of great beauty, in caverns and thick bushes, in different parts of India; particularly in the caves of Salsette and Elephanta, where they are very abundant.

In Mr. Boaz's account of the serpents at Bombay, it appears that Gmelin's "*Systema Naturæ*" describes two hundred and nineteen different kinds of snakes, of which, according to Linneæus, only one in ten are poisonous to man, though they may be destructive to lesser animals. "The most certain indication to be depended on, is the large canine teeth or fangs



fixed in the upper jaw, which are commonly two in number, but sometimes more. These teeth are covered with a membranous sheath, and are crooked, moveable, and hollow, to give passage to the venom, which they receive from a small reservoir that runs along the palate of the mouth, and passes through the body of each fang. This reservoir contains only a small quantity of venom, which is forced out of it when the animal attempts to bite, by a strong muscle fixed in the upper jaw for that purpose.



ARAB SERPENT CHARMER.

It has been well observed by Linnæus, that if Nature has thrown them naked on the ground, destitute of limbs, and exposed to every misery, she has in return supplied them with a deadly poison, the most terrible of all weapons!

"On procuring a large cobra di capello with the venomous teeth and poison-bag entire, it was made to bite a young dog in the hind leg, for which no medicine was made use of. The dog upon being bit howled violently for a few minutes; the wounded limb soon became paralytic; in ten minutes the dog lay senseless and convulsed; in thirteen minutes

he was dead. A dog of a smaller size, and younger, was bitten in the hind leg, when he was instantly plunged into a warm nitre bath prepared on purpose. The wound was scarified, and washed with the solution of caustic, while some of it was poured down its throat. The dog died in the same time, and with the same symptoms as the former. After an interval of one day, the same snake was made to bite a young puppy in the hind leg; but above the part bitten a ligature was previously tied: the wound was scarified and treated as the other. This dog did not seem to feel any other injury than that arising from the ligature round his leg. Half an hour after being bitten, the ligature and dressing were removed: the dog soon began to sink, breathe quick, grew convulsed, and died.

“The symptoms which arise from the bite of a serpent are, commonly, pain, swellings, and redness in the part bitten: great faintness, with sickness at the stomach, and sometimes vomiting, succeeds; the breathing becomes short and laborious, the pulse low, quick, and interrupted. The wound, which was at first red, becomes livid, black, and gangrenous; the skin of the wounded limb, and sometimes of the whole body, takes a yellow hue; cold sweats and convulsions come on; and the patient sinks, sometimes in a few hours, but commonly at the end of two, three, or four days. This is the usual progress when the disease terminates fatally; but, happily, the patient will most commonly recover—a reflection which should moderate the fears of those who happen to be bitten by snakes, and which, at any rate, should, as much as possible, be resisted, as the depressing passion of fear will, in all cases, assist the operation of the poison.”

Paley, in his “Natural Theology,” marking the attention of the Creator to the three great kingdoms in the animal creation (quadrupeds, birds, and fishes), and to their constitution as such, introduces the fang of a poisonous serpent as a clear and curious example of mechanical contrivance in the great Author of Nature. It is a perforated tooth, loose at the root, in its quiet state lying down flat upon the jaw, but furnished with a muscle, which, with a jerk and by the pluck as it were of a string, suddenly crests it. Under the tooth, close to its root, and communicating with the perforation, lies a small bag containing the venom. When the fang is raised, the closing of the jaw presses its root against the bag underneath, and the force of the compression sends out the fluid with a considerable impetus through the tube in the middle of the tooth. What more unequivocal or effectual apparatus could be devised, for the double purpose of at once inflicting the wound and injecting the poison? Yet, though lodged in the mouth, it is so constituted as, in its quiescent state, not to interfere with the animal’s ordinary office of receiving its food. It has been observed, also, that none of the harmless serpents have these fangs, but teeth of an equal size—not moveable as this is, but fixed into the jaw.

I believe very few of the water-snakes have these fangs or are in any degree venomous. In this family is a great variety; some very large, especially those in soundings on the Malabar coast. Many on the Guzerat lakes are of beautiful colours, and their predatory pursuits are extremely curious. They watch the frogs, lizards, young ducks, water-rats, and other animals when reposing on the leaves of the lotus, or sporting on the margin of a lake, and at a favourable opportunity seize their prey and swallow it whole, though often of a circumference much larger than themselves. These, in their turn, become food to the large aquatic fowl which frequent the lakes, who also swallow them and their contents

entire: thus it sometimes happens, that a large duck not only gulps down the living serpent, but one of its brood still existing in its maw. Standing with some friends on the side of a tank, watching the manœuvres of these animals, we saw a Muscovy drake swallow a large snake, which had just before gorged itself with a living prey. The drake came on shore to exercise himself in getting down the snake, which continued for some hours working within the bird's craw, which seemed rather uneasy at its troublesome guest. It is, therefore, most probable there were three different creatures alive at the same time, in this singular connexion. The serpent swallows small animals alive, without much suction or bruising, and a living frog is frequently found within the snake's stomach. How long the frog continues alive within the serpent, and the serpent within the bird, I cannot say, as the digestive faculties of the stomach may vary in different animals. We know that the ostrich swallows stones, iron, and similar substances; the shark voraciously devours carpenter's tools, pieces of wood, clasp-knives, and thick ropes, that fall from the ship; and I repeat, that the peacock and aquatic fowl of Guzerat prey upon living serpents and small reptiles of every description.

FORBES'S *Oriental Memoirs*.

## II.—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE Hippopotamus, says Mr. Forbes, in his "*Oriental Memoirs*," although in size next to the elephant, is a mild and gentle animal—heavy and slow in its motions by land, but more active in the water; and when irritated by the huntsmen, it sometimes does mischief in that element. It feeds principally on grass, and is caught in pits, which the Hottentots dig on the banks of the rivers, when it comes to graze. These pits are ten or twelve feet deep, concealed by green turf and boughs, from whence the ponderous animal can never extricate itself. Its flesh is esteemed a delicacy, and the ivory of the tusks preferable to that of the elephant. The planters obtain much oil from the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and the elephant, both for medicinal and domestic use. The feet and trunk of the latter are thought excellent by the Hottentots and colonists, who make them into a rich stew; the rest of their flesh, which is seldom all devoured while fresh, is cut up into long thongs, and dried in the sun for future provision. Had we known, in the Guzerat campaign, that an elephant's foot was esteemed a luxury, we might often have been regaled, when so many were left on the field of battle.

What an exact description does the book of Job give us of the hippopotamus, under the name of Behemoth:—"Behold now behemoth which I have made: he eateth grass as an ox, his strength is in his loins, and his bones are like bars of iron; he moveth his tail like a cedar, and his sinews are wrapt together. The mountains bring him forth food; he lieth under the shady trees, in the coverts of the reeds and fens; the shady trees cover him with their shadow, the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth!" As the hippopotamus is, undoubtedly, the behemoth, so the rhinoceros is supposed to be the unicorn of Scripture.

The ears of the hippopotamus are very short, conical, fringed with short



scattered hairs along the lower half of their thick borders, and beset with a few clumps of short hairs upon the middle of their inner surface. It moves them about with much vivacity. The dark colour of the body extends forwards along the middle of the upper part of the head, and more faintly along the cheeks. The skin around the ears is of a light reddish brown colour and almost flesh-coloured round the eye-lids, which defend the peculiarly situated and prominent eyes. There is a single groove or fold above the upper eye-lid, and two curved grooves below the lower one. At first sight they seem to be devoid of eyelashes, but on a close inspection a few very short hairs may be seen on the thick rounded margin of the



upper lid. There is a carbuncle or protuberance on the middle of the outer surface of the nictitating lid. The colour of the iris is a dark brown; the pupil is a small transversely oblong aperture. The eyeball is relatively small, and is remarkable for the extent of the movements of protraction and retraction. The nostrils, situated on prominences, which the animal has the power of raising on the upper part of the broad and massive muzzle, are short oblique slits, guarded by two valves, which can be opened and closed spontaneously, like the eyelids. The movements of these apertures are most conspicuous when the beast is in its favourite element.

### III.—INSECT MINSTRELSY.

IF measured by their influence on the mind, those simple notes of harmony or discord, produced by many of the insect race, are of no mean importance in the scale of sounds. Their power must certainly, however, be attributed rather to associate ideas than to any intrinsic excellence in the sounds themselves, which, by means of such borrowed attributes, have often indeed acquired a character and exercised an influence directly opposite to their own inherent qualities. It accords not with our plan to say much of insect foreigners, whether musical or mute; but we may cite, as the earliest and one of the most striking examples of what we mean, the song of the classic *cicada* or *tettix*—the tree-hopper; by a misnomer—the grass-hopper of the ancients. This was the insect minstrel to whom the Locrians erected a statue; some say, for very love and honour of its harmony; others, as a grateful record of a certain victory obtained in a musical contest, solely by its aid. The story goes, that on one of these occasions two harp-strings of the Locrian candidate being snapt asunder in the ardour of the competition, a cicada, alighting at the moment on the

injured instrument, more than atoned for its deficiencies, and achieved, by its well-timed assistance, the triumph of the player.

Thus highly was this insect's song accounted of, even at a period when "Music, heavenly maid," could scarcely be considered "young;" yet, as various species of cicadæ have been



LARVA AND PERFECT INSECT OF THE EGLANTINE GALL.

described by modern travellers, one can scarcely suppose that any better quality than shrilly loudness can have belonged to the *tettix* of ancient Greece.

We are told, indeed, by Madame Merian, that an insect of similar description was called the Lyre-player by the Dutch in Surinam. The notes of a Brazilian species have been likened to the sound of a vibrating wire; and those of another, in the swamps of North America, to the ringing of horsebells. Similitudes these of sound sufficiently agreeable; but contrasted therewith, and almost drowning them, come the discordant comparisons of numerous



GROUND BEETLE.



INTERIOR OF THE GALL ON THE EGLANTINE.



SMALL TORTOISE-SHELL BUTTERFLY.

travellers, respecting the same or insects of an allied species. One is called by Dr. Shaw "an impertinent creature, stunning the ear with shrill ungrateful squalling." The noise of a species in Java is described by Thunberg as shrill and piercing as the notes of a trumpet; while Smeathman



COMMON ANT.

speaks of another, common in Africa, which emits so loud a sound as to be heard at the distance of half a mile, or, when introduced into the house, to silence by its song the voices of a whole company. The mighty "waits" of the *Fulgora* or great lanthorn-fly of Guiana, an insect not of the same but an allied family, has also obtained the name of "scare-sleep," its din being likened to the sound of razor-grinding.



WINGED ANT.

On the whole, therefore, it would appear pretty clearly that loudness is the main characteristic of the cicada's song. Yet, when we recognise, in this insect minstrel, the "Anacreontic grasshopper," the "son of Phœbus," the "favourite of the Muses," the "nightingale of the nymphs," the "emblem of perpetual youth and joy," the "prophet of summer," we no longer marvel that its notes, however harsh, should have sounded melodious even in the ear of the polished Athenian.

To descend to present times and native performers, first there is our own familiar representative, the Hearth Cricket, for whose crinkling chirp even we can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit, yet do we regard it as a song, and a merry one; and why? because the faggot always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus.



THE CRICKET.

But, besides the sensations of involuntary pleasure which we have often owed, without knowing it, to insect minstrelsy, it affords (though on this subject few, perhaps, ever think) matter for thought-inquiry concerning the way in which it is produced. It is all of an instrumental and not vocal character; and among the



GNAT INSERTING ITS STING.



FEMALE GNAT DEPOSITING HER EGGS.

varied mechanisms of natural objects, the instruments of sound furnished to insect musicians are none of the least curious.

That of the celebrated cicada (the classic lyre-player), an insect rarely seen in England, but still common in the south of Europe, consists, as described by Reaumur, of a pair of drums, fixed one on each side of the trunk: these are covered on the exterior by two membranous plates, usually circular or oval, and beneath them is a cavity, part of which seems to open into the belly. These drums form, however, but one portion of a compound instrument; for, besides these, there is attached to another drum-like membrane, in the interior, a bundle of muscular strings; on pulling which, and letting them go again, a sound can be produced even after the animal's death. For the issue of this sound, a hole is



expressly provided, like the sound-hole of a violin, or the opening in the human larynx.

The chirp of the cricket, both of house and field, is said, by Kirby, to be produced by the friction of the bases of the tegmina, or wing-cases, against each other at their base: but these insects are also provided with their drums. In the large green cricket, this drum is described as a round plate of transparent membrane, tensely stretched, and surrounded by a prominent edge or nervure, corresponding to the hoop of the drum beneath. The quick

motion with which these nervures are rubbed together producing a vibration in the membrane, is supposed to augment the sound. What we call, familiarly, the singing or chirping of grasshoppers and locusts, is outwardly produced by the application of the hind shank to the thigh, rubbing it smartly against the wing-cases, and alternating the right and left legs; but these, as well as the cicada and the cricket, are provided with their *petit tambours*, membrane-covered drums, or cavities, of somewhat varied construction, to augment the sound of exterior origin.

The buzz of flies has been supposed to arise from the striking of their wings upon the air; but this would seem disproved by the silent progress of many other rapid flies, such as the dragon and crane flies; also by the power of some to produce a loud buzz when not upon the wing. Rennie cites, as an example, the buzz of a wasp fly, when resting apparently motionless on the window. Upon close observation, a vibratory tremor,

similar to that of a harp-string, though so rapid as to be almost invisible, was perceptible in its wings; and when these were laid hold of, the sound ceased. It is supposed by the same author, that this sound was not referrible, simply, to any muscular movement, but that it

must have arisen, either from air playing on the membranous edges of the wings at their origin, as in the case of an Æolian harp-string, or by the stroke or friction of some internal organ upon the roots of the nervures. The drone of the dung-beetle, the "drowsy dorr," which, in the still twilight of a summer's evening,

Comes brushing by,

With buzzing wing,

owes also its origin to friction—that of the wing-cases upon the base of the wings. Loud hummers, of the same order, are the musk-beetle, the cock-chaffer, and the beautiful green chafer of the rose, which never fails, on alighting on the bosom of his favourite flower, to salute her with a wing *sonata* of delighted homage.

The tones of insects, as well as the songs of birds, have been worth the trouble of notation. Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," tells us that the gnat hums in the note A on the second space; the death-watch calls



BOAT-FLY.



WATER-SCORPION.



BURYING BEETLE.



DRONE-FLY.

(as the owl hoots) in B flat, and is answered in G; the three notes of the cricket are in B; the buzz of a bee-hive in F; that of the house-fly, F in the first space; the humble-bee, an octave lower; the cock-chaffer, D below the line.



THE COCK-CHAFER.

Although in no case proceeding from the mouth, the sounds we have been hitherto regarding as instrumental music are no less to be considered as a veritable language, serving in lieu of voice, to communicate information and express passions, such as fear, anger, pleasure, and, above all, love, that ruler of the rest, which, with insect no less than man, may justly be denominated the “soul of song.”

*Episodes of Insect Life.*

#### IV.—GOATS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE Goat does not in Great Britain hold that rank among quadrupeds that its many good qualities seem fairly to entitle it to. Like the ass, it is persecuted and proscribed. Even the sacred writers seem to have a grudge at the mountain wanderer, and seldom omit placing it in the most unfavourable light. The scape-goat of the Old Testament, and the contrast drawn in the New, between the sheep and the goats, as symbolical of the position of the righteous and the wicked at the day of judgment, have influenced many a shepherd's mind; and few persons in the country parishes of Scotland see a flock of sheep and goats together, without being reminded of the Scripture simile. The left-hand station has, consequently, been assigned to the goats by all but painters, who love to place their venerable figures in the front of alpine scenery. Yet the animal is really valuable: in milking qualities it far surpasses even the best Ayrshire cow; and it will feed on herbage inaccessible and unpalatable to almost every other herbivorous animal. Cobbett, a high authority on these matters, says that goats will make a hearty meal on paper—white and brown, written or unwritten—and the statement is correct. Retired lawyers and merchants, who have betaken themselves to the delightful occupation of pastoral farming, will have a large supply of goats' keep in their old law papers, day-books, and ledgers. A set of hungry goats will come more readily to a decision on their “written pleadings” than the Sheriff or Lord Ordinary; and will settle all “book debts” more quickly than the parties concerned. The advantage of a flock of goats to the publishers of unsuccessful works—those unfortunate, ill-starred books, which, as Pope says,

Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,  
Besfringe the rails of Bedlam or Soho—

is too obvious to be overlooked. Though unable to feed or clothe their authors, the dullest books do both for the goats—a metaphysical treatise is



as good as a new novel. For ordinary purposes, however, suffice it to say that the goat will eat everything that any other animal will eat, and a great many more things besides. When allowed to roam at will among the cliffs



of our mountains, the goat is an exceedingly wild animal, scarcely approachable by man; but when caught at a distance from their strongholds, and surrounded cleverly by a sufficient number of shepherd's dogs, it yields at



once to circumstances, and, by familiar treatment, quickly becomes one of the most domestic of animals. A friend of ours once saw a party of fifteen or sixteen goats secured in this way; and although, at first, they screamed like human beings frantic, they were, before the end of the week, eating from the hand, perfectly tame and reconciled. On high sheep-farms milk goats are often very serviceable in severe seasons, in feeding the young lambs. They have their kids about a month before the lambing season, and are easily pressed into this extra nursing duty. Need we say anything of the delicate flesh of the kid? or the delicious flavour of the venison of a four-year-old wether goat? or the fine stomachic qualities of goat cheese? or the admirable mattresses made from its hair? These are positive good qualities known to all. *CARRUTHERS' Highland Note-Book.*

## V.—FLYING FISH AND DOLPHINS IN THE TORRID ZONE.

THE productions of the Torrid Zone are uncommonly grand. Its plains, its swamps, its savannas, and forests, abound with the largest serpents and wild beasts; and its trees are the habitation of the most beautiful of the feathered race. While the traveller in the Old World is astonished at the elephant, the tiger, the lion, and the rhinoceros, he who wanders through the torrid regions of the New, is lost in admiration at the cotingas, the toucans, the humming-birds, and aras.

The ocean, likewise, swarms with curiosities. Probably, the flying-fish may be considered as one of the most singular. This little scaled inhabitant of water and air seems to have been more favoured than the rest of its finny brethren. It can rise out of the waves, and on wing visit the domain of the birds. After flying two or three hundred yards, the intense heat of the sun has dried its pellucid wings, and it is obliged to wet them in order to continue its flight. It just drops into the ocean for a moment, and then rises again and flies on; and then descends to re-moisten them, and then up again into the air: thus passing its life, sometimes wet, sometimes dry, sometimes in sunshine, and sometimes in the pale moon's nightly beams, as pleasure dictates or as need requires. The additional assistance of wings is not thrown away upon it. It has full occupation both for fins and wings, as its life is in perpetual danger. The bonito and albacore chase it day and night; but the dolphin is its worst and swiftest foe. If it escape into the air, the dolphin pushes on with proportional velocity beneath, and is ready to snap it up the moment it descends to wet its wings.

You will often see above one hundred of these little marine aerial fugitives on the wing at once. They appear to use every exertion to prolong their flight; but vain are all their efforts; for when the last drop of water on their wings is dried up, their flight is at an end, and they must drop into the ocean. Some are instantly devoured by their merciless pursuers, part escape by swimming, and others get out again as quick as possible, and trust once more to their wings.

It often happens, that this unfortunate little creature, after alternate dips and flights, finding all its exertions of no avail, at last drops on board the vessel, verifying the old remark—

*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdem.*

Then, stunned by the fall, it beats the deck with its tail and dies. When eating it, you would take it for a fresh herring. The largest measure from fourteen to fifteen inches in length. The dolphin, after pursuing it to the ship, sometimes forfeits its own life.

In days of yore, the musicians used to play in softest, sweetest strain, and then take an airing amongst the dolphins—"Inter delphinas Arion." But, now-a-days, our tars have quite capsized the custom; and, instead of riding ashore on the dolphin, they invite the dolphin. While he is darting and playing around the vessel, a sailor goes out to the spritsail yard-arm, and with a long staff, leaded at one end, and armed at the other with five barbed spears, he heaves it at him. If successful in his aim, there is a fresh mess for all hands. The dying dolphin affords a superb and brilliant sight, all the colours of the rainbow pass and repass in rapid succession over his body, till the dark hand of death closes the scene.

WATERTON'S *Wanderings in South America.*

## VI.—SCENERY AND AQUATIC FOWL OF THE HEBRIDES.

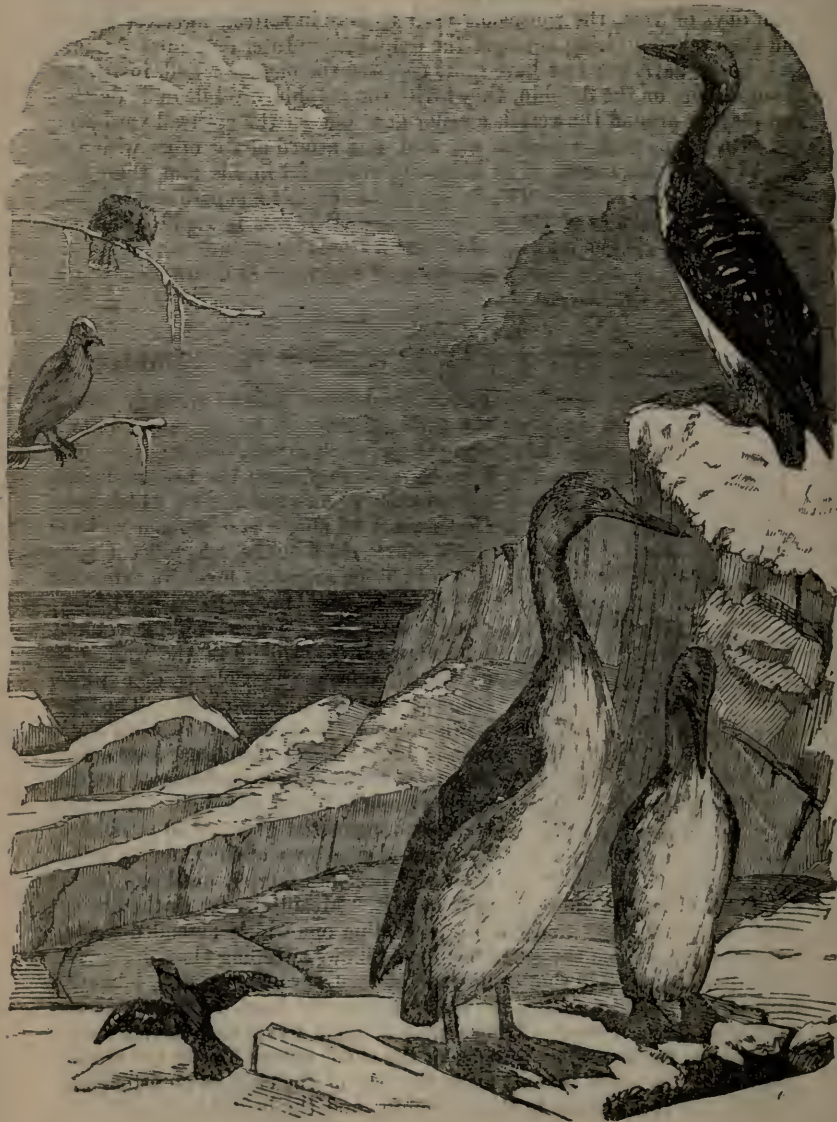


**AFTER** a continual gale of westerly winds, the Atlantic rolls in its enormous billows upon the westerly coasts, dashing them with inconceivable fury upon the headlands, and scouring the sounds and creeks, which, from the number of shoals and sunken rocks in them, often exhibit the magnificent spectacle of terrific ranges of breakers extending for miles. Let any one, who wishes to have some conception of the sublime, station himself upon a headland of the west coast of Harris, during the violence of a winter tempest, and he will obtain it. The blast howls among the grim and desolate rocks around him. Black clouds are seen advancing from the west in fearful masses, pouring forth torrents of rain and hail. A sudden flash illuminates the gloom, and is followed by the deafening roar of the thunder, which gradually becomes fainter, until the roar of

the waves upon the shore prevails over it. Meantime, far as the eye can reach, the ocean boils and heaves, presenting one widely extended field of foam, the spray from the summits of the billows sweeping along its surface like drifted snow. No sign of life is to be seen, save when a gull, labouring hard to bear itself up against the blast, hovers over head, or shoots athwart the gloom like a meteor. Long ranges of giant waves rush in succession towards the shores. The thunder of the shock echoes among the crevices and caves; the spray mounts along the face of the cliffs to an astonishing height; the rocks shake to their summits, and the baffled wave rolls back to meet its advancing successor. If one at this season ventures by some slippery path to peep into the haunts of the cormorant and rock pigeon, he finds them sitting huddled together in melancholy silence. For whole days and nights they are sometimes doomed to feel the gnawings of hunger, un-



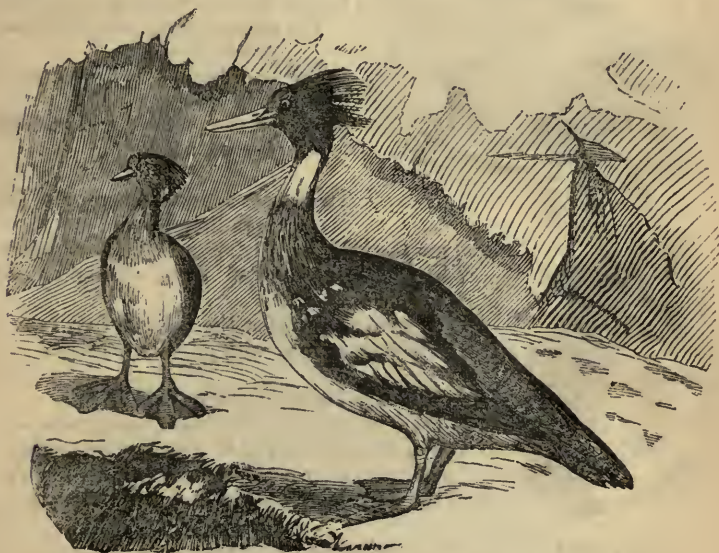
able to make way against the storm ; and often during the winter they can only make short excursions in quest of a precarious morsel of food. In the meantime the natives are snugly seated around their blazing peat-fires,



amusing themselves with the tales and songs of other years, and enjoying the domestic harmony which no people can enjoy with less interruption than the Hebridean Celts.



The sea-weeds cast ashore by these storms are employed for manure. Sometimes in winter the shores are seen strewn with logs, staves, and pieces of wrecks. These, however, have hitherto been invariably appropriated by the lairds and factors to themselves ; and the poor tenants, although enough of timber comes upon their farms to furnish roofing for their huts, are obliged to make voyages to the Sound of Mull, and various parts of the mainland, for the purpose of obtaining at a high price the wood which they require. These logs are chiefly of fir, pine, and mahogany. Hogsheads of rum, bales of cotton, and bags of coffee are sometimes also cast ashore. Several species of seeds from the West Indies, together with a few foreign shells, as *Ianthina communis* and *Spirula Permonii*, are not unfrequent along the shore. Pumice and slags also occur in small quantities.

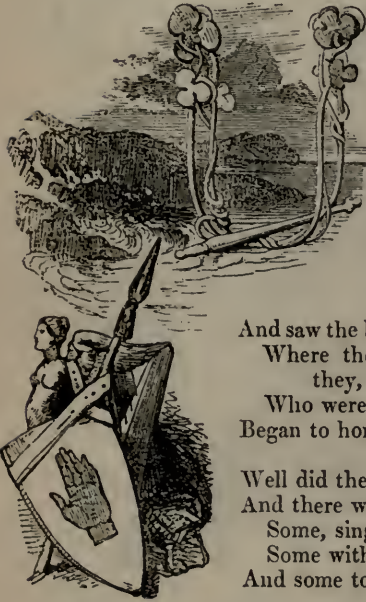


Scenes of surpassing beauty, however, present themselves among these islands. What can be more delightful than a midnight walk along the lone sea-beach of some secluded isle, the glassy sea sending from its surface a long stream of dancing and dazzling light—no sound to be heard save the small ripple of the idle wavelet, or the scream of a sea-bird watching the fry that swarms along the shores ! In the short nights of summer, the melancholy song of the throstle has scarcely ceased on the hill-side when the merry carol of the lark commences, and the plover and snipe sound their shrill pipe. Again, how glorious is the scene which presents itself from the summit of one of the loftier hills, when the great ocean is seen glowing with the last splendour of the setting sun, and the lofty hills of St. Kilda rear their giant heads amid the purple blaze on the extreme verge of the horizon !

MACGILLIVRAY.

## POETICAL READINGS.

## I.—THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.



NTO a lawn I came, all white and  
green,  
I in so fair a one had never been.  
The ground was green, with daisy  
powder'd o'er;  
Tall were the flowers, the grove a  
lofty colour,  
All green and white; and nothing  
else was seen.

There sat I down among the fair  
fresh flowers,  
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,  
Where they had rested them all night: and  
they,  
Who were so joyful at the light of day,  
Began to honour May with all their powers.

Well did they know that service all by rote,  
And there was many and many a lovely note—  
Some, singing loud, as if they had complain'd;  
Some with their notes another manner feign'd;  
And some to sing all out with the full throat.

They pruned themselves, and made themselves right gay,  
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;  
And ever two and two together were,  
The same as they had chosen for the year,  
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sat upon,  
Was making such a noise as it ran on  
Accordant to the sweet birds' harmony;  
Methought that it was the best melody,  
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

And for delight, but how I never wot,  
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,  
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;  
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,  
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,  
And who was then ill satisfied but I?

Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,  
From thee and thy base throat keep all that's good,  
Full little joy have I now of the cry.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,  
In the next bush that was me fast beside,

I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,  
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,  
Echoing through all the greenwood wide.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's cheer,  
Hence hast thou stay'd a little while too long;

For we have had the sorrow Cuckoo here,  
And she hath been before thee with her song;  
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

CHAUCER, *modernised by* WORDSWORTH.





## II.—SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O THOU that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell: how glorious once above thy sphere,  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.  
 Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return  
 From me, whom He created what I was  
 In that bright eminence; and with his good  
 Upbraided none. Nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford Him praise—  
 The easiest recompense—and pay Him thanks?  
 How due! Yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice: lifted up so high,  
 I disdain'd subjection; thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude  
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe.  
 Forgetful what from Him I still received,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays; at once  
 Indebted and discharged: what burden then?  
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy, no unbounded hope had raised  
 Ambition. Yet, why not? some other power  
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,  
 Drawn to his part. But other powers as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free-will and power to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what t' accuse,  
 But heaven's free-love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accursed! since, love or hate,  
 To me alike it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay, cursed be thou! since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep,  
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
 Oh, then, at last relent! Is there no place  
 Left for repentance? none for pardon left?

None left, but by submission ; and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit ; boasting I could subdue  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ah, me ! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain !  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery : such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state ; how soon  
 Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore ! Ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconciliation grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep ;  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far  
 From granting He, as I from begging peace.  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us—outcast, exiled—his new delight,  
 Mankind, created, and for them this world.  
 So farewell hope ; and with hope farewell fear ;  
 Farewell remorse ; all good to me is lost !  
 Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least  
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold ;  
 By thee, and more than half, perhaps, shall reign,  
 As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.

MILTON.

### III.—EVE'S DREAM.



SOLE, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection ; glad I see  
 Thy face and morn return'd : for I this night—  
 Such night till this I never pass'd—have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design ;  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,  
 Close at mine ear, one call'd me forth to walk,

With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said—  
 “Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? Now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song : now reigns,

Full-orb'd, the moon, and with more pleasing light,  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things—in vain,  
 If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes;  
 Whom to behold, but thee, Nature's desire?  
 In whose sight all things joy—delighted,  
 Attracted by thy beauty, still to gaze."  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not.  
 To find thee, I directed then my walk:  
 And on, methought alone, I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me, on a sudden, to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd;  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
 And as I wondering look'd beside it stood  
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven  
 By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia. On that tree he also gazed;  
 And "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit surcharged,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet?  
 Nor god, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?"  
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
 He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd,  
 At such bold words, vouched with a deed so beld.  
 But he, thus overjoy'd: "O fruit divine!  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp'd!  
 Forbidden here, it seems as only fit  
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men!  
 And why not gods of men? since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows—  
 The author not impaired, but honour'd more.  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!  
 Partake thou also; happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:  
 Taste this, and be henceforth amongst the gods  
 Thyself a goddess; not to earth confined,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes  
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou."  
 So saying, he drew nigh and to me held,  
 Even to my mouth, of that same fruit, held part  
 Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith, up to the clouds  
 With him I flew; and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various: wondering at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation; suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sank down  
 And fell asleep: but oh, how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream!

MILTON.



## IV.—THE BARD.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless\* King!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait!  
 Though, fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state!  
 Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
 Nor even thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance;  
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes, the poet stood;  
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair,  
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air;)

And with a master's hand and prophet's fire  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:—  
 "Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm'd my heart,  
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries!  
 "No more I weep. They do not sleep;  
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 I see them sit! they linger yet,  
 Avengers of their native land;  
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 And weave with bloody hand the tissue of thy line.

" ' Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race:  
 Give ample room and verge enough  
 The characters of hell to trace.  
 Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring—  
 Shrieks† of an agonising king!  
 " ' Mighty victor, mighty lord,‡  
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
 No pitying heart, no eye afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies.

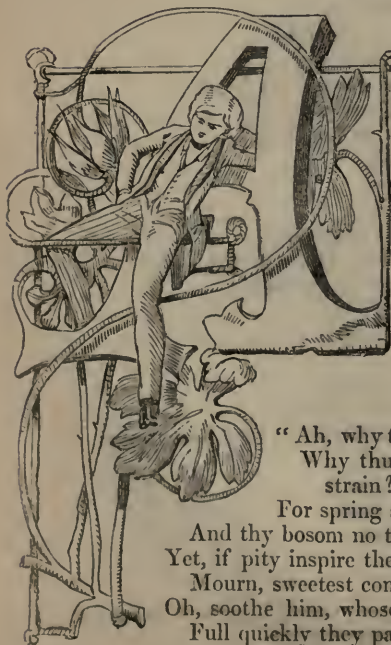
\* It was a common tradition in Wales, that Edward I. ordered all the Bards to be put to death. On that tradition this Ode is founded.

† In allusion to the murder of Edward II.

‡ Death of Edward III.

Is the sable warrior fled?  
 Thy son is gone—he rests among the dead.  
 The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,  
 Gone to salute the rising morn.  
 Fair laughs the morn,\* and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes—  
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.'—  
 "Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,  
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
 Enough for me: with joy I see  
 The different doom our fates assign.  
 Be thine despair, and sceptred care;  
 To triumph and to die are mine."  
 He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height,  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.—GRAY.

## V.—HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.



'T the close of the day, when the  
 hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of for-  
 getfulness prove,  
 When nought but the torrent is  
 heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightin-  
 gale's song in the grove:  
 'Twas then, by the cave of a moun-  
 tain reclined,  
 A Hermit his nightly complaint  
 thus began:  
 Though mournful his numbers, his  
 heart was resign'd;  
 He thought as a sage, but he felt  
 as a man:—

" Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad  
 strain?

For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.  
 Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay!  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer! Man calls thee to mourn:  
 Oh, soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away;  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

\* In allusion to the auspicious commencement of Richard II.'s reign.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays ;  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again !  
 But man's faded glory, no change shall renew ;  
 Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;  
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,  
 For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glitt'ring with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?  
 Oh ! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave ?

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind ;  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 Oh ! pity, great Father of light, then I cried,  
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee !  
 Lo ! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride,  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn ;  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn :  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending.  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb." BEATTIE.

## VI.—ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE INFINITE.



AY, why was man so eminently raised  
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd  
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,  
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;  
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth  
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,  
 As on a boundless theatre, to run  
 The great career of justice ; to exalt  
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;  
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast ;  
 And through the mists of passion and of sense,  
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,  
 To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice



Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent  
Of nature calls him to his high reward,  
The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns  
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,  
That breathes from day to day sublimer things  
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind  
With such resistless ardour to embrace  
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,  
Spurning the gross control of wilful might:  
Proud of the strong contention of her toils—  
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns  
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,  
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?  
Who that, from alpine heights his labouring eye  
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey  
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave  
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,  
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze  
To mark the windings of a scanty rill  
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul  
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing  
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth  
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;  
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens;  
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,  
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars  
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,  
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream  
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway  
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effused  
She darts her swiftness up the long career  
Of devious comets; through its burning signs  
Exulting measures the perennial wheel  
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,  
Whose blended lights, as with a milky zone,  
Invest the orient. Now amazed she views  
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,  
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;  
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light  
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,  
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.  
Even on the barriers of the world, untired,  
She meditates the eternal depth below;  
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep  
She plunges—soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up  
In that immense of being. There her hopes  
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth  
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,  
That not in humble nor in brief delight,  
Not in the fading echoes of renown,

Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,  
 The soul should find enjoyment : but from these  
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
 Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,  
 Till every bound at length should disappear,  
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

AKENSIDE.

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VII.—THE THAMES; COOPER'S HILL.



My eye descending from this hill, surveys  
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays ;  
 Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons  
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.  
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold ;  
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
 Search not his bottom but survey his shore ;  
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,  
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;  
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay ;  
 Like mothers who their infants over-lay ;  
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.

Nor unexpected inundations spoil  
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil :  
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;  
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.  
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,  
 But free and common as the sea or wind ;  
 Were he to boast, or to disperse his stores,  
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
 Visits the world, and in his flying bowers  
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;  
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants—  
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;  
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,  
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

*DENHAM'S Cooper's Hill.*

### VIII.—ON HAPPINESS.



HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!  
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy  
 name ;  
 That something still which prompts the  
 eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, and dare to die ;  
 Which still so near us yet beyond us lies,  
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and  
 wise.  
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,  
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to  
 grow?

Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?  
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?  
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:  
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,  
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere ;  
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
 And, fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.  
 Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind ;  
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind.  
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.  
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;  
 Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain ;  
 Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall—  
 To trust in everything, or doubt of all.  
 Take Nature's path, and mad opinion's leave,  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;



Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,  
There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;  
And mourn our various portions as we please,  
Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, man, "the Universal Cause  
Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws ;"  
And makes what happiness we justly call  
Subsist, not in the good of one but all.  
Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,  
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is heav'n's first law ; and this confess'd,  
Some are and must be greater than the rest :  
More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;  
Bliss is the same in subject or in King.  
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;  
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,  
While those are placed in hope and these in fear :  
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,  
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,  
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies ?  
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know all the good that individuals find,  
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,  
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence ;  
But health consists with temperance alone,  
And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.

POPE.

#### IX.—DIRGE IN "CYMBELINE."

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen—  
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at ev'ning hours,  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.



When howling winds, and beating rain,  
 In tempest shake the sylvan cell,  
 Or, midst the chase, on every plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;  
 For thee the tear be duly shed :  
 Beloved till life could charm no more,  
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

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#### X.—ON THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

WHAT am I—and from whence? 'Tis nothing know  
 But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude  
 Something eternal ! Had there ere been nought,  
 Nought still had been. Eternal there must be ;

But what eternal? Why not human race,  
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?  
 That's hard to be conceived, since every link  
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.  
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?  
 Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise—  
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.  
 Whence earth and these bright orbs?—eternal too?  
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
 Would want some other father! Much design  
     s seen in all their motions, all their makes.  
 Design implies intelligence and art,  
 That can't be from themselves or man: that art  
 Man scarce could comprehend, can man bestow?  
 And nothing greater, yet, allow'd than man;  
 Who, motion—foreign to the smallest grain—  
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?  
 Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume  
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,  
 Asserting its indisputable right  
 To dance, would form an universe of dust.  
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,  
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed?  
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,  
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd  
 In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,  
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?  
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,  
 Who think a clod inferior to a man!  
 If art to form and counsel to conduct,  
 And that with greater far than human skill,  
 Resides not in each block—a Godhead reigns!

YOUNG.

# XI.—THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,  
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
     Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise—  
     Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise!  
 Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try  
     To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;  
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire,  
     Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,  
     A matron old, whom we School-mistress name,



Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame :  
 They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Awed by the power of this relentless dame,  
 And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task uncon'd, are sorely shent.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display ;  
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !  
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
 Do Learning's little tenement betray ;  
 Where sits the dame disguised in look profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;  
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,  
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :  
 And in her hand for sceptre she does wield  
 'Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined,  
 With dark distrust and sad repentance fill'd,  
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

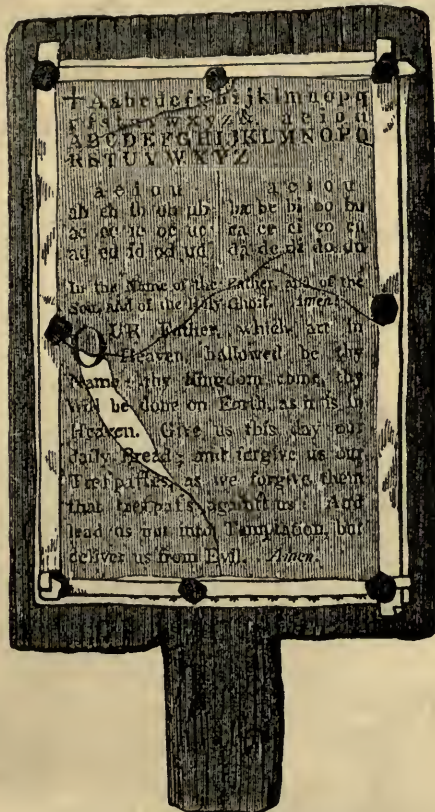
A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;  
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air :  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;  
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare,  
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,  
 Through pious awe did term it passing rare ;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think no doubt she'd been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, no flattery did corrupt her truth ;  
 No pompous title did debauch her ear ;  
 Goody, goodwoman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear :  
 Nor would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,  
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with cluckens, came ;  
 Such favour did her past deportment claim :  
 And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;

For well she knew and quaintly could expound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,  
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defaced,  
In which, when he receives his diadem,  
Our sov'reign Prince and liefest liege is placed,  
The matron sate ; and some with rank she graced—



HORN-BOOK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The source of children's and of courtiers' pride.

Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there pass'd) ;  
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,  
To thwart the proud, and the submissive to raise ;  
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;  
And other some with baleful sprig she frays.

E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command—

Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;  
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
 To save from finger-wet the letters fair.

The work so gay that on their back is seen,  
 St. George's high achievements does declare,  
 On which thilk wight that has ygazing been,  
 Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight I ween.

SHENSTONE.

## XII.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.



VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,  
 Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;  
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!



Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away.  
What is this absorbs me quite;  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears;  
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring.  
Lend, lend your wings: I mount, I fly!  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
O Death, where is thy sting?

POPE.

## XIII.—THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting.  
By turns they felt the glowing mind,  
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;  
And back recoil'd he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire!  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,  
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air—  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still, it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She call'd on echo, still, through all her song;  
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;  
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung, but, with a frown,  
 Revenge impatient rose.  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;  
 And, with a withering look,  
 The war-dénouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling drum, with furious heat;  
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected Pity at his side,  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mien—  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd—  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,  
 And now it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;  
 And dashing soft, from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound:  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole.  
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay—  
 Round a holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lonely musing—  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

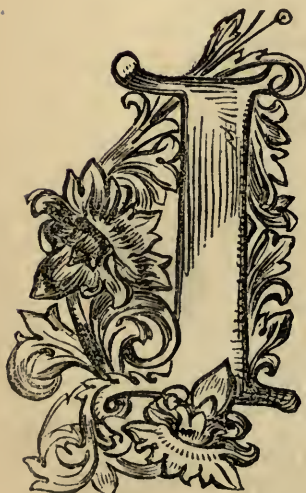
But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung—  
 The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known,  
 The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-eyed queen.

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;  
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,  
 And Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;  
 But soon he saw the brisk-awak'ning viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

COLLINS.

## XIV.—DARKNESS.



HAD a dream, which was not all a dream ;  
 The bright sun was extinguish'd and the  
 stars

Did wander, darkling in the eternal space,  
 Rayless and pathless ; and the icy earth  
 Swung blind and black'ning in the moon-  
 less air.

Morn came and went—and came and  
 brought no day ;

And men forgot their passions in the dread  
 Of this their desolation. And all hearts  
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light—  
 For they did live by watchfires. And the  
 thrones—

The palaces of throned kings—the huts—  
 The habitations of all things that dwell  
 Were burn'd for beacons—the cities were  
 consumed—

And men were gather'd round their blazing  
 homes

To look once more into each other's face.  
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
 Of the volcanos and their mountain torch !  
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd.  
 Forests were set on fire ; but hour by hour



They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks  
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.  
The brows of men, by the despairing light,  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clinched hands and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their fun'ral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky—  
The pall of a past world—and then, again,  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd. The wild birds shriek'd,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd  
And turn'd themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.  
And war, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again—a meal was bought  
With blood! and each sat sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom. No love was left;  
All earth was but one thought, and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious. The pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails; men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh:  
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd—  
Even dogs assail'd their masters; all, save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But, with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.  
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up,  
And, shivering, scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,  
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written fiend. The world was void;  
The populous and the pow'rful was a lump;  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—

A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay;  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;  
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge;  
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;  
 The moon, their mistress, had expired before;  
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air;  
 And the clouds perish'd: darkness had no need  
 Of aid from them—she was the universe.

BYRON.

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### XV.—HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;  
 The bees have humm'd their noontide lullaby;  
 Still in the vale the village bells ring round,  
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;  
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,  
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,  
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire  
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.



A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail  
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale.

So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,  
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.  
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;  
 The ale, new brew'd, in floods of amber shine :  
 And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,  
 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,  
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,  
 "'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and siniled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze !  
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees  
 Vestures of nuptial white, and hymns be sung,  
 And violets scatter'd round ; and old and young,  
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,  
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;  
 While her dark eyes declining, by his side  
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,  
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;  
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,  
 And weeping's heard where only joy has been ;  
 When by his children borne, and from his door  
 Slowly departing to return no more,  
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life—so gliding on,  
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !  
 Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,  
 As full, methinks, of wild and wonderous change,  
 As any that the wandering tribes require,  
 Stretch'd in the desert round their evening fire ;  
 As any sung of old, in hall or bower,  
 To minstrel-harps at midnight's watching hour !—ROGERS.

#### XVI.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

*Wizard.* Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in flight ;  
 They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown,  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain !  
 But, hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?  
 'Tis thine, oh, Glenullen ! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning—no rider is there,  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.





PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—  
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel.* Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard.* Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.  
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?  
Lo, the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad!  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high;  
Ah, home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh!  
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament east?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn.  
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.* False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one;  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death!  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock.  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array.

*Wizard.* Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!  
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echo shall ring  
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive King!  
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight—  
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;  
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
For the red eye of battle is slint in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?  
 Ah, no ! for a darker departure is near,  
 The war-drum is muffled and black is the bier :  
 His death-bell is tolling ! Oh, mercy ! dispel  
 Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell !  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims !  
 Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

*Lochiel.* Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe !  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

## XVII.—THE DEATH OF MARMION.



ITH fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
 And strove to stanch the gushing  
 wound :

The monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
 Ever, he said, that close and near,  
 A lady's voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear,

For, that she ever sung—  
 "In the lost battle, borne down by the  
 flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of  
 the dying !"

So the notes rung.  
 "Avoid thee, fiend ! with cruel hand,  
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !  
 Oh ! look my son, upon yon sign  
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine !  
 Oh ! think on faith and bliss !  
 By many a death-bed I have been,  
 And many a sinner's parting seen,  
 But never aught like this."  
 The war that for a space did fail,  
 Now, trebly thundering, swell'd the gale,  
 And "Stanley !" was the cry.



A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye ;  
 With dying hand, above his head  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted " Victory !  
 Charge, Chester ! charge ! On, Stanley ! on !"  
 Were the last words of Marmion.    SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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### XVIII.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright  
 The lamps shone, o'er fair women and brave men :  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell—  
 But, hush, hark !—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it ? No—'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street—  
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !  
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.  
 But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is the cannon's op'ning roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone, with death's prophetic ear :  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well,  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance, blood alone could quell :  
 He rush'd into the field, and foremost, fighting—fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gath'ring tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale—which, but an hour ago,  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness.  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts—and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess,  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
 The must'ring squadron, and the clatt'ring car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar !  
 And the near beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star ;  
 While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,  
 Or whisp'ring with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high "the Cam'rons' gath'ring" rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes!  
 How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipes, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring, which instills  
 The stirring mem'ry of a thousand years ;  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!  
 Ere ev'ning, to be trodden, like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life—  
 Last eve, in beauty's circle, proudly gay ;  
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife—  
 The morn, the marshalling to arms—the day,  
 Battle's magnificently stern array!  
 The thunder clouds close o'er it. And when rent,  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent—  
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent. BYRON.

### XIX.—ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)  
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,  
 Thou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tune ;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !  
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?  
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?  
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?  
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,  
 Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass ;  
 Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;  
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
 A toreh at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,  
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,  
 For thou wert dead and buried, and embalm'd,  
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :  
 Antiquity appears to have begun  
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
 We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;  
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
 New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,  
 And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,  
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,  
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,  
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,  
 The nature of thy private life unfold :  
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,  
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd.  
 Have children climb'd those knees and kiss'd that face ?  
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !  
 Imperishable type of evanescence !  
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,  
 And standest undecay'd within our presence,  
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.



Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost for ever?  
 Oh! let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure  
 In living virtue; and when both must sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom! HORACE SMITH.

## XX.—BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.



N Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neigh'd  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riven;  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;  
 And rolling, like the bolts of Heaven,  
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow,  
 On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow;  
 And bloodier still the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,  
 Where fiery Frank and furious Hun  
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens! On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet;  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
 And every sod beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

CAMPBELL.

## XXI.—THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

HARK ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?  
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?  
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,  
 Nor saved your brethren, ere they sank beneath  
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ? The fires of death—  
 The bale-fires, flash on high : from rock to rock  
 Each valley tells that thousands cease to breathe.  
 Death rides upon the sulphury siroc ;  
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands !  
 His blood-red tresses, deepening in the sun ;  
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon :  
 Restless it rolls ; now fixed, and now anon  
 Flashing afar ; and at his iron feet  
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done ;  
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,  
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

By Heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see—  
 For one who hath no friend nor brother there—  
 Their rival scarves of mix'd embroidery,  
 Their various arms, that glitter in the air !  
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,  
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey !  
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share ;  
 The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
 And Havoc scarce, for joy, can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;  
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;  
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;  
 The shouts are—"France"—"Spain"—"Albion"—"Victory !"  
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally,  
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
 And fertilise the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools !  
 Yes—Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay !  
 Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools—  
 The broken tools—that tyrants cast away,  
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
 With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone !  
 Can despots combat aught that hails their sway ?  
 Or call, with truth, one span of earth their own,  
 Save that wherein, at last, they crumble bone by bone ?

BYRON.

## XXII.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.



CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"——

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast, before her father's men,  
Three days, we've fled together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride:  
Should they our steps discover,

Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady.

"And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry:  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;  
The water-wraith\* was shrieking:  
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather,  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her;

\* The evil spirit of the waters.



When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—  
His wrath was changed to wailing;

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover:  
One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—  
My daughter! Oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain—the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing;  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

\* CAMPBELL.

### XXIII.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA, IN SPAIN, 1808.



OT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow;  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory!

WOLFE.

#### XXIV.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.



UR bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had  
lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the  
sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground, over-  
power'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.  
When reposing, that night, on my pallet of  
straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot, that guarded the  
slain,

At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw;  
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
'Twas autumn; and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.  
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup; and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part!  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er;  
And my wife sobb'd aloud, in her fulness of heart:  
"Stay—stay with us; rest: thou art weary, and worn."  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

CAMPBELL.

## XXV.—YOUTH AND AGE.



VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee ;  
Both were mine—life went a-maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young.

When I was young? ah! woful when!  
Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then :  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er airy cliffs and glitt'ring sands  
How lightly then it flash'd along,  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,  
When youth and I lived in't together.  
Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like :  
Friendship is a sheltering tree.  
Oh, the joys that came down shower-like—  
Of friendship, love, and liberty,  
Ere I was old.

Ere I was old? ah! woful ere,  
Which tells me Youth's no longer here!  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known that thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a fond conceit ;  
It cannot be, that thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd—  
And thou wer't aye a masker bold!



What strange disguise hast now put on ?  
 'To make believe that thou art gone;  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size:  
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
 Life is but thought ; so think I will  
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.  
 Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
 But the tears of mournful eve !  
 Where no hope is, life's a warning  
 That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old.

That only serves to make us grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking leave,  
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
 That may not rudely be dismiss't,  
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcomed while,  
 And tells the jest without the smile.

COLERIDGE.

## XXVI.—JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,  
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer—  
 Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;  
 And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
 Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,  
 Ordain'd that no man living from that day  
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.  
 All Araby and Persia held their breath ;

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show  
 How far for love a grateful soul can go,  
 And facing death for very scorn and grief  
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
 Stood forth in Bagdad daily in the square  
 Where once had stood a happy house ; and there  
 Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar  
 Of all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the Caliph cried. The man  
 Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began  
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he ;  
 "From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver'd me ;  
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears,  
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;  
 Restored me—loved me—put me on a par  
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar ?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,

Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great ;  
And said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will—  
The Caliph's judgment shall be master still.

Go ; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."  
"Gifts !" cried the friend. He took ; and holding it  
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,  
Exclaim'd "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar !"

LEIGH HUNT.

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### XXVII.—WISHES.

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive—  
Would that the little flowers were born to live,  
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give !

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known,  
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown  
On the smooth surface of this naked stone !



WORDSWORTH.

And what if hence a bold desire should mount  
High as the sun, that he could take account  
Of all that issues from his glorious fount !

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid  
These delicate companionships are made,  
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade.

And were the sister-power, that shines by night,  
So privileged, what a countenance of delight  
Would through the clouds break forth on human sight !

Fond fancies ! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye,  
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,  
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy.

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quell'd,  
Be thou to love and praise alike impell'd,  
Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

WORDSWORTH.

## XXVIII.—SUMMER MORNING.



MORNING again breaks through the gates of  
Heaven.

And shakes her jewell'd kirtle on the sky,  
Heavy with rosy gold. Aside are driven  
The vassal clouds, which bow as she draws nigh,  
And catch her scatter'd gems of orient dye,  
The pearl'd ruby which her pathway strews ;  
Argent and amber, now thrown useless by.  
The uncolour'd clouds wear what she doth  
refuse,

For only once does Morn her sun-dyed garments use.

No print of sheep-track yet hath crush'd a flower ;  
The spider's woof with silvery dew is hung,  
As it was beaded ere the daylight hour :  
The hook'd bramble just as it was strung,  
When on each leaf the Night her crystals flung,  
Then hurried off, the dawning to elude ;  
Before the golden-beak'd blackbird sung,  
Or ere the yellow brooms, or gorses rude,  
Had bared their arm'd heads in lowly gratitude.

From Nature's old cathedral sweetly ring  
The wild-bird choirs—burst of the woodland band  
Green-hooded nuns, who 'mid the blossoms sing ;  
Their leafy temple, gloomy, tall, and grand,



Pillar'd with oaks, and roof'd with Heaven's own hand.  
 Hark! how the anthem rolls through arches dun :—  
 "Morning again is come to light the land ;  
 The great world's comforter, the mighty Sun,  
 Hath yoked his golden steeds, the glorious race to run."

Those dusky foragers, the noisy rooks,  
 Have from their green high city-gates rush'd out,  
 To rummage furrowy fields and flowery nooks ;  
 On yonder branch now stands their glossy scout.  
 As yet no busy insects buzz about,  
 No fairy thunder o'er the air is roll'd :  
 The drooping buds their crimson lips still pout ;  
 Those stars of earth, the daisies white, unfold,  
 And soon the buttercups will give back "gold for gold."

In belted gold the bees with "merry march"  
 Through flowery towns go sounding on their way :  
 They pass the red streak'd woodbine's sun-stain'd arch,  
 And onward glide through streets of sheeted May,  
 Nor till they reach the summer-roses stay,  
 Where maiden-buds are wrapt in dewy dreams,  
 Drowsy through breathing back the new-mown hay,  
 That rolls its fragrance o'er the fringed streams,—  
 Mirrors in which the Sun now decks his quivering beams.

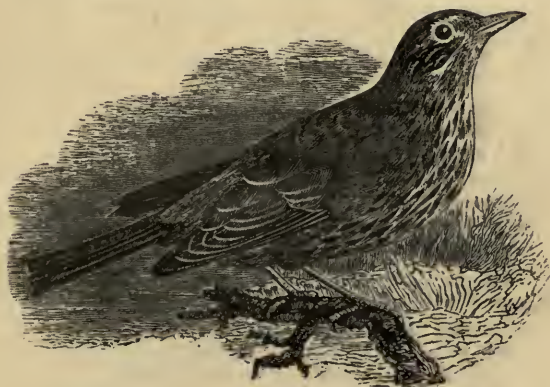
On the far sky leans the old ruined mill ;  
 Through its rent sails the broken sunbeams glow,  
 Gilding the trees that belt the lower hill,  
 And the old thorns which on its summit grow.  
 Only the reedy marsh that sleeps below,  
 With its dwarf bushes, is conceal'd from view ;  
 And now a struggling thorn its head doth show,  
 Another half shakes off the smoky blue,  
 Just where the dusty gold streams through the heavy dew.

And there the hidden river lingering dreams,  
 You scarce can see the banks which round it lie ;  
 That wither'd trunk, a tree or shepherd seems,  
 Just as the light or fancy strikes the eye.  
 Even the very sheep, which graze hard by,  
 So blend their fleeces with the misty haze,  
 They look like clouds shook from the unsunn'd sky,  
 Ere morning o'er the eastern hills did blaze :—  
 The vision fades as they move further on to graze.

A chequer'd light streams in between the leaves,  
 Which on the greensward twinkle in the sun ;  
 The deep-voiced thrush his speckled bosom heaves,  
 And like a silver stream his song doth run,

Down the low vale, edg'd with fir-trees dun.  
 A little bird now hops beside the brook,  
 "Peaking" about like an affrighted nun;  
 And ever as she drinks doth upward look,  
 Twitters and drinks again, then seeks her cloistered nook.

What varied colours o'er the landscape play!  
 The very clouds seem at their ease to lean,  
 And the whole earth to keep glad holiday,  
 The lowliest bush that by the waste is seen,  
 Hath changed its dusky for a golden green  
 In honour of this lovely Summer Morn:  
 The rutted roads did never seem so clean,  
 There is no dust upon the wayside thorn,  
 For every bud looks out as if but newly born.



A cottage girl trips by with sidelong look,  
 Steadying the little basket on her head;  
 And where a plank bridges the narrow brook  
 She stops to see her fair form shadow'd,  
 The stream reflects her cloak of russet red;  
 Below she sees the trees and deep blue sky,  
 The flowers which downward look in that clear bed,  
 The very birds which o'er its brightness fly:  
 She parts her loose brown hair, then wondering passes by.

Now other forms move o'er the footpaths brown,  
 In twos and threes; for it is market day.  
 Beyond those hills stretches a little town,  
 And thitherward the rustics bend their way,  
 Crossing the scene in blue, and red, and grey;  
 Now by green hedge-rows, now by oak trees old,  
 As they by stile or thatched cottage stray.  
 Peep through the rounded hand, and you'll behold  
 Such gems as Morland drew, in frames of sunny gold.

T. MILLER.

## XXIX.—THE FUNERAL OF ARVALAN.

MIDNIGHT, and yet no eye  
 Through all the Imperial city closed in sleep.  
 Behold her streets a-blaze  
 With light that seems to kindle the red sky,  
 Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!  
 Master and slave, old age and infancy,  
 All, all abroad to gaze;  
 House-top and balcony  
 Cluster'd with women, who throw back their veils  
 With unimpeded and insatiate sight  
 To view the funeral pomp which passes by,  
 As if the mournful rite  
 Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!

'Tis the dirge of death!

At once ten thousand drums begin,  
 With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing;  
 Ten thousand voices then join in,  
 And with one deep and general din  
 Pour their wild wailing.

The song of praise is drown'd

Amid the deafening sound:

You hear no more the trumpet's tone,  
 You hear no more the mourners' moan,  
 Though the trumpet's breath, and the dirge of death,  
 Swell with commingled force the funeral yell.

But rising over all in one acclaim

Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,

From all that countless rout—

Arvalan! Arvalan!

Arvalan! Arvalan!

Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout

Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound,

From house to house repeated rings about,

From tower to tower rolls round.

The death procession moves along;

Their bald heads shining to the torches' ray,

The Brahmins lead the way,

Chaunting the funeral song,

And now at once they shout,

Arvalan! Arvalan!

The universal multitude reply.

In vain ye thunder on his ear the name;

Would ye awake the dead?

Borne upright in his palankeen,

There Arvalan is seen!

A glow is on his face—a lively red;



It is the crimson canopy  
Which o'er his cheek a reddening shade hath shed !  
He moves, he nods his head,  
But the motion comes from the bearers' tread,  
As the body borne aloft in state  
Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight.

Close following his dead son, Kehama came,  
Nor joining in the ritual song,  
Nor calling the dear name ;  
With head deprest, and funeral vest,  
And arms enfolded on his breast,  
Silent, and lost in thought he moves along.  
King of the world, his slaves, unenvying now,  
Behold their wretched lord ; rejoiced they see  
The mighty Rajah's misery ;  
That nature, in his pride, hath dealt the blow,  
And taught the master of mankind to know  
Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

SOUTHEY.



SOUTHEY.

## XXX.—THE DYING SWAN.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,  
 Wide, wild, and open to the air,  
 Which had built up everywhere  
 An under-roof of doleful gray.  
 With an inner voice the river ran,  
 Adown it floated a dying swan,  
 Which loudly did lament.  
 It was the middle of the day.  
 Ever the weary wind went on,  
 And took the reed-tops as it went.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,  
 And white against the cold white sky  
 Shone out their crowning snows.  
 One willow over the river wept,  
 And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;  
 Above in the wind was the swallow,  
 Chasing itself as its own wild will,  
 And far thro' the marish green and still  
 The tangled water-courses slept,  
 Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The wild swan's death hymn took the soul  
 Of that waste place with joy  
 Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear  
 The warble was low, and full and clear;  
 And floating about the under sky,  
 Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole  
 Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;  
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,  
 With a music strange and manifold,  
 Flow'd forth in a carol free and bold,

As when a mighty people rejoice  
 With shalms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,  
 And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd  
 Through the open gates of the city afar,  
 To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.  
 And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds  
 And the willow-branches hoar and dank,  
 And the wavy swell of the sighing reeds,  
 And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,  
 And the silvery marish-flowers that throng  
 The desolate creeks and pools among,  
 Were flooded over with eddying song.

TENNYSON.



OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
 In the days when earth was young;  
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
 The strokes of his hammer rung :  
 And he lifted high his brawny hand  
 On the iron glowing clear,  
 Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,  
 As he fashion'd the sword and spear.  
 And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork !  
 Hurrah for the spear and sword !  
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
 For he shall be king and lord !"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
 And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,  
 As the crown of his desire :  
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
 Till they shouted loud for glee,  
 And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
 And spoils of the forest free.  
 And they sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
 Who hath given us strength anew !  
 Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
 And hurrah for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
 Ere the setting of the sun ;  
 And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain  
 For the evil he had done :



He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
 Made war upon their kind,  
 That the land was red with the blood they shed,  
 In their lust for carnage blind.  
 And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,  
 Or that skill of mine should plan,  
 The spear and the sword, for men whose joy  
 Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;  
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
 And his furnace smoulder'd low.  
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
 And a bright courageous eye,  
 And bared his strong right arm for work,  
 While the quick flames mounted high.  
 And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork!"  
 And the red sparks lit the air;  
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"  
 And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
 In friendship join'd their hands,  
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
 And plough'd the willing lands;  
 And sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
 Our staunch good friend is he;  
 And for the ploughshare and the plough,  
 To him our praise shall be.  
 But while oppression lifts its head,  
 Or a tyrant would be lord—  
 Though we may thank him for the plough,  
 We'll not forget the sword!"

MACKAY.

### XXXII.—A PRAYER FOR REST.

HE does well who does his best;  
 Is he weary? let him rest:  
 Brothers! I have done my best,  
 I am weary—let me rest.  
 After toiling, oft' in vain,  
 Baffled, yet to struggle fain;  
 After toiling long, to gain  
 Little good, with nickle pain;  
 Let me rest—But lay me low,  
 Where the hedge-side roses blow;  
 Where the little daisies grow,  
 Where the winds a-maying go;

Where the footpath rustics plod ;  
Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod !  
Where the old woods worship God ;  
Where his pencil paints the sod ;  
Where the wedded throstle sings ;  
Where the young bird tries his wings ;  
Where the wailing plover swings  
Near the runlet's rushy springs !  
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,  
Shaking distant sea and shore,  
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er ;  
To be heard by me no more !  
There, beneath the breezy west,  
Tired and thankful, let me rest—  
Like a child, that sleepeth best  
On its gentle mother's breast. EBENEZER ELLIOTT.



EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

## XXXIII.—EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village pass'd  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner, with the strange device,  
     Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
 Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath;  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue—  
     Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan,  
     Excelsior!

“Try not the Pass,” the old man said,  
 “Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”  
 And loud that clarion voice replied,  
     Excelsior!

“Oh, stay,” the maiden said, “and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast!”  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answer'd with a sigh,  
     Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch;  
 Beware the awful avalanche!”  
 This was the peasant's last good night;  
 A voice replied far up the height,  
     Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
 The pious Monks of Saint Bernard  
 Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried through the startled air;  
     Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound  
 Half buried in the snow was found;  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 That banner, with the strange device,  
     Excelsior!

There in the twilight, cold and grey,  
 Lifeless but beautiful he lay;  
 And from the sky, serene and far,  
 A voice fell like a falling-star—  
     Excelsior!

LONGFELLOW.













LE.C.  
1299

instructor. Ed.3.

NAME OF BORROWER.

